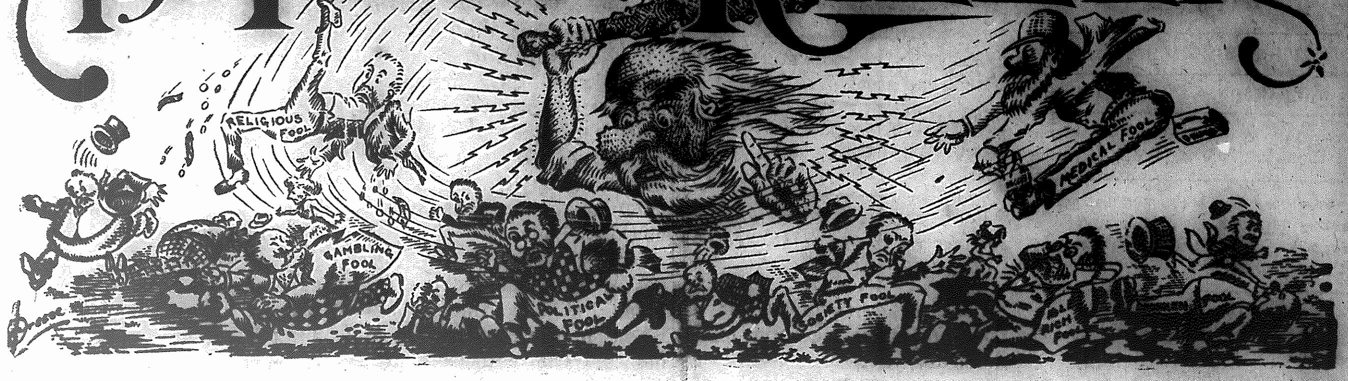
The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1913. NO. 11.

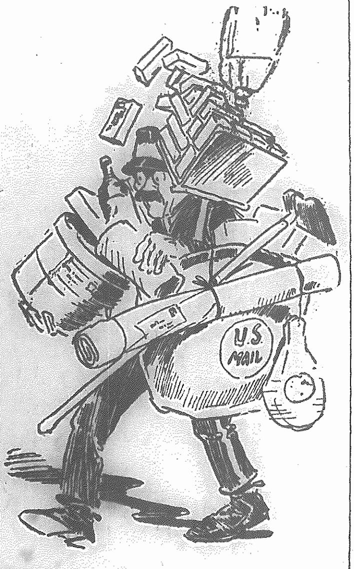
Hurrah for Parcel Post.

Oh, I see the postman coming,
  Sorter wobbly in the legs,
With a dozen pounds of butter
  And a crate or two of eggs.

There's a peck of Irish potatoes
  In your Uncle Sammy's rig,
And a sack or two of flour,
  And a puppy and a pig.

Oh, the postman is a blessing
  In these glorious latter days;
We rejoice to see him coming,
  And we love to sing his praise.

Glory! See the pretty bundles
  All piled up here in the door!
Guess they came from Roars & Sawbuck—
  Ever see the like before?



Here's a great big umbrella
  That will surely turn the rain,
And a suit of clothes for Tommy,
  And a dress for Liza Jane.

Here's a pair of shoes for Daddy,
  That he ordered t'other day,
And a set of wagon harness,
  And a bale of clover hay.

My! Here's several heads of cabbage,
  And a poke of turnip greens,
And a basket full of apples
  And a jar of pickled beans.

"Hold on, postman, where's my letters?
  Some one surely must have wrote."
"Didn't bring no letters, mister—
  This was all that I could tote."

GREAT GOBS OF SORROW.

Joe Bailey has resigned again!

Ain't it just dreadful?

How can we ever stand it?

And they have gone and stuck a little old editor in Joe's place. Of course he will rattle around in that great seat like a hickory-nut in a barrel.

And there goes the glory of Texas, like a warty toad jumping in a well.

On the day that the immortal Joe said good-bye to the Senate, there was weeping and blowing of noses.

There has been sorrow in Washington before, but nothing like this.

The big brass Indian on top of the Capitol dome sobbed so hard that the basement trembled, and the flood of tears that he shed raised the Potomac River nine feet.

The figures in Statuary Hall got down on their knees, and Greenough's Washington came running in from the plaza to ask what was the matter.

All over the great building stood little wads of statesmen wringing their hands and weeping on each other's necks, while four niggers were kept busy bailing out the Senate chamber with silk hats.

And all the time there stood Joe Bailey squirting eloquence like a fire hose squirts water, and apparently unconscious of the great sorrow into which he had plunged this nation by resigning from the Senate.

◆

Last September when I printed my picture in The Fool-Killer, one Smart Elick writ me a sassy letter about my big mouth. That's all right. buddy—I always did like big mouths. They give a-body a better chance when the pie comes around; and, in the case of a girl, there's more to kiss. Come again.

MILKING A HAY-STACK.

Milwaukee, Wis., Special.—A Milwaukee company has been incorporated to place on the market a new substitute for milk, which in brief is to be milk prepared direct from hay without the intervention of a cow.

The new company is to operate under a chemical formula which permits of the transmutation of good timothy hay into ash and milk, without passing through the seven or so stomachs of a bovine critter and being converted by sundry processes into fluid for drinking.

The advantage it is said, is not only in simplifying the production, from which it does not differ in taste, but in the fact that the manner of its production makes it always sweet as it is free from the souring bacteria which have to be Pasteurized to preserve nature's milk.

Great Caesar up a pumpkin vine!

What do you think of that, Rastus?

Now what will become of poor old Sook?

Bless her old bones, she did the best she could, but goggle-eyed Science has laid it across her at last.

She will now have to ramble off into the Southern swamps and live on bullrushes and South wind.

One by one we outgrow the old institutions of nature and shove them aside to make room for more improved machinery.

The horse was all right in his day and time, and even the meek-eyed mule was not to be grinned at, but they all had to skeedaddle when the steam locomotive and the gasoline chug-wagon came snorting along.

And the cow laughed at the old horse and said:

"O yes, old feller, they don't need you any more, but they never could get along without me. I am the chief corner-stone of the American home and the strong right arm of the butter trust."

And she winked at the bull through the fence-crack and went on licking her calf.

But that was in the past.

Things are different now.

Poor old Sook has learned by bitter experience that pride goeth before a fall. She must now be relegated to the curiosity department, along with the horse and the setting hen, and be remembered only as a creature that has had her day.

But while we drop a tear of sympathy for the departing glory of her cowship, we must not forget that her loss is our eternal gain.

Henceforth we will milk a hay-stack. And we can't deny that a hay-stack, as a milk-producer, has some decided advantages over an old cow. If you never milked a hay-stack it may seem a bit awkward at first, but you will soon get used to it.

Just to mention them off-hand, here are a few of the advantages I have in mind:

In the first place, a hay-stack will not require as much attention as an old cow. You won't have to stake it out to graze, and then watch it constantly for fear it will tangle up and break its fool neck. It won't get into the garden and eat up all the young beans just about the time you were hoping to get a mess for Sunday dinner. Any self-respecting hay-stack will have more manners than to drag its tail in the barn-yard filth and then slap it in your face while you are milking. And it won't flinder away and kick you plum through the fence and break down six rows of corn with you just because a fly bites it.

And—oh, happy thought!—if you adopt the new plan and milk a hay-stack instead of a cow, there will never be any more wobbly-legged calves to hold off and wean. That fact will tickle the small boy whose chief temptation to commit suicide and go to an easier world has been the dreaded arrival of a new calf.

Rejoice, O people, and be glad
  You lived to see this day;
Go sell old Sooky right at once,
  And buy a stack of hay.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Love is just one blamed fool after another.

◆

God help the honest—the dishonest can steal.

◆

More for need and less for greed! Ain't that what you say, mister?

◆

Begin the New Year right—by getting up a big club to The Fool-Killer.

◆

Don't take life too seriously. You will never get out of it alive, anyway.

◆

The Parcels Post law is a mighty big cockleburr under the tail of the express companies.

◆

What is needed now in the way of useful inventions is an overcoat that will keep the feet warm.

◆

Almost any Democrat will agree that 1912 was one of the finest little years that has been held in a long time.

◆

Did you ever hear the story about the man who lived up to his New Year resolutions till the year was out? Well, I never did, either.

◆

It is said that Willrow Woodson wants to walk to his inauguration. Well, let him walk, then. And he can hoof it bare-footed if he wants to. That's the way lots of his subjects would have to go if they went at all.

◆

And so Tom Lawson wants to wipe out gambling on the Stock Exchange, does he? Show me a rat that will deliberately set a dead-fall for itself, and then maybe I can swaller your yarn about Tom.

◆

Old Jud Welliver has just had a conniption fit because somebody mentioned government aid for good roads. But I'll bet you a year's subscription against your cotton sox that nobody ever hears Jud howl against government aid for building battleships. It seems that providing a way to kill folks is much more important than providing a way for them to live.

◆

Oh, yes, we are all powerfully in favor of peace, peace—universal peace, don't you know? But, drot our measley hides, we keep right on sending such old devils as Powder Trust DuPont to Washington to make our laws for us. Do you expect the owners of the powder trust to work for universal peace? Where in the devil would they sell their powder if war was to stop?

GOOD NEWS.

Listen, friends! I have good news to tell you. Of course you still remember what I told you in the November Fool-Killer about my "day dream"—my plan for getting more up-to-date machinery and enlarging The Fool-Killer. Well, it now looks like the dream is coming true a good deal sooner than I had dared to hope.

Now, in order to keep you all posted as to the progress of my plans, I shall continue to lay the whole matter before you each month. The responses to my former appeals have been so liberal that I can now promise with reasonable certainty that the new machinery can be bought and the paper enlarged within a very short time.

The subscription receipts for the month of December, 1912, broke all previous records into smithereens, reaching a total of $415 for that month—more than $100 per week. Of course all running expenses have to come out of that, but there is a nice little bunch left to apply on the new machinery. Just a few more months like December—or better—and I will be turning out a 16-page Fool-Killer with a Linotype Machine and a Web Press. I am already in correspondence with different parties relative to the purchase of these machines, and hope to have them up and running between now and pea-sticking time. I am fully satisfied now that I CAN make The Fool-Killer a large and powerful publication, and I am determined to do it. Of course I couldn't do these big things without the help and co-operation of my friends and comrades. But there ain't no doubt about me getting your help, is there, boys? I know you are going to stand by me in the future as you have been doing in the past. From 16,000 subscribers in November the list has grown to 20,000 in January, and it is still growing at the rate of 100 every day.

And here's another thing: Besides the great advantage in having a Linotype machine to set the type for the paper, the biggest advantage will be in handling the mailing list. At present the 20,000 names and addresses are recorded by hand in big books, and they have to be copied off by hand onto the papers and wrappers each month. If you think that's any little job, maybe you'd like to come and try it one pop. It takes a whole heap of work, I can tell you. And, furthermore, there is always the possibility of missing names or making other mistakes. Now when I get the Linotype machine, practically all this mailing trouble will be avoided. I will simply put the names and addresses in plain type and make printed labels which will be put on the papers with a mailing machine. This method of mailing has several advantages. It looks nicer and more business-like, and then the date of expiration can also be printed on the label and you can always tell when your subscription expires. Under the present arrangement I have no suitable way of letting you know when your time is out.

Now, gentlemen, you see the situation. We've just got the jimdandiest opportunity to do BIG THINGS that you ever saw. The only thing required is united effort, and when 20,000 hustlers get busy something is going to happen. Let's figure a little. Just suppose that each and every one of you 20,000 subscribers would send in just one club of five at 75 cents within the next two weeks—there's $15,000 as slick as howdy. And it seems to me that you can every one do that much for the sake of a good cause. A mighty good New Year resolution would be this: "I resolve to get up at least one club of five or more for The Fool-Killer each month during this year." Make that resolve and stick to it. If anybody fails don't let it be YOU.

◆

A feller out at Bristol, Tenn., has writ a book which he calls, "The Gates of Hell." Say, buddy, I guess folks will get into that place fast enough without making any more gates to it. Have you gone crazy, or were you just born a blamed fool?

◆

Boom! Bang! Say, sucker, do you know what is the real meaning of the Turk-Balkan war? Well, it means that one gang of capitaists have got some property that another gang of capitalists want, and they are using their respective gangs of poor devils to fight it out for them. It means just that, and nothing more.

◆

The Fool-Killer is several days late again, owing partly to the fact that I spent two weeks during the holidays visiting my sick wife in Florida. For the past four months I have been keeping "bachelor's hall" here all by myself. Even the old Tom-cat left me because he couldn't eat my cooking, and now the only company I have is a family of rats that live up stairs and play baseball or something all night. Don't somebody want my job?

MISTER BLIZZARD.

I don't like you, Mister Blizzard,
With your cold breath in my face;
You got awful ugly manners—
Wish you'd change your boardin' place.

Hangin' 'round a-body's cabin,
Crawlin' through the open cracks;
Makin' goose-bumps on our bellies
While we roastin' ov our backs.

Say, you done wore out your welcome
With your chilly winds an' snows;
Wish you'd go off, Mister Blizzard—
You don't suit poor folks's clothes.

◆

Sugar From Sawdust.

After several months of experimenting, a Chiago scientist has succeeded in making a high grade of sugar out of ordinary sawdust.—News Item.

The saw mills of God be praised!

Here it is at last!

Bring forth the sugar bowl and let us beat a royal tatoo with the old teaspoon that stired our grandaddy's coffey.

Decorate the wood-saw with red, white and blue ribbon.

Cover the wood box in the corner with the dishrag.

Let us sing a song that will make the dishes dance in the cupboard.

Saw down a hitching-post, and let the banquet spread.

The idols of the world have stuffed with sawdust for countless ages--and now even the very poor may sweete their rye-coffee with the stuffings of the gods.

Away to the wildwood--let the siren song of the murmuring leaves drive dull care away.

Let us make the baby a sugar-tit out of the dust of the monarch of the forest.

Let us sweeten our pound-cake with a chip from the cedars of Lebanon.

Down with the Sugar Trust!

Save your money and buy a saw-mill!

◆

Have Some Dog.

New York.—Mrs. Elmer Black arrived on the Mauretania Friday with a new plan to reduce the high cost of living. "Now when I was in Munich I saw 100 dogs sold for food in one day to poor people," exclaimed Mrs. Black enthusiastically. "Of course the dogs had been inspected before the sale, and they were perfectly fit to eat.—News Item.

Well, for the love of Mike and and all his kin folks, including his mother-in-law's half-sister! Bow-wow! Yap-yap! Devil's broth and dog-hair! Now don't it make your guts growl to think of that foxy female coming over here to teach us poor devils how to eat dog? Wow! Why don't you bark? I wonder how turnip greens and dog would go together, washed down with goat milk or branch water?

How many samples do you want?

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

PROVERBS REVISED.

1 The proverbs of Pearson. the editor of The Fool-Killer

2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.

3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.

4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.

5 A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.

6 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"

7 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy money to a stranger?

8 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast the money in thy pocket.

9 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.

10 The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.

11 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.

12 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.

13 Commit thy nickels and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscription shall be recorded.

14. Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

◆

The carpenters at Yale are building a special chair for the new Professor of Law to occupy when he gets done sticking his brogans under the White House table. The chair is to be four feet across the bottom and guaranteed to hold up two tons.

◆

Tom Lawson's great sensation called "The Remedy," now running in Everybody's Magazine, will have just about as much effect on stock gambling as pouring water into a crawfish hole would have on the tides of the ocean. No law against stock gambling will ever be worth a peddler's cuss so long as the gamblers can go to Washington and buy up our law-making bodies and dictate terms as they do at present. And nobody knows that better than Tom Lawson.

A Bokay from Tennessee.

Whitesburg, Tenn.,
Jan. 13, 1913.

Dear Fool-Killer:

I just want to tell you how much I like you and your witticisms. I think you are one of the dearest little papers in the world. The first time I ever saw you was New Year's Day, and I fell so deeply in love with you that I decided I must have you. So I am enclosing twenty five cents for which I want you to come to me for one year. I think you are too cute for anything, and I laughed myself sick over you. I want you to be good and come this month, and don't forget to come for the next eleven months after this. Wishing you the very best of success and many new subscriptions for this New Year, I remain ever your well-wisher and friend,

MISS INA V. CREECH.

◆

OLD MAN GRUMPUS.

Some kind of a flea-bitten fool who disgraces the state of Oregon by living in it has kidnapped a second-hand typewriter and managed to smear his ignorance over two sheets of paper, and then mailed the stuff to me.

Just like any other common coward, this measley mut forgets to sign his John Henry to his morbid mess of malignant mouthings, in which he tries to demolish me and all my work with one foul blow from his anonymous fist.

The old grumpus don't like what I say in The Fool-Killer, and he don't like my way of saying it. He is afraid the acid in my journalistic juice will take the brass plating off of his pot-metal character and leave him with the bag to hold, as Shakespeare says.

Now I hardly ever pay any attention to these orphan letters that come straggling in from nowhere without any owner, But I merely mention this case in order to ask old Mister Grumpus to send me his name and address. I want to mail him a No. 5 thimble to pull down over his head before a cat-bird plucks it for a pokeberry.

◆

General Sherman once remarked that "war is hell," and nobody has ever disputed the statement. Now the able-bodied men of this country are being offered $16 a month to go to hell. Don't that beat the devil?

The Plutocrat Club.

Well, buddy, something else has took a notion to happen. Just a few days ago there was held in the village of New York a mass-meeting of the old line Republican leaders—the Taft Standpatters. There was about five hundred plutocrats present, but not a single representative of the people. Taft was there, and of course he availed himself of the opportunity to work several thousand words out of his system. It all sounded very Tafty. A number of other plutes also had verbal hemorhages, and the air was blue with Standpatism. J. P. Morgan and his lieutenants made up the crowd. Under the guise of a political party caucus, it was a mob of millionaires plotting against the people.

All of our political leaders are more or less crooked, but it is a notable fact that only the very crookedest ones were present at that meeting. It seems that everybody has deserted the old Republican party except those who are so mean the other parties won't have them.

◆

Editor Clarence Poe has been handing out a choice line of dope through the Progressive Farmer telling how they do things in Europe. According to Poe, it seems that nearly everything over there is done on the "Co-Operative Plan," and the results are highly satisfactory. But we American blamed fools seem to think it would be a terrible crime for anybody but the money-sharks to co-operate.

◆

Almost every war in the history of the world has been a dispute over some kind of property, but you can always notice that the men who do the fighting don't own nary dollar's worth of the property they are fighting over. And that's why I say that the poor simpleton who joins an army and risks his own life to defend the property interests of the bloated billionaires, is the biggest fool that ever God let live.

OLD COINS.

We will pay a premium for old silver or gold coins 75 or 100 years old. We will also buy $500 and $1,000 Confederate bills. Let us know what you have, and the price. COIN COLLECTORS CLUB, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Funniest Book Ever Written.

A regular side-splitter. Its title is: "I BLEW IN FROM ARKANSAW." Has 20 comic pictures. Price 25 cents. Mail your quarter today for a copy.

GEORGE D. BEASON, AUTHOR,
Wilkesboro, - - - - - North Carolina.

SWEET-SCENTED SUCKER-BAIT.

Well, well, well! I'll just be literally flabbergasted and eternally hornswoggled! If there ain't some of the doggondest varmints going loose that I ever hearn tell of. T'other day I happen to be nuzzling around through a copy of Everybody's Magazine, and I found where Tom Lawson had piled up leaves and made a bed for some of his literary offsprings to kick around in.

Now, children, lemme tell you sump'm. That-thar Lawson feller ain't as big a fool as he makes out like. But he surely must think everybody else are numb-skulls, judging by the kind of hot wind he is blowing off.

Why, confound his old warty hide, there he is pretending that he wants to break up that den of Wall Steet stock gamblers, and at the same time bragging that he is, and has been for years, one of the biggest gamblers in the bunch. Why, man alive, you just ought to hear Tom brag about how he has made his millions in that gambling hole that they call Wall Street. He knows every crook and turn of the game and admits that it is a sin of the devil's own hatching. But while he is engaged in writing his sensational exposure of this monster crime, he takes care to write with one eye on the stock ticker, and every time there is a flurry in the market Tom jumps up from his "Remedy" and rakes in a million or two of small change by the same identical gambling methods that he is pretending to "expose." Yes, sir, he blabs it right out and tells you that he is a rascal and is proud of it, and that he is going to keep right on being a rascal till everybody else gets good.

Does that smell fishy to you?

It does to me.

It's too much like the devil writing a sermon on repentance and baptism with one hand and chunking up the fires of hell with the other.

Nobody denies that Tom Lawson is well acquainted with his subject. He has made and lost enough fortunes on Wall Street to make him acquainted with it, but the thing that hurts my sore place is this: If Tom has got converted and gone to preaching against the evils of stock gambling, why in the devil don't he practice what he preaches? If I thought a business was good enough for me to engage in, I'll be drot if I'd go around knocking it to please somebody else. Or if I felt that my business needed knocking, I'd first quit the business and then knock the very devil out of it.

Maybe Mister Tommie can make some folks think he is sincere and honest in this matter and that he really wants to put the eternal kabosh on stock gambling, but my throat is not built right for that yarn to go down me. It just hangs against my Adam's Apple and refuses to budge an inch.

Shucks in August! It will be late in the day when Tom Lawson or anybody else wipes out the stock exchange with a wad of magazine copy about the size of a fat man's fist. If Tom had any idea that his articles would hurt the Wall Street operators, he would pay the magazine a big fortune to call in and burn every copy that has been printed. All Tom wants is a little more cheap advertising, and he knows how to get it. He is fishing for suckers and using "The Remedy" for bait. Say, mister, are you going to bite?

Morgan on the Stand.

J. Pierpont Morgan's testimony before the committee investigating the "money trust" was certainly a peach. It went something like this:

"My name is Morgan.

I am a poor man.

Have to work hard for a living.

I have no financial interest in any bank or railroad, nor any other public institution that requires money.

I am not president nor director of anything.

I can't understand how the belief got started that I am rich and that I have great power in the financial affairs of the country.

I tell you I am awful poor—can't hardly keep decent clothes and enough to eat for myself and family.

I have no power whatever.

There may be a money trust, but how could you expect a poor man like me to know anything about it?

I don't know anything about anything.

I am the poorest, weakest and most ignorant man in America.

I'll swear I'm telling you the truth.

Now won't you please let me off? I just must hurry back to New York and see if it's necessary for me to run the Balkan war any longer, and tell Rockefeller, Carnegie and the rest of the boys what they must do."

President Taft shook 7,000 hands on New Year's Day, which seems to include practically everyone who voted for him.

See club rates on page three.

MISTER TRAIN CALLER.

Say, honey, was you ever in the waiting room of a big city depot? And did you notice the feller that comes in every few minutes and makes a pretense of "calling the trains?" That is, he is supposed to be telling the crowd what train is getting ready to start, so they can grab their bundles and crawl on.

But you might listen all day and you never could guess what the old fool was trying to do. The average person would be apt to think he was a Mexican greaser choked on dog-liver and trying to cuss the railroad in the Chinese language.

There he stands with his bay window stuck out like a bump on a tree, and bellers like a bull calf lost from its mammy, and if you had to be hung or understand a single word of that bellering, I wouln't give much for your neck.

I could tie a bullfrog to a stick and poke him in at the window, and he could "call trains" a blamed sight better than some fellers I've heard try it.

It seems that the only qualification the railroads require in a "train caller" is that he must have a voice like dragging a rawhide over a tin roof, and if he should happen to speak a word so that anybody could understand it, he would lose his job.

If you don't think I'm telling the truth, you just take notice the next time you go to a city. And if you find a train caller in America that you can understand one word out of fifty, please send me his name and a lock of his hair.

HOGWALLOW NEWS.

The Old Miser has been saving up the potatoes that are stuck on the spout of his coal oil can by the store keeper and will soon have enough for a mess.

Cricket Hicks, while going along the road on Musket Ridge the other day, was held up by a travelling photographer who took his picture, but no other valuables.

Jefferson Potlocks says some men with their promises is like a lot of fiddlers—they are all the time tuning up but never play.

Luke Mathewsla has bought a pocketbook to keep his money in, but now finds himself in as bad fix as he was before, having spent all his money for the pocketbook.

Poke Eazley is making all the necessary arrangements for building himself a house near where the sorghum mill was located. In order to get the house just exactly the right size he will lay the floor, then put his family on it, and build the house around them.

A FIRESIDE TALK.

Friends, Comrades, Brothers:

On each of my monthly visits to your fireside I always want to have a little private personal talk with you before I leave. It helps us to get better acquainted, and that naturally makes us better friends, you know.

Some of you have been reading my sassy talk and tomfoolery for two or three years—others for a shorter period—and you all seem to like it, judging by the way you keep on asking for more. Well, that suits me exactly—wish I had a million subscribers instead of 20,000. And I'm going to have a million, too, first thing anybody knows.

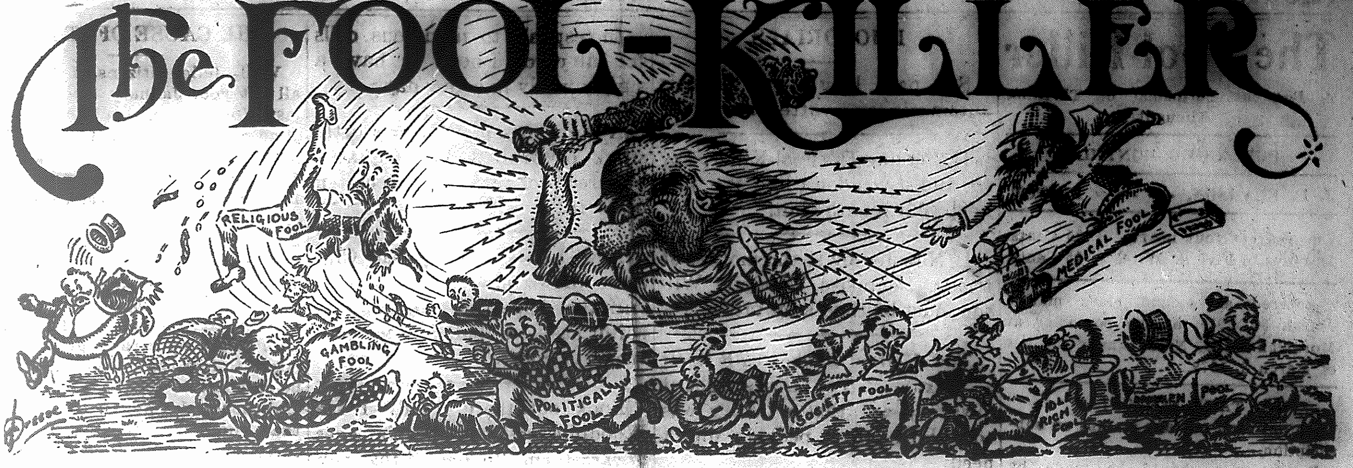
I have just been wondering what sort of a critter you-all think I am, anyhow. Guess some of you have got me pictured out as a regular circus clown, with a smile that wraps plum around my head three times and never comes off.

Sorry, my friends, but you'll have to guess again. I am just an ordinary poor country clodhopper, with no superior talents or training, and if you saw me in a crowd you would never pick me out for a "funny man." Fact is, I can't understand how the notion ever got started that I was capable of being funny. My face wears a sad, tired expression, and is deeply marked with suffering.

I was born in a log cabin and grew up in poverty. Spent my boyhood working on a backwoods farm and had no school advantages. But I am a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and am still taking my post-graduate course. Have been an "under dog" all my life, and that's how I know so well how to sympathize with the under dog. I feel close kinship with the workers of the world, because I am one of them by birth and training, and I hope I will never become rich enough to forget how it feels to be a poor little ragged, barefooted boy.

Now, fellers, you know who I am, where I came from, and what I am trying to do. As I have told you in another column, I am working now to get a large web press and a linotype machine so that I can enlarge The Fool-Killer to sixteen pages and print a million copies each month. This new machinery will cost several thousand dollars, and my only chance of getting the money is for my 20,000 present subscribers to all go to work and send in as many new subs as possible. So please let me hear from you at once with a great big club.

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1913. NO. 12.

Tell Me What the Poor Folks Do.

Looky-here, I'm doggon tired
  Readin' all about the rich—
Where they go an' what they wear,
  How they murder time, an' sich.
Just to read that silly stuff
  Almost makes a-body spew:
Say, I'm tired of millionaires—
  Tell me what the poor folks do.

Millionaire has been abroad,
  Millionaire has stayed at home;
'Nuther one has built a church
  With his picture in the dome.
Millionaire in auto wreck—
  Hit a stone as on he flew:
Say, I'm tired of millionaires—
  Tell me what the poor folks do.

Boston lady makes a feast,
  Axes all the swells, of course;
New York heiress weds a duke,
  An' then sues him for divorce.
In the papers every day
  That's the stuff we must pursue;
Aw, confound your millionaires!—
  Tell me what the poor folks do.

The Bray of a Taftite.

Great golly-snortums! I can't hardly expect you to believe it, but I have actually received a letter from a Taftite. He writes from Berea, Kentucky, and signs himself B. W. Lain. The B. W. evidentely stands for Bilious Windy.

As well as I can make out from his bug-tracky scribbling, this feller Lain is hot under the belly-band because I don't go around singing pretty love-songs to Mister Taft. He tries to remark, in his poor, broken manner, that I told "a infurnal falshood" about the corruption and the disruption of the late lamented (?) Republican party. He wants it distinctly understood that all the good, clean, sensible folks didn't leave the Taft party, because he is still hanging to it like a hungry tick to a dead calf's belly.

Well, there's one thing certain —if all the Standpatters who still cling to the old party wreck are of the same calibre as Mister Bilious Windy Lain, dog my cats if it ain't a june-sweetner of a party.

It strikes me that Bilious Windy is entirely too big for a man, and not quite big enough for a horse. He is just about the right size for a jackass.

A SERMON ON GEO. WASHINGTON.

There is supposed to be a law somewhere on the books making it a hanging crime for any editor to send out his February issue without throwing a few bokays at George Washington. And so, in order to save my neck and be a law-abiding citizen, I will now proceed to give you a little sermon on the boy that cut down the cherry tree and never told a lie.

George Washington is the only man mentioned in history who could not tell a lie. This peculiarity was a great disadvantage to George. He discovered very early in life that he was heavily handicapped in dealing with his play-mates, all of whom were good average American liars. George made every effort to overcome his failing, but he couldn't do it.

George got more beating than any other boy in the community. The others could lie out of a difficulty, but George couldn't.

Once, when George was a young man, he courted a very homely girl whose daddy was rich. He thought he could put up with her looks for the sake of her money. When he got ready to "pop the question" he composed a very pretty little speech that went something like this:

"Darling, there is something I must say to you to-night. I don't know how to say it, but I must make the effort. Please don't get offended. You pearl beyond price, my soul hungers for you! Your eyes are like sparkling dew-drops; your nose is chiseled after the model of the gods; your lips are redder than June cherries and sweeter than honey in the comb; your cheeks are more fair than the blush of wild roses. Dear heart, I want you for my own. Will you be my wife?"

When he called on the girl that night he blew out the candle and courted by fire light in order to soften the awful view of her face. When the proper moment arrived he dropped on his knees and began:

"Darling, there is something I—"

And just then George's old weakness asserted itself. He could not lie. If ever a man wanted anything in this world, George wanted to lie just then, but there was nothing doing. Visions of the old man's fine Jerseys, broad acres and fat horses rose up to prompt him, but without avail.

George swallowed once, shut his eyes, clenched his fists, and told the truth!

"—You pie-faced, pimpled squash, if you were a snow-ball in hades I wouldn't give two cents a dozen for you. Your eyes look like two bad eggs fryin' in hog fat; your No. 11 nose was put on crooked and looks like a red barn on a hill-side; the upper and lower flapper on that hole in your face resemble the main-sail of a square-rigged schooner, and your whole miserable face is uglier than a spavined hound pup with the mange. But your old dad's money looks good to me! Will you be my wife?"

For some reason the girl refused him, and thus lost a good chance to become the Mother of her Country.

One time George took a mule to town to swap. He met a stranger who bantered him for a trade, and George said:

"This here mule of mine can't see a flash of lightning nor hear it thunder. He's so old that his back teeth have whiskers on 'em. He's always been too infernal lazy to work, but he can kick the soda out of a biscuit and never break the crust. I'll swap even with you."

The stranger thought George was lying, and traded.

HERE IS YOUR FORTUNE.

I have just graduated in Astrology and am ready to tell your fortune on short notice. I can tell nearly as big a lie as the Gypsy fortune-tellers, and when I get a little more practice I can beat 'em. Just to introduce my work and to convince you of its high quality, I will give you a sample free of charge.

If you were born anywhere between December and twelve o'clock your horoscope would read like this:

Your Significator in the eighth house being sextile to the double transit of the devil's hind leg; two degrees up and cross-ways to a three-cornered hole in the sky; second house for a bee-line through the ascending arch half way up and back through Bill Smith's tater patch, connecting with your grandaddy's funny-bone two feet and nine inches northwest of sundown. All of which proves that you are either a man or a woman or some other sort of beast, and that if you don't die young you will live to a good old age.

The wandering aspect of your Woggle Star indicates that you will have a mouth, and that it may be necessary for you to eat in order to live.

Taurus climbing a rope ladder into the second story of your where-abouts proves that you will have a bone in your leg, and that you may have some hair on your head, provided this awful information don't scare you bald-headed.

◆

Just about two weeks from now—and we, the "great American people," will throw off the old black, dirty garment of plutocratic mis-rule—and then put it right kerdab back on again. Oh, golly, ain't we wise buddies, though? Well, I should smile!

◆

Tell your neighbor about this.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Say, pard, how do you like this automatic sin-swatter, anyhow?

If you like The Fool-Killer, say so; and if you don't like it, just keep your mouth shut.

If New Jersey is the mother of trusts, I suppose Woodpile Wilson must be their step-father.

The Yellow Jacket calls itself a "Luxury." Yes, that's right. I always heard that a luxury was something that people didn't need.

A man with a cigar in his mouth will rebuke a boy for smoking cigaretts. That's sorter like a polecat telling a dead fish that it stinks.

If I was in Morris Sheppard's place I would have Joe Bailey's seat in the Senate thoroughly scrubbed and fumigated before I'd ever roost on it.

They have got out a new nickel with the picture of a bison's head on it. The infernal scamps! Looks to me like they could at least have made it a Bull Moose.

If you get hold of a sample of The Fool-Killer, you are hereby invited to read it over carefully, show it to your friends and get up a club.

The Yellow Jacket has got one foot in the Progressive mud-hole and the other in the old Republican mire, and it just can't decide which puddle it wants to dabble in.

When old man Satan looks up this way and sees a big, plump, chicken-fed preacher going along the street puffing at a ten-cent cigar, I'll bet he laughs till his belly hurts.

Wonder what in the dickens has become of old J. P. Morgan's Men and Hypocrisy Backward Movement? Its loud-mouthed boosters of a few months ago seem to be turning out a choice line of silence these days.

Oh, say! Did you know the Standard Oil Company had been dissolved? Law, yes, it happened a long time ago. Uncle Sam was the boy that did it. He just tetotally ruint the oil trust—so he thought. But bless your gizzard, I see where the Standard Oil Company has just declared dividends again, and old Johndee's share of the profits is $10,000,000. Doggon, I wish somebody would "dissolve" me that way.

In response to numerous calls for sub cards, I hope to have a supply ready in a few days.

A big "blessing" over a little snack of grub is like buying a hundred dollar safe to keep ten cents in.

Now I guess the Kansas City Star knows how to sympathize with the Appeal to Reason. Its editor has been indicted for contempt of court.

Look out there, Ted! I see Woodpile casting sheep's eyes toward them "policies" that you stole from the Socialists.

Geeminy goodness, friends! I do wish you would all use pen and ink when you write to me. About half the letters I get are written with a lead pencil, and they are so dim I can't read them above a whisper. Please use ink.

I've just read about a man who spent large sums on perfume for himself, but wouldn't buy his wife any shoes. It would take a thunderation big sight of perfume to keep that kind of a brute from stinking.

Another one of these scientific fellers comes along and says, "There is no reason in science why a man might not live several hundred years and keep young." All right, smarty; just go ahead and do it. Whenever you suceeed, then I'll try it.

Cardinal O'Connel opens the slot in his face and squirts out the following wad of wisdom: "Capital has a right to a just share of the profits, but only a just share." Will Mr. Red Hat please tell us exactly what proportion of what the worker produces is a just share for the man who produces nothing? I am waiting for an answer.

Hurrah for Wilson!—but I don't mean Woodpile. That "hurrah" was made to order especially for J. Stitt Wilson, the Socialist mayor of Berkeley, California. Mr. Wilson has just administered a very proper and timely rebuke to the Associated Charities of San Francisco. They invited him to a dinner at which he was to pay $3 for a plate and watch moving pictures illustrating "How Needy Families Live." Mr. Wilson sent back word to the Ass-ociated Charlatans that he had no desire to dine with the social class which can squander $3 on one meal, and that he preferred to give his three dollars to some needy family. If J. Stitt Wilson is a Socialist, God give us more like him.

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

Well, feller citizens, I hope you all got your January Fool-Killer at last. You have had a dickens of a time getting it, but not half as hard a time as I had. I knew you all loved The Fool-Killer, but I had no idea how great your love was till I began to hear from you about the delay of the January issue. I got hundreds of letters from subscribers everywhere who were just standing on top of their heads and having double-barrelled jeeminy-fits because The Fool-Killer didn't show up at the regular time. I begun to fear that I would actually be responsible for the death of several thousand people if I didn't get that Fool-Killer to them in about three winks of a rooster's eye.

Boys, it tickles me plum to my gizzard to know that my little old sassy paper is of so much importance that it is so sorely missed when it fails to arrive. I couldn't ask for a better testimonial than the basketful of "complaints" that came in during the latter part of January. I am going to keep them for souvenirs, and if anybody denies that the The Fool-Killer is eagerly looked for by its readers, I will have the proof ready.

Friends, I'm certainly glad you enjoy the paper so much, and I'm awful sorry it had to be so late last month, but I couldn't help it. And right here's a good place to tell you what caused the delay.

Some of you may remember about my wife being a semi-invalid. She has the worst case of asthma and bronchitis that I ever saw, also stomach trouble, and what she has suffered during the past seven years no tongue can tell. Not feeling able to stand another cold winter here, she packed up last fall and went to Florida. I stayed here and worked at The Fool-Killer till the December issue was mailed out, and then I closed up the office and hiked out to Florida to see the widder. Stayed with her as long as I could, and then hurried back to get out the January paper. On my arrival here I found nearly all my work-hands sick—my main head clerk down with a bad case of measles—and I have had a time of it. I had to work day and night, trying to do the work of three people, and it looked like I never would get the paper printed and mailed. The letters just piled up in great stacks. I couldn't get the subs recorded, and my personal correspondence was neglected. Everything got terribly behind, but I am doing my level best to catch up. My hands who were sick are able to go to work again and we are going to make things hum to beat sixty from now on. But the printing and mailing of 25,000 or 30,000 papers by hand each month is a big job, and I hope you will all be as patient as possible.

Quite a number have stated that they subscribed and sent in clubs several months ago and never received the paper. In cases like that I don't know who is to blame, but I will try my best to find out and remedy the trouble. Whatever happens, bear in mind that I mean to be honest and that I am not trying to beat you out of your money. If you don't get the paper within a reasonable time, write me a friendly note and tell me so, but please don't get mad and "cuss me out," for I am doing the very best I can.

Pass the good news along.

An Old Hymn Made New.

Am I a soldier of the Moose,
A follower of Ted?
And shall I always be a goose,
Or learn to use my head?

Shall I lie down and go to sleep
On flowery beds of ease,
While others live like hogs and sheep,
In hunger and disease?

CIRCULATION CHAT.

The circulation of this paper is still going up like the price of eggs at Christmas. We printed 23,000 for January, and we are printing 28,000 this time. Most editors count four readers to each copy printed, and that means over 100,000 people will read this issue of The Fool-Killer. Hurrah for you, comrades and club-raisers! You are the best crowd of workers that ever came down the pike.

Our circulation is getting too large to handle by the hand method that we are now using. Realizing that I must install a better mailing system, I first figured on getting a Mergenthaler linotype machine, but I have found something a great deal cheaper, and just as good—the Belknap Stencil Addressing Machine, which I am going to put in right at once. This machine is used in the mailing departments of the Curtis Publishing Company, Doubleday, Page & Co., Harper Bros., Everybody's Magazine, and many other large concerns. With this machine I can do in two days the work that it takes two weeks to do by hand, and do it better. Every name will be plainly printed on paper or wrapper, and date of expiration will also be given, so you can know exactly when to renew.

With this mailing system in operation, we can get along for awhile without a linotype machine, but we must have a larger and faster press. The big Cottrell Drum Cylinder that I put in last March is already calling for help.

And so you see I have to keep on buying new machinery as the paper grows. I don't expect to pile up any fortune for myself, but I am determinded to fit up a complete printing establishment here, so as to give you-all the doggondest best little old paper that ever circulated through the mails. Faster machinery to do the work will give me more time to study and write up the doggon sassy talk and tomfoolery that you all like so well. Now all together for a big web press and a sixteen-page Fool-Killer that will almost curl your hair. Send in the clubs, boys, and I'll do the rest. Now altogether!

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

What About that Butter?

Say, Uncle Sam, doggon your old greedy gizzard, I want to know if you ate my butter? Now you needn't try to play off that you don't know anything about that butter, for I know you do. Your memory must be devilish short if you've plum forgot how you came honey-fuggling around here with your parcel post palaverment and wheedled me into giving you two pounds of good old country butter which you promised to deliver to my widder down in Florida. I packed that butter in accordance with the Poor Food Law, and bought some of your little old red labels to stick on it. Then I addressed it on two sides of the box so that if you failed to see it with one eye you could twist your head around and see it with the other.

But after all them precautions, and my widder down there just looking her eyes out for that butter, she never did see hair nor hide of it. And the result is that she is still going through life sad and butterless.

Now, Sam, you old star-studded rascal, I want to know what you did with my butter. You just as well "fess up," for I know you sat down on a stump somewhere and greased your old rusty dumplin-path with it. I found an old mail sack messed up with molasses, and then I understood. You took my butter and some other feller's molasses and treated yourself to one square meal.

Say, Sam, I am not able to board you, and I ain't going to, either. Do you understand that? You seem to be a privileged character and I reckon there ain't no way to make you pay for that butter, but I'll bet it's the last butter you ever get from me. Now wipe the butter and 'lasses out of your beard and drive on with your old parcel post. But if I live two hundred years I will never hear parcel post mentioned without thinking of that butter.

* * *

Yes, this is a land of liberty, all right. We are every one free. The rich are free to rob and exploit the poor, while the poor are free to slave, steal or starve.

A Sermon on Ground-Hogs.

You will find my text in the leventy-leventh verse of the leventy-leventh chapter of Doctor Killem's Almanac for the year leventeen and leventy-leven. It reads as follers:

"And it came to pass on the second day of February that the ground hog came out of his hole, saw his shadder, and straightway skooted back into his hole, there to remain forty days"

Dearly beloved, I feel mighty little in the presence of such a big text. Feel sorter like an ant with a bale of cotton in its mouth. But duty calls, and I must answer. There's a lot of things in the almanac, brethen and sisterin, that we can't understand, and this is one of them. The ground hog is a mystery. We don't know where he was educated nor how he got his appointment as chief of the Weather Bureau. All we know is that he is on the job seems determined to stay there. The silly youth of today may laugh at the ground hog and deny his wonderful powers, but the old pioneers of the back woods will stick to him like a gob of tar to a pair of white summer breeches.

Therefore I say unto you, consider the ground hog. He toileth not, neither does he wear a plug hat, but he gets there just the same.

It has never been quite clear to me why the ground hog is afraid of his shadder. He must be a blamed old coward. If he is so scarey as all that, I don't see how he ever got to be such a prominent person. His notions of taking a pleasant morning walk are very peculiar. If he comes out and finds it cloudy and pouring down rain he will take his walk and enjoy it. But a little sunshine scares him so bad that he don't get over it in forty days.

* * *

People glance over other papers and throw them aside, but every fellow who gets his tater-grabbers fastened onto The Fool-Killer reads it from A to Izzard before he turns it loose. That's the secret of its great popularity.

* * *

When you get done reading this paper, hand it to a friend.

WELL, HOWDY-DO!

Now, then! You've been wanting something to howl and cuss about, and I reckon you've got it. But hold on. Don't get your back up until you know what you are mad about. Then maybe you'll think over it, and laugh over it; and decide that The Fool-Killer isn't such an awful bad paper, after all.

When I began looking around for a name that would do to fly at the mast-head of my journalistic battleship I wanted something unusual—something startling. I wanted a name that would first catch the eye of the reader, then excite his curiosity, then tickle his funny-bone, and finally furnish him food for serious thought.

When you pick up a stray copy of "The Journal," or "The Post," or "The Chronicle," or "The Herald," or "The Star," or any one of a hundred other overworked names, you do not experience any thrill of excitement such as a man feels when he has discovered something. You simply glance over the headlines and chuck the thing in the stove, and that is the end of it. But when you see for the first time a copy of The Fool-Killer this is how it effects you: You first jump just a little; then you look again; then you whistle softly; then if you are a profane man, you cuss a few rounds; then you read some more; then you laugh just moderate; then you read still more; then you hold your sides and just holler; then you go down into your old jeans and fish out the price of a year's subscripton; by this time everybody for two blocks has gathered around you to see what is the matter; then you read The Fool-Killer to the gang and they all want it; then you take their names and their money and send in a whooping big club.

And that's what they are doing all over these United States of America today. It's all very simple. Get you a bunch of Fool-Killers and try it.

Bundle Rates.

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20	copies of any one issue,	15 cents.
40	" " " " "	30 "
60	" " " " "	45 "
80	" " " " "	60 "
100	" " " " "	75 "

Sample copies in small quantities will be furnished free of charge.

OLD COINS.

We will pay a premium on one and three dollar gold pieces, also on silver and copper coins over one hundred years old. Will also buy $500.00 and $1,000.00 Confederate bills. COIN COLLECTORS CLUB, Moravian Falls, N. C.

TAFT'S FAREWELL SERMON.

Now when Big Bill Taft had come to the end of his political journey, and the shouts of Democratic pie-eaters were rending the air around Washington, Big Bill called his few faithful followers around him and after this manner spake he unto them:

"Boys, it is finished. The jig is up. The devil is to pay, and I hear his collector knocking at the door. We will have to absquatulate pretty soon and give our enemies possession. They are all around us as thick as army ants around a dead caterpillar.

"And in these last sad hours of our political life I thought it fitting for us to get together and hold a mutual mortification meeting. I am glad to see this little band of the faithful on hand today. We are but a pitiful remnant of what we used to be. Therefore let us mingle our tears in mutual bereavement and bow our heads and depart. But let us have an old time hand-shake before we go. Get out your handkerchiefs, boys, and don't be ashamed to weep. This is a time that tries men's souls. We are going out never to return, and who would deny us the luxury of tears?

"I see Boss Barnes over there—come here, Brother Barnes, and shake my hand. You are the stuff, old boy. You did your best to avert this calamity, and we all love you for the fight you made. Come along, Brother Penrose, Brother Crane, and all you faithful Standpatters. Let us drink our cup of sorrow together and go hence and be forgotten. Howdy, Brother Cannon—hello there, Brother Aldrich! It's comforting to see your dear faces here on this sad occasion. God bless Brother Archbald and Brother Lorimer—here they come!—two of the bravest martyrs that ever died for a lost cause. Shake their dear hands, brethren, for they are persecuted without cause. That's right—hug their necks, and let them hug your necks, for misery loves company. Oh, I am so glad that infernal Roosevelt and his crowd are not here, for they would laugh at us. But this meeting is a matter just among ourselves, and the outside world will never know, unless the editor of The Fool-Killer happens to get hold of it. That Fool-Killer is the darnedest paper I ever saw, anyhow—always butting into our affairs and telling things that we don't want told. And I'm informed that the way the blamed thing is growing and spreading all over the country is simply astounding. If something ain't done pretty quick to stop the spread of these confounded Socialist papers I don't know what this country is coming to, nohow.

"Now, beloved, we will close by singing an old familiar hymn. Everybody join in:

"Alas, and am I on the bum,
And did my party die?
Now what in thunder will become
Of such a fool as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
The voters took that spree?
Amazing conduct! Crime unknown!
And shame beyond degree!

Well might the Dems puff up with pride
And wear a sassy grin,
When such a Grand Old Party died
For we Stand-patters' sin.

But drops of grief cannot restore
The pledges we have broke.
Dad-gum!—I've got some good cigars—
Let's all go out and smoke!"

PLUTOCRATIC PRAYER.

Our most gracious, wise and adorable master Woodpile Will-soon (or as soon as you can), we come before thee this morning in a spirit of utmost humility. We come to pour our petitions and our thanks into thy merciful ear. Yes, Master Will-soon, we flatten ourselves before thee as a nigger's foot flatteneth itself in the mud. We know, dear master, that thou art a big Plute, and that thou lovest us little Plutes with a very great love.

Thou callest thyself a Democrat in order to fool the poor hard-working slaves who are tired of Republican rascality. But we are wiser than they. We know that the words Democrat and Republican are merely two names for the same thing. They are both nick-names for Plutocrat—and that means us. When we use one name till the people get tired of it, we can switch over and use the other one awhile. And the "dear people" never suspect that they are being played for suckers all the time. We thank thee, O mighty Chief, that we Plutes are so wise, and that the people are such drotted fools.

Thou knowest, dear Woodpile, how we have loved and worshiped our master Taft. And we still love the old fat rascal, but we are not saying much about it these days. Thou knowest that Taft has been mighty good to us Plutes, and that he has discriminated in our favor on every possible occasion. But poor old Taft is about petered out. He is ripped up the back, run down at the heel, and broke out all over with a bad case of the political can't-help-its. Therefore it became necessary to find another master who would love and protect us Plutes as faithfully as Taft has done. And we are profoundly thankful to thee, O Master Will-soon, that thou didst rise up at the proper moment and lead us to victory. We confess with tears that some of us voted for another master whose name was Toothadore Specksvelt, but we are thankful now that we didn't get him. He is a little uncertain, to say the least, and he leans too much toward the darned Socialists.

And so, most adorable Master Woodpile, we are in great luck. We consider ourselves pretty smart, but thou hast got more sense than all of us put together. We desire to thank thee especially for selecting that Roman Catholic, Tumulty, to be thy Private Secretary. Somebody has been telling it around that thou wast going to act the fool and insult the Pope by selecting a Protestant Secretary, but we are glad to know this was a mistake. Thou knowest, great master, that we Plutes must stand in with the Pope at all hazards. Thou knowest that we are constantly needing new tricks to fool the people with, and the best place on earth to learn dirty tricks and undermining schemes is in the ranks of Romanism.

Now, Master Will-soon, we leave us in thy care. We pray thee to give us all a cabinet position; and if there's not offices enough to go around, then make some more. Help us to pile up great fortunes and oppress the poor, even as we have been doing. These favors we ask in the name of hypocrisy, graft and rascality, Amen.

—United Plutes of America.

* * *

Where a thousand men are connected with a job of work, is it right for one or two to get rich and the others starve? Is that a square deal all around? What do you think about it, Reuben?

* * *

The Fool-Killer does not give premiums to club-raisers. But instead of that, it puts the premium money into giving you a better paper. My friends love to get up clubs just for the fun of it, and for the good they can do. They are not so little and stingy that they have to have a "premium" every time they speak a word for me. Are you that kind of a friend? If so, please let me hear from you with a big club.

A CAT WEDDING.

Well, I'll be hang-taked! It does simply get wusser and wusser. For instance, I have just now landed my lookers on a notable newspaper yarn which relates in glowing language the solemn betrothal of two society cats. Yes, dearly beloved, I mean real old four-legged, fuzzy, squalling, scratching cats. Don't take my word for it, ladies and gentlemen, but take a good grip on your nerves and read the following announcement:

MRS. GEORGE B. BRAYTON
requests the honor of your presence,
and that of your cat,
at the Betrothal Party of
The Quakeress and Don Dia, at
The Plaza Hotel, New York,
on December the 16th,
Grand ball-room. Four o'clock.

The New York American goes on and gives a long list of New York society bon-tons who took an active part in getting up this great cat wedding. They are people who think themselves the very top of the pot—away yander too fine and good for common folks to even look at—and yet this is a fair sample of the sensible and useful things they can do to help the world along.

A cat wedding! Golly! Wonder where I could hire two good hands to puke for me, either by the job or by the day?

Just close your eyes and imagine that scene in the Plaza Hotel. Here comes a great drove of the durned artificial she-things, each with an old cat hugged up to her cork bosom. I see them in my mind's eye as they crowd up to the place where two painted wenches are holding the bride and groom by their respective tails to keep them from fighting, and I can imagine how they took on over the surpassing loveliness of the beautiful bride.

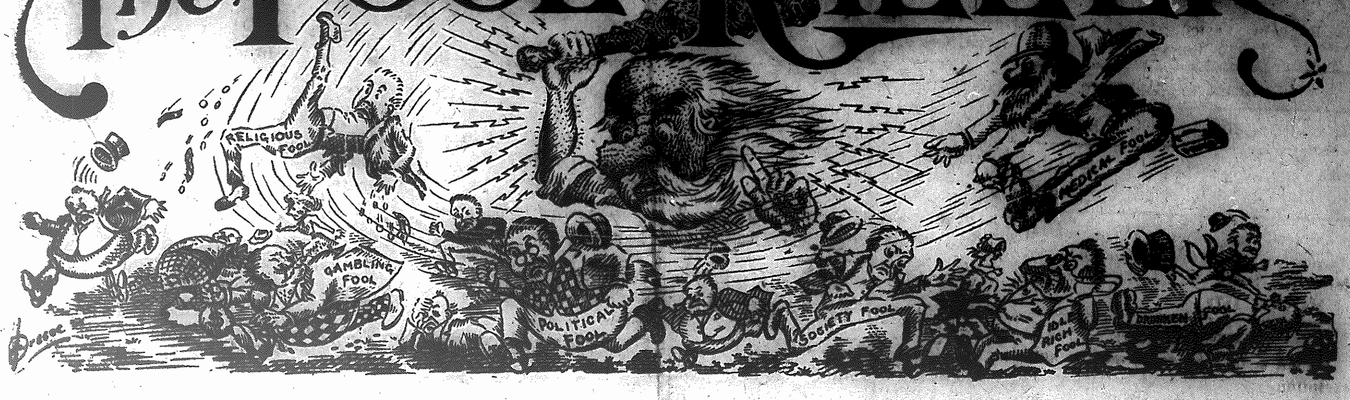
This article would not be complete without telling what the bride had on, so here goes:

The bride wore a whingle-ty-what of real French wigglesniffit over a de la durnsite of fine, filmy fuzzycumflip; also an imported tra la boom de aye dangle-ty-bob set with 29,000 genuine rat-eyes and held in place by a hilojack-robinson whatyoumacallit.

The wedding presents consisted of seventeen bushels of dead rats, a dishpan full of chicken bones and a barrel of boarding-house biscuits. That ought to be enough for the darned things to go to house-keeping on, and if they live up to the reputation of their two-legged society neighbors they won't more than eat up that supply till divorce proceedings will be in order.

Say, honey, don't you imagine it must be ge-lorious to be a society cat?

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1913. NO. 1

Just Take a Dose of Salts.

A writer in the British Medical Journal makes the rather astonishing statement that poets may gain much inspiration, and stimulate their capacities generally, by taking occasional doses of Epsom salts.—New York American.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Throw up your hat,
And make the hills resound!
Here's what we poets long have sought,
And now, by Ned, it's found.
Next time you try to write a "poem"
That turns out full of faults,
Just throw the blamed thing in the fire
And take a dose of salts.

There's no more use to fret and fume,
And pull your hair and weep;
The doctor men have come along
And helped us out a heap.
When you've exhausted all your skill,
And still the measure halts,
Just lay your fountain pen aside
And take a dose of salts.

I always knew that salts were good
To keep a man in prime;
But dogged if I had ever known
They did their work in rhyme.
Now when your brain goes on a strike,
And you can't make it waltz,
You know the proper thing to do—
Just take a dose of salts.

◆

He Strains at a Gnat and Swallows a Camel.

One of my powerful good exchanges has been getting awfully shocked at The Fool-Killer for occasionally printing a parody on a sacred hymn. It was just dreadful, you know, to paraphrase an old familiar hymn written by an ordinary mortal man who did not even claim any divine inspiration. But Lord help us! I see now where this same exchange has deliberately ripped the immortal guts out of the New Testament and hung them up on the political fence. It has taken one of our Lord's parables (the sacred utterance of Christ Himself) and rehashed it to suit its own political whim. Think of a man jumping on me for handling lightly the uninspired writings of mere men, and then watch him brazenly profane the very Word of God. Geeminy! It is a little too much.

I WENT, I SAW, I SPEWED.

Well, boys, I wonder how many of my readers were in Washington City on the 4th of March to see Uncle Sam pull off his old stinking sox and put them back on again?

I was sorter afraid they could not get along without me, and so I borrowed a clean shirt and struck out. Got there just in time to see Woodpile Wilson come in from New Jersey. I guess his cow must have died recently, because he was wearing the churn on his head. Or it might have been a joint of stove-pipe—I didn't examine it very closely.

I am pretty well acquainted with Washington, having lived there several years ago, but I had never happened to be there on the inauguration date before. So I just took a fool notion to run up and see the Democrats cut a few didoes. I might have depended on the plutocrat papers to give me the news, but you all know what collossal liars they are. They would rather tell a lie on a credit any day than to tell the truth for pay down.

As an editor who talks each month to 75,000 people, I felt it my duty to go and see for myself. And so I went. Of course I didn't get any seat up in the amen corner, but I managed to see most of the show, all the same. For three mortal hours I stood there at the east front of the Capitol, wedged in between a fat Democrat and a raw-boned Suffragette, till my backbone gouged a hole in my hat, and my feet went to sleep. Not less than 200,000 other idiots were doing just like I was. It was the biggest gang of tarnal fools that I ever set eyes on.

And so there we stood hour after hour, like an army of young cat-birds waiting for it to rain red-worms. At last I caught sight of a regiment of churn hats coming down the Capitol steps, and, behold, I stood face to face wlth Woodpile and all the other High-Muck-a-Doodles of American royalty.

Maybe I ought to have trembled a little, or got down on my knees, or something of that sort, but I didn't. I just stood there and looked on and thought "what fools these mortals be!"

They waddled on down the steps to a platform in front of the Capitol—Wilson and Bryan walking on each side of Taft to help him tote his belly—and there they met old Chief Injustice White, who proceeded to remove the mantle of power from Big Bill and place it on Woodpile's shoulders. It put me in mind of swapping an old fat beef steer for a kicking mule and getting nine acres of blue sky to boot.

Then after a little more bowing and scraping among the highbrows, Woodpile riz up and begun to talk out of his mouth. He reeled off a hank of "glittering generalities" that sounded plum snipshus and meant about as much as a fice dog barking at the moon.

And that was about all—except the pomp and ceremony, soldiers and swords, brass buttons and gold braid, that attended these grand inaugural stunts.

I turned away from it all and went back to my room, more firmly convinced than ever that the Old Scratch has got this country by the tail and a downhill pull.

◆

If you are looking for a fat job under the Wilson administration you had better be just 49 years old, as that seems to be Woodpile's favorite number. I notice that five members of the new Cabinet are exactly the same age—just 49.

◆

Clark Russell, in speaking of hell, says they use melted lead for icecream down there.

HELEN AND THE STARS.

A Paris astrologer has "read the stars" for the benefit of Helen Gould Shepard, the new bride of Finley J. Shepard.

This astrologer finds that Helen and Fin have been soul-mates since the dawn of time. She was first a Babylonian princess, while Fin was of lower rank. The next incarnation finds them in Egypt. Then another jump, and they are subjects of the Roman Empire. After which they died some more and came to life during the French Revolution.

In all these different lives Helen and Fin were soul-mates, but something kept them apart until 12:30 P. M., Jan. 22, 1913.

Lord love a duck! The very idea of sane people swallowing that kind of mental moonshine! If we have all lived so many different lives during the past ages, how come we don't remember anything about it? And how did the astrologers manage to find it out? Strikes me sorter slonch-ways that it must have been somebody else, and not us, that lived away back there.

But Mr. Astrologer is some akin to Mr. Lawyer—he can prove anything on earth if you will pay him for it. And of course he can prove more for a millionaire than he can for a poor devil like me. But just wait till I save up a few millions—then I'll hire me a stargazer and find out how many times I have been "incarnated" and how many kinds of kings and princes I used to be. Seems like I don't amount to much in this life, but I'll bet you five cents I made 'em stand around when I was king of Egypt about ten thousand years ago. And I guess that's some help, by Ned.

◆

No doubt the reason so many local papers fail is because the town gossip can get the news spread all over town before the editor has time to set his type.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

It never makes a sin any whiter to call it a mistake.

Never give advice—it is better business sense to charge for it.

The self-conceit of a fool excels all other forms of grandeur.

We are now living under a Tumulty-ous administration.

Well, the nation ain't quite broke yet, but it's doggon badly twisted.

A genius is a man who can support a big family on $50 a month and have a bank account.

It seems that the Promooseive Party found the gulf between capital and labor too wide to straddle.

Perhaps the reason the lions didn't eat Daniel was because most of him was backbone and the rest was grit.

They tell us now that China is rapidly becoming Christianized. Well, if that's true, maybe there is still some hope for America.

The name of Woodpile's private secretary—Tumulty—is no doubt prophetic of the "tumulty" times that are just ahead of us, when Romanism gets a little more power.

AN ESSAY ON UMBRELLAS.

An umbrella is a circulating medium which passes from hand to hand like money.

The object of an umbrella is to keep the rain off of the wearer's hat and deposit it on his shoulders.

An umbrella's rib is its most vital point. A man may break a rib, or even have it shot in two by an anarchist, and still live to be defeated for president. But when an umbrella breaks a rib, it is good only to lend to a personal friend.

When a wet umbrella is brought into the house, it is usually closed up and set in a corner to drain. For the purpose of wetting the floor that is thought to be more artistic than cutting a hole in the roof.

An infant umbrella is called a parasol, and is used by ladies to keep their drug-store complexion from getting sun-burnt.

The umbrella is the bashful lover's best friend, as it gives him an excuse to approach his best girl and offer his services in carrying it. It also furnishes useful employment for his hands, which would otherwise be in the way.

"TOO NASTY FER THE WIMMEN."

Here is a regular ring-tailed snorter of a sermon on Woman Suffrage, delivered before the Anti-Suffrage Club of Studhoss Ridge by the Honorable Hank Hardwad. It seems to me, that Hank has got his argument sorter twisted, but I give it to you for what it is worth. Here it goes:

"No sir-ee-bob! It never would do in the world to let the wimmen vote.

In the first place, wimmen ain't got sense enough to vote.

They would wreck and destroy this glorious free country—where we have the blessed privilege of working one day for ourselves and two for somebody else—they would ruin it all inside of a week.

And, besides that, politics are too nasty and corrupt for the wimmen to dabble in.

Wimmen are too pure and angelic for such business, and that's why their influence in politics would corrupt and destroy our free institutions.

We must preserve the purity and integrity of this nation by keeping it in the hands of the men—the same high-toned gentlemen who, by their superior knowledge and fitness for the duties of statecraft, have succeeded in making politics too nasty and corrupt for the wimmen to dabble in.

Then again, if the wimmen were given the ballot, who would stay at home with the babies while the wimmen went to vote?

I dare anybody to answer that question.

Of course a woman can go to a cotton mill, or factory, or some other kind of a sweat-shop, and work all day for fifty cents while her loving husband sits around the cross-roads store smoking and telling lies, and the public don't care a cuss what becomes of the babies.

Or a woman can take in washing and bend over the wash-tub for ten hours at a whet, while her devoted and patriotic lord goes a-fishing, and the babies can look out for themselves.

Or a' poor girl can work in a great department store at such pitiful wages that she has to take her choice between prostitution and starvation, and gallant man don't care a doggon which path she chooses.

The refined occupation of being a wage-slave is good for a woman, and it don't take her out of the home and away from her family. Oh, no! Of course it don't.

But to walk a few steps once in two years and drop a piece of paper in a box—that would take her out of the home and away from the babies, and just tee-totally ruin everything.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! Politics are too nasty for the wimmen."

PERSONAL CHAT.

Well, folks, how is your happiness by this time? Hope you are all right side up with care, and living 24 hours a day. I am a little bit late again, as usual, but just naturally couldn't get to you any sooner. Seems like there is always something to bother me—if it ain't one thing it's another.

As stated elsewhere in this issue, I found it necessary to make a trip to Washington recently. The main object of the trip was to see the Belknap Stencil Addressing Machine in the Government Printing Office. Always like to see a machine at work before buying it, you know. But, incidentally, I stayed to take in the Inauguration. Elsewhere in this paper you will find some comments on the "big event."

That Washington trip spoilt the biggest end of a week, and then after I got back we had a big rain—a "freshet" we call it here in the backwoods—which damaged several railroad bridges and delayed my shipment of paper another week. Guess I'll order paper for about six months ahead and not get caught in that kind of a trap any more.

I had hoped to get the new mailing machine installed and working in time for this issue, but there are always unexpected delays in such matters, and I hope you will all bear with me as patiently as possible. After the machine gets here it will take at least a month to get all the names of my 24,000 subscribers copied off onto the stencils. But when that is done the big job will be finished—the lists can then be printed off very rapidly.

I am mighty anxious to get the list in better shape, because our present method of writing off everything by hand is very laborious and unsatisfactory. I am expecting The Fool-Killer to at least reach the 100,000 mark by this time next year, and I might as well go to putting in machinery that will handle the business. Subs are coming in now at the rate of nearly a thousand a week. I am both surprised and pleased with the wonderful success of the paper. Friends and comrades, you have done the work, and the honor is yours. And there is absolutely no limit to what you CAN do along this line if you will only keep up the present gait.

Well, here we go under another Demmycrackit administration.

The poor fools reap a fool's reward trying to imitate the lives of the rich fools.

Fools and fads form a fitting friendship in fashion's flirting follies.

An honest mind is in continuous progress, but that of a fool is forever fixed.

The loudest mouth frequently accompanies the most brainless head.

If a thief undertakes to steal from you, and you object to it, or foil his plans, he at once becomes your enemy.

THE MURDERER'S UNION.

Well, well! Don't you think I saw the Murderer's Union while I was in Washington t'other day! They had it down on the program as "The Inaugural Parade," but you see I've got a more appropriate name for it.

Dear, dear! If that great "inaugural parade" wasn't one more degenerate, deplorable, damnable disgrace to any civilized country, then may all my cat's kittens be cross-eyed.

I have been hearing about "inaugural parades" all my life, but this was the first one I ever saw, and doggon my time if it wasn't a double-geared jimdandy. It was made up entirely of guns and greenhorns, all mixed up together like store stuff.

I elbowed my way through the mob of humanity that packed Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the White House, and for five hours I saw nothing but guns and soldiers, soldiers and guns, with here and there a little wad of walking wind-works tooting tin horns like the devil sawing cord-wood.

Some fool people just go into raptures over a performance like that, thinking it is the grandest thing in the world, but I've got too much anti-military blood in my veins to appreciate that kind of "grandeur."

Ain't it a dickens of a poor come-off that a great "Christian Nation" (??!!) can't produce anything more interesting and morally uplifting than a mob of armed ruffians—an organized murderer's union? And that's the kind of spectacle that Uncle Sam trots out when he wants to have a big day and show off before company. For five or six hours Pennsylvania Avenue looked like a river of guns flowing on toward the White House. If there was anything pretty, or uplifting, or inspiring about it, your humble servant missed it as slick as a button.

Say, did you ever notice the face of a soldier while he was performing his little stunts? It is as blank as the mind of an idiotic monkey, and has no more expression than the face of a wooden Indian. A soldier has no personality, and no will of his own. He would not hesitate to shoot down his own father if his boss gave the command. Soldiers are naturally a tuff lot, anyway. Most of them have committed some crime at home and joined the army to escape the punishment of the law.

And that's the sort of cull lumber that Wilson's great inaugural parade was composed of. Just think of it, will you?—a national murderer's union, supported by the govenment, and paraded through the capital city of a "Christian" nation! Oh, my! It's wrong to shoot a man unless you belong to the army, and then it's all right. Why, sure. An old yaller uniform and $13 a month makes all the difference.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A Sermon on "White Slavery."

I notice that Johndee, Junior, and a lot of the other flannel-mouthed hypocrites of the millionaire class have lately got in the habit of belching forth a great deal of soured sympathy for the "white slave." The son of his daddy has actually forked over a round million of his good old cart-wheels to help stamp out the "white slave traffic" in this country.

Well, that million is all right, and I hope it will do lots of good. Of course the money is needed bad enough, but under the circumstances it seems to me that these dollar-decorated doodle-bugs are doggon cheeky to offer their help in such a cause. It's as plain as a bug in the soup that these same charitable Charlie-boys are responsible for the existence of the white slave evil.

A "white slave," if I understand the term, is a woman who is forced into a life of shame against her will. Every large city has its thousands of that class, and the principal cause of it is starvation wages. Working girls in the cities are expected to pay for board, clothes and room rent and keep up appearances on three or four dollars a week. Anybody with half sense knows they can't do it. When rags and starvation stare them in the face, and self-satisfied "saints" have sent in their stereotyped regrets, always there is one more place to go—one door that is always open. And it is not at all surprising to me that thousands of poor homeless and friendless girls, driven to desperation by the inhumanity of man, are finally lured into the primrose path of ruin.

I have before me the report of the Illinois Senate white slave commission, which reads in part as follows:

"Our commission has proved that low wages are the principal factor in causing prostitution. Big business cannot deny this in the face of the overwhelming testimony of the victims themselves. Every immoral woman who has testified has sworn that poverty, and inability to earn enough money honestly to live half decently, drove her into a life of shame. Big business men are responsible for this awful condition. One witness here, Julius Rosenwald, many times a millionaire and chief owner of a business that pays $7,000,000 profit a year, admitted that he could have paid $2,000,000 a year more to his under-paid employes without seriously interfering with the profits of his great concern."

Land sakes! Ain't that a shame? And yet, in the face of such testimony, we see these red-handed robbers and mealy-mouthed millions of Mammon shedding tears as big as goose-eggs over the poor "white slaves" and offering to give back a few bloody pennies of their fabulous stolen fortunes. Great goodness alive! I wonder if they think that will atone for their bloody crimes, restore the lives they have blighted, and heal the hurt that outraged virtue feels?

NO PAY NO PRAY.

Mister Catholic Priest rears back on his dignity and solemnly informs us that there is a place called Purgatory where poor old sinful souls fry and sputter in endless torment. Then Mister Priest goes on to tell us that he has power to pray the poor souls out of purgatory, but you have got to pay him about three hundred and 'steen dollars before he will crank up his praying-machine. Which proves to me that Mister Priest is most selfish, mercenary, cruel and wicked creature on the face of God's earth.

Suppose you saw a child fall in the fire—would you stand there and demand pay before you helped it out? You certainly would not. But that's exactly what Mister Priest does.

If I had the power the priest claims to have, do you think I would set back on my infernal breeches and watch poor souls fry in Purgatory while I waited for their half-starved relatives to sell their milk-cow and pay me for making the pray come? Huh?

Let Others Do Likewise.

Mr. J. L. Pearson,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Friend and Comrade:

Your good and welcome letter came a few days ago. So glad to get such a nice letter from one who has become endeared to me as you have through the medium of your little paper. And then when you tell me your misfortunes in life and how hard you have to work, it makes me wonder how you retain your cheerful mood long enough to write a friendly, cheerful letter. And now, dear comrade, I thank you, and mean to put my thanks into effect. I haven't time just now to make up a club, but I am sending you fifty cents for which you may send me The Fool-Killer as long as you see fit. And I tell you what I have resolved to do—I am going to try my level best to make every copy I receive secure a club. When I came to Orange I had just one copy of The Fool-Killer, and I was a stranger in a strange town. But I struck up with a comrade and gave it to him and asked him to make you up a club. And a man told me two or three days ago that he had sent you a club of 16 subs as a consequence of that copy being dropped in Orange. So I felt like I was of some use after all, and now I am going to give or mail every copy I get to some one with the request that they get you a club, for I am in a hurry for you to get that new machinery and make The Fool-Killer a 16-page paper.

But I don't want to worry you, so, wishing you a long life and lots of success, I am,

Your true comrade,
JACOB TINGLE,
Orange, Texas.

Hurrah For You, Bro. Fitch.

Dear Mr. Pearson:

I enclose herewith $3.45 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year, starting with the March issue. This makes 46 subscriptions I have sent in since Feb. 11th, 1913. Every reader could do as much if they would only try. Just give them a slap across the belly and hand them The Fool-Killer, and they will read and say, "I want that paper. The man that writes that paper is no fool, if he does edit The Fool-Killer."

I beg to remain, Yours truly,
ERNEST FITCH,
Coshocton, Ohio.

One of these-here goody-goody fellers takes his pencil in hand to tell me that The Fool-Killer is mighty rough. Sure, Mike! I file its teeth to keep it that way. What next?

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the milk and sugar
Cost to beat the band.

THE RED LIGHT

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "old-time religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

WILSON'S FIRST MESSAGE.

Translated into Corn-Field English by the Editor of The Fool-Killer.

To the Congress which I now have on my hands: Gentlemen, you are assembled as the representatives of the grandest aggregation of fools on the face of the earth. You are here to talk and draw your salaries. Custom demands that I say something about the general situation.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Our foreign relations are all right, but I don't know how long they are going to stay so. The Mexican situation is getting pretty serious. Them mixed-blooded paupers down there are trying to impose on some of our American millionaires who have property interests in that country, and we don't aim to put up with much of that. But while other nations are fighting like cats and dogs let us try to remain at peace with them, and do what fighting we do against the American working-man.

MONEY.

Speaking of money, I heard McAdoo say there was just dead loads of it in the Treasury. I don't know how it got there nor what good it is doing anybody, but I guess we had better try to keep it there. If it should happen to get away from us, we can sell some bonds and get it back, maybe. Money is the most important medium of commercial consideration, and should always be kept where it ought to be, because of the fact that where it ought to be is the place for it. I hope the lucidity of my elucidation is equal to the requirements of the occasion.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Being at peace with everybody but the American workingman, I might say we are in pretty good fighting shape to go up against any body of men, provided they are not armed. The troops ought to be massed near the large cities and mining districts in order for them to be affective in shooting down hungry people who want a job, or who protest against low wages. I think it would be a good idea to increase the army, as times are apt to be hard for the next four years, and much trouble may be looked for.

THE NAVY.

I think the Navy will get along "swimmingly" during my administration, because I have it on good authority that my new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Jodarter Daniels, once crossed the Neuse river in a boat.

THE COURTS.

I want to say to you, gentlemen, that the courts of this country are daisies. And they are presided over by a bunch of judges that are sweet-scented honeysuckles. The idea of indicting an editor for making an exposure of official cussedness after we have admitted the truth of his statement by correcting the evil—that is a bright idea. It took a doggon smart man to study that out. We must try to get rid of every man and every paper that dares to tell the truth on us.

AGRICULTURE

Agriculture is a great industry. Next to teaching school and being president, agriculture occupies one of the most important relations to our national prosperity. I would like to tell you about farming, but my worthy Secretary, Mr Dave Houston, will soon begin telling you what he don't know about it. The Secretary will reccommend that farmers sow a few sacks of salt and raise their own salt next year. He will also reccommend that potatoes be picked off of trees instead of shaking them off. And before leaving this subject, I would suggest that sulky plows ought to be swung up to a limb and left over night. That will break them from being sulky.

TARIFF REFORM.

Now we are getting down to brass tacks. The Tariff is our old stand-by. What a sweet morsel! Now if you want to earn the gratitude of your fellow-citizens, you must make tariff speeches. You must swear by the beard of Moses and the Pope's big toe that you believe it is; and if it is as it was, it ought to be just as it has been, and you think it will be as it ought to be, and would have been if it had not been that it was not as it ought to have been at the very time that it should have been as it was to have been at the time it was not. Now I would suggest that we fix it like it was to have been fixed at the time we promised to change it from the way it was before it was changed to the way it ought not to have been. If it could be made to work like it did before it was changed to what it was at the time it was not what it ought to have been, I think it would settle the whole matter.

(Signed) WOODPILE WILSON.

I see where a doctor has been advising folks to keep their mouths shut in cold weather. Yes, by golly, and it would be a mighty fine thing if some people would follow that advice even in hot weather.

A SERMON ON POVERTY.

All right, mutton-heads! Just be seated, and I will preach you a little sermon on the subject of "Poverty."

You know there is a class of hot-air artists who are eternally shooting off their mouths about "the blessings of poverty," and all the time they are grabbing for the nickels and squeezing the pennies till the old Indian's tongue lolls out like a tired steer in August.

They point out the poor boys who have achieved success and fame, and they give poverty the credit for it all. Why, hang-take it all, that argument is weaker than branch water trying to run up hill. Anybody with the sense of a last year's fool knows that them poor boys succeeded, not because of poverty, but in spite of it. They happened to be strong enough to overcome the difficulties and win out. Thousands of others who go down in defeat would succeed if they had half a chance.

Talk about poverty bringing a man out! Bosh and fiddlesticks! It brings out a feller's elbows and the gable ends of his breeches. That's what it brings out.

Poverty is a curse. It is the wife of woe, the sister of sorrow, the brother of bankruptcy, the father of famine, the mother of misery, the grandfather of greed and the aunt of anxiety. It is the stifler of genius, the handicap of enterprise, and the skulking, scowling foe of enthusiasm. It puts out the eye of hope, murders the heart of ambition and chokes the throat of zeal in the young dreamer's life.

Yes, dear mutton-heads, poverty is a curse. It takes millions of tender lives that deserve better things and sends them to the sweat-shop, the scullery and the washerwoman's life or toil. It sends nightmare into the sweet dreams of the poet, grinds into dust the bright hopes of the genius, and makes slaves of the God-given faculties that were not meant to toil in vain.

Honest men who are being driven to the wall every hour that passes by the greedy vampires of fabulous wealth have the right to inaugurate measures for their self-defense. This is not anarchy, but that same spirit that runs riot in the veins of patriots who seek with might and main to defend the sancity of their homes and the sacredness for their soil from the tyrant's inroad and the oppressor's cruel wrong.

Tell your neighbor about this.

ANOTHER NEW DISCOVERY.

I see where a feller over in Yourope has just diskivered a new variety of hair that will build up a run down brain in a little of no time. This new hair seems to supply new vitality to the brain sorter like cow-peas and clover supply the soil.

As soon as I get the feller's address I'm going to send over for seed enough to grow a patch between my ears. Then if it proves to be a success, I will sell the seed to the government and have the congressmen send it out in packages along with their imported gourd-seed and early American 'tater bugs.

They say that a feller with a good level head can raise four crops of this hair in a season and put on enough brain fertility to regulate the Behighted States of America twenty-four hours in the day.

I am powerful glad to know that somebody has been smart enough to get out a new variety of hair. All through the ages we have been fooling along with a head crop that benefitted nobody but the barbers, and the crop is so run down that lots of folks haven't any hair at all on their heads. But just wait till I introduce that new hair and you won't see any more bald heads shining like the full moon rising over Chesapeake Bay.

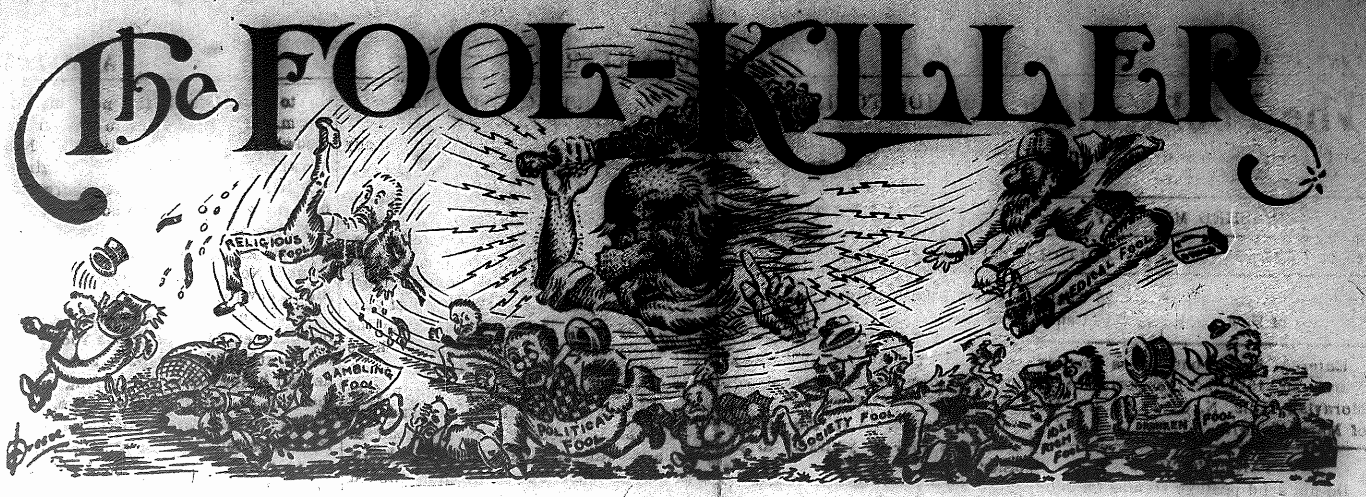
Before putting in a crop of this new hair, the old hair must be cut, raked up in bunches and hauled away. The roots can be removed with dynamite or a stump-puller.

This hair comes in different colors, and is guaranteed not to fade nor fall out. You better put in your order at once. Send for a color sheet and let your wife select the shade that looks best on you.

In Darkest New York.

If there ever was a hell-hole on this earth, I reckon New York City must be the place. The blamed old town has got so thunderation big that it thinks there ain't no other town on the map. It is such a monstrous piled-up aggregation of hellishness that no set of officers could make it behave, and to make matters worse, they don't try. The very old dickenses that have been put on guard and expected to slap thunder out of the thugs and gamblers of New York—these same brass-button bucks have sold out to the devil and let him start a branch hell right under their noses.

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1913. NO. 2.

When the Dollar Rules the Pulpit and the Devil Rules the Pew.

In this world of frills and fashions,
Where the churches are so fine,
And the trade-mark of religion
Is the classic dollar sign,
There's a rule that never faileth,
And you'll always find it true—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
Then the Devil rules the pew.

There may be a heap of singing,
And an awful sight of prayer,
And the sermon may be answered
With an "Amen!" here and there;
But as sure as Joe's a Dutchman,
Or old Shylock was a Jew ,
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
Then the Devil rules the pew.

When the money gets to talking,
And the Master's voice is still,
And the preacher swaps a sermon
For a twenty dollar bill,
That's the time old Mister Satan
Gets the churches in a stew—
When the dollar rules the pulpit,
And the Devil rules the pew.

When religion goes a-begging,
And the Bible is forgot,
And the preacher preaches nothing
Only scientific rot,
Then the faithful old believers,
They are getting mighty few—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit
And the Devil rules the pew.

LOP-SIDED HISTORY.

The Fool-Killer has got a crow to pick with the historians, too, hang-take 'em. They have been pretending to write history for several thousand years, and they have made a bloomin' mess of it. The history of the world has been written wrong from the very dawn of history, and the reason of it is that men have such an infernal whee-whawed conception of what constitutes history. Away back yonder in the dim past they somehow got the fool notion lodged in their simlins that the only thing about a nation worth preserving was a record of its wars. That idea found lodgment in the human mind at an age of the world when men were savages and brute force was the only power known. And so when they had nasty wars and butchered each other like hogs, they wrote a history of it, and that was handed down as a history of that people.

That kind of a bloody write-up suited all right for a people whose only occupation was fighting, but there came a time after awhile when men began to do other things. The victories of peace began to loom up—mental forces began to vie with physical forces for the mastery of the world.

Right then old Bloody-Bones should have been kicked out of the Historian's chair and a new style of history introduced—but was *it* so? Nay, nay, Pauline. They continued to write of armies and battles and call it history. The victories of peace were ignored. The achievements of civilization, education, science and religion were set at naught, and we only have a blood-curdling picture of the terrible wars.

Examine all the so-called history ever written and you will find ten pages reeking with blood and carnage to every one that is given to happier events. To read history one would get the idea that the world had done nothing but fight, and yet we know that there have been more years of peace than of war.

They tell us that the wars have been necessary. Maybe so. But the war-clouds blew over and a brighter day dawned. Why must we memorize every name and date connected with the wars, and never hear a whisper about what happened during the peaceful years? For the same reason, I suppose, that a man may live a long, useful and happy life here in this country and nobody regards it as a matter worth mentioning; but just let that man break loose and commit some crime and he at once gets his picture and a write-up in the paper. "Only crime is news," says the newspaper man. "Only war is history," says the historian. But I say they are both infernal liars. The good things that have happened would make more pleasant reading, and why don't they give us a few chapters along those lines? Pure downright cussedness is all the reason they don't.

Just wait till I get my history of the world written and you'll have something fit to read. Just wait.

If you could fasten a crank to a tobacco-chewer's jaw you could get motive power enough to turn a grindstone.

A Boston savant announces that he can photograph thought. Goody! Now I'll bet we can find out what a trust thinks when a Democratic Congress gets to twisting its tail.

A Sermon on Morgan.

On various and sundry occasions The Fool-Killer has had something to say about J. Pierpont Morgan. And to the best of my knowledge and recollection I have never said anything very good about the old fellow.

To-night, if possible, I would temper justice with mercy and at least speak kindly of the dead.

Whatever crimes Morgan may have committed in the name of high finance, he will never commit another in this world. The Grim Reaper has entered the Morgan palace and the master of millions has cashed in his last check.

As Mark Antony remarked at the grave of Caesar—

"But yesterday the word of Morgan might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

Ah, talk to me about dying poor: How many of the rich men of the past can you point out that didn't die poor? Isn't it a fact that they all get pretty humble right in the wind-up of life's little game?

How much good is all of Morgan's wealth doing him now? Ain't he just as poor as I am, and maybe a right smart poorer? Seeing, then, how it all comes to naught, ain't it strange that men will be such fools over a little money?

But it was money that gave Morgan his power, and though the man is dead the power remains. For men may come and men may go, but money is the hot truck all the time.

They will bury Morgan, and one by one we will forget that he ever lived. But the times and conditions that produced him will produce others like him, and the heel of the oppressor will continue to grind the necks of the poor. So perfectly is the system organized that even the death of Morgan, the great Napoleon of finance, created not so much as a ripple on the sea of "big business."

Our fathers lived in a world of men. We live today in a world of systems. And the system that can control the most dirty dollars is going to be the ruling power of this money-mad age.

Hello, Mister One-Gallus Feller, don't you wish your name was Morgan? How would you like to have old J. P.'s present job?

A Sermon on Love.

TEXT:—"In the spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Sally Ann."

Yes, children, that's what Tennyson says, and I reckon Tennyson knows what he is talking about.

I looked out toward the east this morning and saw Spring coming over the hill with a rose in her hair and a smile on her face that would melt a polar iceberg.

And that reminded me that if I had anything to say to the tender-hearted lads and lassies I had better say it now—better take the young things by the hand in a fatherly sort of way and give them some advice before it is too late.

Spring, with all her far-famed loveliness and beauty, is a dangerous proposition. She is the queen of all the sirens and the mammy of broken hearts. Her smile is a snare and a delusion, and danger lurks in her song. When the fatal virus of Spring gets to galloping around in a young fellow's blood—better look out! There is going to be the devil to pay pretty soon. Ten times out of nine the stuff will settle around the fellow's heart and cause him to act worse than a love-sick gander at a poultry show. Especially is this the case if there happens to be a pretty girl somewhere in sight.

Here is a reliable formula for making a love-sick fool: Take two parts gentle spring, one part gosling boy and one part pretty girl; mix, and set out in the moon-light. That's all. It will make one fool certain, and often makes two.

But I wouldn't advise you young 'uns to try the experiment. It's dangerous. Love-sickness is a terrible disease, but there are three cures for it—time, death and matrimony. Take your choice. If you can't get your choice, take something else. One thing is as good as another, and a blamed sight better.

Love is sorter like the itch—more folks have it than are willing to own up to it. But if you have never swallowed the love-germ and felt its toenails digging holes in your gizzard, you'd better not want it.

And this is the time of year, my dear goslings, that you want to be careful. Spring-time is already on us with both feet, and if you don't want to get that awful disease called Love, you had better shut your eyes, plug up your ears, and hold your heart with both hands.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

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TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Still a-killin' 'em.

Whoop-pee! Send me a club.

When you can't sleep, think of The Fool-Killer.

Shoot Fool-Killers at 'em and you'll get 'em.

Why don't T. R. go down and settle that Mexican fuss, I wonder?

Society etiquette is the science of making a fool of yourself to please other fools.

When the devil wants something done that he is ashamed to do himself, he turns the job over to a hypocrite.

The Men and Hypocrisy Backward Movement is now an orphan. Poor thing!

The heathen worshipped an idol of stone, but nothing short of an idol of gold will satisfy civilized man.

They sure don't waste any time in Mexico deliberating over what to do with their ex-presidents.

One of our old proverbs says: "Curiosity once killed a cat." Now I wonder what it was the cat wanted to know?

When Wilson gets done "studying the Mexican situation" he can find a-plenty right here at home to study about.

Running both The Commoner and the government must keep Kernel Bryan purty tolerable busy these days.

It's a strange thing to me that a man with as much power as the pope of Rome claims to have must lie down and die like an ordinary mortal.

If you can't pronounce the name of the President of Mexico, don't worry—they change every few minutes, and maybe the next one will be easier.

Scientists are trying to find a way to utilize our immense waste products. Maybe they will be able to discover a way to use up rotten liars and crooked politicians.

It does seem like the forces of Nature are against the Dimmycrats. Just look at the floods, tornadoes and other calamities we have had since March 4th.

Yes, honey! In this country we make paupers by law, and then punish them by law for being paupers. I tell you we are the last button on consistency's coat, anyhow.

Perhaps one reason the Dimmycrats want free wool is because they want to be sure and keep enough wool on hand to pull over the eyes of the fool voters.

In writing to have your address changed, please give your old as well as your new address. Don't forget this, as it is very important. We haven't time here to search through 25,000 names in order to locate somebody who has moved.

A SURGICAL WONDER.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Old Lady Science is marching on. She has just stuck one more big buzzard feather in her calico bonnet.

Up at the Rocky D. Oilyfeller Institute in New York, where medical and surgical science blooms more freely and bears a bigger crop of sensations than anywhere else in the world—there it is that they have stuck the peg one hole higher.

It's got so now that they can just whittle a fellow all up fine and put him back together with his head in his mouth, and he will never know the difference unless he gets choked on hair.

The firm of Sawbones & Company have got limb-grafting down as fine as frog-hair, and nowhere can they carve up a man so successfully as at the Rocky hangout. The fame of that powerful institution had drawn together a great number of the halt and the lame. Among the number was a preacher, a lawyer, a farmer, a dude, a drummer, a blacksmith, an editor and a tramp. These men were almost complete physical wrecks, but it happened that each one had just one sound limb or part, and each man's sound place was in a different part of him.

So the wise Rocky doctors got these poor fellows on their carving tables and began to carve and saw, like a butcher cutting up an old steer. They cut out and throwed away all the diseased parts, and when they took an inventory they had just enough remnants to make one man. They were a little shy on brains, and had a little more belly than they needed, so they hashed up some of the belly and put it in for brains.

Then they began to assemble the parts. They took the head of the preacher, put into it all the brain matter they could scrape up, and then whanged it onto the chest of the drummer with a leather string. Then they took the heart of the lawyer, and the stomach and bowels of the farmer, and put them in place. Their stock of arms consisted of the left arm of the blacksmith and the right arm of the editor, and these were soon attached. Then they had one leg of the dude and one leg of the tramp, and it was only the work of a few minutes to get them spliced on at the proper place.

And thus the composite man was finished. The doctors all gathered around and looked on in great admiration. Their new creation had the appearance of being just a little bit out of proportion in some places, but they thought he would get over that in a few days. So they got an oil can and oiled his bearings thoroughly, put some clothes on him and told him to get up. He yawned and sat up on the table and looked around the room sorter funny.

"How do you feel?" inquired one of the doctors.

"I feel like a bowl of mule hash with dog hair in it," replied the man.

"Do you know who you are?" asked another doctor.

"No, I ain't been introduced to myself yet," said the man.

Then they put him to bed and allowed him to sleep a few hours, after which he felt better. After a few days rest and recuperation they told him he was well enough to go home.

"Where in the Tom Walker will I go to?" exclaimed the new man in alarm. "My head lives in Boston and elsewhere; my heart lives in New York; my stomach lives in Virginia; my left arm lives in Pittsburg and my right arm in Philadelphia; my left leg lives at Newport and Fifth Avenue, and my right leg ain't got no home. Now ain't you fellers got me into a devil of a fix?"

Whereupon the pieced-up man marched angrily out of the room, and the next day the papers stated that he had killed himself by trying to follow all of his trades at once. His mouth wanted to preach; his heart wanted to tell lies; his stomach wanted to plow and eat corn bread and bacon; his left hand wanted a hammer and his right hand was crazy for a pen; his left leg wanted to strut and dance and his right leg didn't want to do anything much. And thus the conflicting desires in his person caused him to fly all to pieces, and they buried him in a back lot just as the sun went down, and on the gray slab that marks the spot they chiseled these solemn lines:

"Poor Mr. Pieced-Up Man,
His fate is hard to tell;
Perhaps some of him went to heaven,
And maybe some to hell."

Howdy, Folks, Howdy!

Hello, friends! I got here again—dog my cats if I didn't. Poke out them 'tater-grabblers and shake hands with your Uncle. Awful glad to see you folks again. Been a whole month since I scraped my brogans on your door-step. But once a month is often enough to keep acquainted, and I shall continue to pull your latch-string once every thirty days as long as you continue to put up the price. And when you quit I'll quit. But you ain't a-goin' to quit, are you? No, I don't think you are. You can't afford to let a pitiful little old dime or two cheat you out of all the good fun you can have by reading The Fool-Killer. Some of your subscriptions will expire pretty soon and I am expecting every one of you to renew and send in about fifteen or forty new subscriptions with your renewals. But don't wait for your subscriptions to expire before you send in a club. No-sir-ee-Bob. Get out this very day and hustle up a big club and send it in. Every neighborhood is full of people who will take The Fool-Killer as soon as they see it or hear of it. Tote your copy around with you and read it to everybody you see till you wear it out, and then ask for more.

The fools don't like The Fool-Killer, because it puts salt on their sore places, but the wise people like it and continue to call for more. Are you wise? Then prove it by sending in a whole lot of big clubs to this little sassy thinkazine. Let a constant stream of clubs come pouring in from now on. Don't let it slack up nary minute, but just keep shootin' 'em in. If you folks will just do your part I'll be hang-taked if I don't do mine, and we'll have the doggondest most fun you ever heard tell of.

Address: THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

If "The Remonstrator" had printed something good about J. A. Wayland, I wonder how many of the plute papers would have grabbed it up and printed it as a fact without further investigation?

All Kinds of Fools.

I'll sing a little snatch of song
About the fools that come along.
There's many fools of many minds—
The harmless fool and other kinds.

Most pitiful and most forlorn
The fool in that condition born—
The idiotic, staring fool,
With brains as dull as any mule.

Poor man! 'Tis not his fault alone;
In other lives the seed was sown;
We should not laugh at such a man—
No doubt he does the best he can.

You've seen the fool upon a limb,
And sawing 'twixt the tree and him;
Also the fool who thought it fun
To blow into a loaded gun.

One other fool that I despise
Believes that he is very wise;
I have no doubt that you recall
The tiresome fool who knows it all.

The business fool will scheme and plan
A thousand ways to cheat a man,
And cannot see that in the end
He'll die without a single friend.

Another place for fools to mix
Is in the field of politics;
They hate the truth and love a lie,
And some sell votes and others buy.

Bless goodness, I must not forget
The fools that form the social set;
Of all the fools that sin has nursed,
The fools of fashion are the worst.

They grab old Reason by the snout,
And jerk him down and throw him out;
And high on Fashion's rotten throne
Old Mistress Folly reigns alone.

Religious fools of every kind
It is not difficult to find—
So many gods, so many creeds,
That do not satisfy our needs.

The list is long, and yet they say
New fools are sprouting every day;
The Fool-Killer biffs 'em one by one,
And yet its task is never done.

Still Planning Ahead.

With this issue I am beginning to use my new mailing system, but it will take several months to get all the names and addresses transferred to the new list. Some of them will have to be written by hand for awhile yet, but we will get them all changed over to the new system as soon as possible.

Now, comrades, the thing I have set my head to get next is that Web Press, so I can give you a 16-page Fool-Killer with enough thunder and lightning in it to scare the very devil out of his den. With your help, I have succeeded in getting everything I have gone after so far, and if you will all keep your shoulders to the wheel we will soon have that web press.

A good many subscriptions are expiring every month now, and it is needless to say that I want every one to renew promptly. Also send in as many new subs. as you can with your renewal.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Remember Old Dan.

Lexington, N. C.—The log cabin which the Daniel Boone Memorial Association ordered built on the traditional site of the cabin of the Boone family in Boone township, this county, has been completed. It is as nearly as possible an exact reproduction of the original.—News Item.

And that, beloved, is what comes of being famous. Poor old Dan! In the good old days when he used to roam the forest with his flintlock Winchester, picking elephants and other small game from the topmost branches, I remember that he was not very sociable. Dan wanted the whole county to himself, and when he got a 'phone message one day that another family was moving into the county, he shouldered his gun, called his dog, and emigrated. No crowded cities for Dan. He wanted elbow room.

Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina. At present he has about fifty-seven birth-places in each of the three states. As time goes on the number will be increased. I hope to see the day when every town and village can claim the birth-place of Boone. Nothing adds to the interest of a community like having several of Boone's birth-places located around it. If there is any community which has not yet acquired one of these birth-places, and desires to do so, it should make application at once.

Any neighborhood that does not feel financially able to afford a birth-place of Boone can at least be the happy possessor of a Boone cabin. This is a matter which should not be neglected, and I urge all public-spirited citizens to give it their prompt attention.

Several hundred places in North Carolina have already been identified as the exact spot where Boone used to live. At each of these places the original Boone cabin should be rebuilt and filled with rare and sacred Boone relics. If the local supply of Boone relics is not sufficient to fill the cabin, do not take the matter to heart and grieve over it. I am informed that first-class Boone relics, ranging all the way from a butcher-knife to a bear's foot, can be bought in car-load lots from any of the mail-order houses.

Our friends in Davidson county have set a worthy example, and I hope every county and township will organize a Boone Memorial Association and get down to business. It is a duty we owe to posterity to mark these hallowed spots while yet there are people living who have heard their grandfathers say that they were told by their grandfathers that they had it straight from an old family tradition that Daniel Boone once sat down there to pick a brier out of his toe.

Sambo's Uncle Adam.

St. Louis, Mo.—That the negro did not get his color from Ham, and that he is not even a member of the race of Adam, but a descendant of one of the four or five brothers Adam must have had, is the belief of the Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Richards, for thirty years a missionary in Ugandy, Africa.

"The negro never came from Ham. You can't get a black man from a white one, either by time or conditions," said Dr. Richards.

"The black man is co-Adamic with Adam. Adam probably had about four brothers the Bible does not mention, and it was from one of these brothers that the negro must have descended." —Associated Press Dispatch.

Great whoop to glory! That fixes it. The muchly mooted mystery in regard to Sambo's paternal pappy has been cleared up at last. The last shadow of doubt has vanished, and the world's hunger for knowledge has been satisfied once more. And again I say glory! And likewise, hallelujah!

A very scholarly book was recently put on the market purporting to prove that the negro is a Jew (or that the Jew is a negro, which amounts to the same). The proof seemed to be conclusive enough, viewed in the half-light of our former conception of things. But now that Dr. Richards has thrown his great intellectual searchlight back across the centuries and discovered Adam's brothers, we must conclude that the scholarly historian, Dr. Abernethy, has been led into an error.

The Jew is known to have descended from Adam, and if Sambo descended from Adam's brother Sam, then the two races cannot be more than cousins.

Dr. Richards fails to mention the names of Adam's brothers, but I think one of them must have been Sam. Perhaps the others were Tom and Bob and Ben. Evidently the Bible made a bad blunder in not making mention of Adam's brothers. Moses must have known that the race-question would come up and that Booker Washington would want to know all the facts.

Dr. Richards does not explain the matter of color to my satisfaction, but I am led to suppose that when the Creator went down in the river bottom to get mud to make the boys out of, he must have got one spade-full of black mud and made Sam out of that.

It is popular these days to denounce the "knocker" as a very undesirable citizen, but what are you going to do with the Scripture that says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you?" If a feller expects to get next to the good things these days, he's got to knock like the very dickens.

Pearson Plus Printer's Ink.

Boys, there is only one of me. I can only be in one place at a time. But The Fool-Killer is a multiplied edition of myself, and it can be present in many places at once. It can go wherever the mails go, and it can talk better than I could talk if I were there in person.

The printing press is a great machine. It enables a man to multiply himself and send himself out over the world. Thus he is able to form a much larger circle of acquaintances than he could otherwise do. If a man has something important to say and can only talk by word of mouth, his field of usefulness is necessarily limited. But if he takes advantage of the printing press and multiplies his thoughts on paper he can send his personality to the ends of the earth and make friends with people who will never see him in the flesh. I want to inject my own individuality into the columns of The Fool-Killer to such an extent that my readers everywhere can feel that old Pearson himself is talking to them from the printed page.

And to you, dear readers—you who have already stuck your feet under my literary table and feasted your center of sensation on my intellectual cookin'—to you I must look for help in getting myself introduced among strangers. Every one of my 75,000 readers knows hundreds of people that I don't know. If you will introduce me to all the folks you know, and the other fellow will introduce me to all the folks he knows, I will soon know most everybody and most everybody will know me. And when I get everybody acquainted with this multiplied edition of myself—The Fool-Killer—then I will be able to do some talking worth listening to. Every new subscriber means a little more money, and the more money I get the sassier I can talk.

An exchange wants to know what are the most beautiful words in the English language. There's room, of course, for differences of opinion, but the words that are special favorites in this shop are these: "Find money order enclosed."

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers. —Pearson.)

OLD COINS.

We will pay a premium on gold and silver coins over 100 years old. Also on $1.00 and $3.00 gold pieces, any date. We will also buy $500.00 and $1,000.00 Confederate bills. We will sell you a silveroid 7 jewel Elgin or Waltham watch for $6.00, or a 20 year James Boss case 7 jewel Elgin or Waltham watch for $10.00. Open face del. 18 size. Send cash or money order to accompany order. Coin Collectors' Club, Moravian Falls, N. C.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

Ernest Fitch, 607 Elm St., Coshocton, Ohio.—Enclosed find $3.45 and 23 names to add to your list.

O. M. Haynes, Bellaire, Fla.—I have got up a club of five subs. for you. It only took me about an hour to get them. Wish you much success.

G. R. Childers, Gerty, Okla.—Enclosed find $1.20. Please dose out your tonic to the enclosed patients, and be sure to shake well before giving.

Wm. L. Feeley, Siloam Springs, Ark.—Here is your club of five. Now get a wiggle on and trot out this way for another year. If you can spare a few sample copies I think I can use them.

J. C. Dale, Box 132, Kennewick, Wash.—I just happened to get hold of one of your Fool-Killers, and I almost laughed my fool self to death. So here is 25 cents for a year's subscription.

John Gruber, Elliott, Mo.—Sample copy of The Fool-Killer arrived some time ago, and I was surprised to see the sassy little sheet, so I am sending you twelve subscriptions, also the necessary spondulix.

S. E Turner, Pine Tree, Ark.—I sent you a club of eight some time ago. All are pleased with the paper. I handed out all my old copies and the boys got up a club about two weeks ago. Now I will send another club.

Ray Joiner, Fairburn, Ga.—Please find enclosed $2.10 for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed addresses. Our subscriptions have all expired and we wish to renew. Success to your grand little paper.

H. P. Brown, Stratford, Okla.—I have been out among my friends and have got eleven subs. for your paper. You will find the addresses on another sheet. Also send me some samples and I think I can soon raise another club.

J. W. Wright, 256 W. 2nd St., Weston, W. Va.—Please find enclosed check for $1.50 for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed addresses, all Socialists. We like your stuff, but can stand it stronger, so don't be a bit backward about handing it out.

O. W. Summerford, R 1, Gordon, Ala.—Here is 25 cents—send me The Fool-Killer one year. A friend sent me your March copy and I think it simply fine, and don't think I can bear to miss its visits from now on. Please send me your April issue as early as possible.

E. F. Crowley, Draketown, Ga.—I must tell you that I have a lot of fun with The Fool-Killer, and I like it and everybody else likes it. I think you are a sight on wit. I am already a subscriber and in going around I have gotten you a club of nine. You will find enclosed postoffice order for $1.35.

Grover Hendrix, R. 6, Easley, S. C.—I am sending you a club of five. I like your paper fine—don't think I could do without it. It is chock full of good sense and truth. You just get better every time you come. I intend to take The Fool-Killer as long as you publish it.

P. D. Staton, North Charlotte, N. C.—Here's $2.10 for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names. Please send me a few extra copies so I can hand them out to my friends. There are 100 or more men that work with me. I enjoy getting subscribers to The Fool-Killer.

S. O. Trent, Range, Okla.—Your sample copies came all O. K. The people subscribe for The Fool-Killer like hot cakes. It is sure an eye-opener. It strikes the plutes square in the middle. It has a sting half a mile long and is red-hot all along the line.

R. H. Buchanan, Telephone, Tex.—I have been reading The Fool-Killer for some time, and like it fine. It is almost like a letter from home, as I am from old North Carolina. Have been in Texas twelve years, but I still love the good Old North State and her good people. I am sending you a list of 14 subs.

Becker & Co., 5325 Bishop St., Chicago, Ill.—We received your copies, and certainly will say that if a man don't send you the 25 cents for this paper he is a fool. This is one of the greatest papers we ever came across, and we congratulate you on your success. Hope you may be able to get one million subscribers.

M. E. Dees, Alton, Fla.—Find enClosed money order for $1.50 for 10 subscribers. I wish you all the success anyone could, and promise all the assistance I can give. I expect to send another club soon. This is a sawmill town—300 men working here. Would be glad to put one in every home.

H. G. Thompson, Mgr. Tennessee House, St. Petersburg, Fla.—Enclosed find money order for $1.20 for eight subscribers to The Fool-Killer. I enclose my card, and when you come to the "Sunshine City," come and see us. (Alright, Bro. Thompson, I sure will. Have been to Florida twice this winter, but didn't get to St. Petersburg nary time.—Pearson.)

Lyndon Wheeler, Fairhope, Ala.—I like your paper very much, and I know you are doing a great work. Do not be discouraged if things go wrong at times, for yours is a noble work. My mind's eye sees you surrounded by beautiful spirits who send you thoughts of truth for the good of man. God's blessings be with you. For the enclosed 25 cents renew my subscription for another year.

Otto Clayton, R. 3, Roxboro, N. C.—I have got a club of five for you, and it gave me pleasure to do so. I like your paper better than any I ever read. I got up the club without a single one seeing a copy, and they are anxious for the next number. If I only had time I would send you twenty-five instead of five. You might send me some sample copies and I will give them out for your benefit.

Robt. Fowler and T. R. Burton, Boardman, N. C.—You will note from the following that all the fools are not dead. In fact, it seems that your paper has a tendency to make us fools want more of it. Therefore keep on sending them. We enclose $2.55, this making a total of 26 with last week's new subscribers. We are hoping to see your paper made a 16-page weekly before long. Let them come, or else you'll hear from us.

James Laurence, R. 4, Box 52, Jacksonville, Fla.—Enclosed please find postoffice money order for 90 cents, for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year, and renew your humble servant's sub. whenever the old one expires. Say, if you have any back numbers to spare send a few along. I could put them to a good use around here. Will try to hustle you up some more subs.

H. Payton. Gridley, Calif.—I may have to repent in sack-cloth and sulphur and strange fire for supporting a paper that is always slinging slurs at such honest, hard-working men as Johndee and Carnegie—in fact, all such hard workers—but at any rate I will take a train robber's chance and send you the price of three subs. But say, old scout, don't tread on my corns any more by saying anything against poor old Ted. He is a friend of mine. And don't be too hard on Johndee and that bunch, for they were all raised pets. But any man that has as much brains between his ears as the animal that Christ rode into Jerusalem knows that you are on the right track. So keep up the spirit. Send me a few samples and watch the subs. come in from Gridley.

A Sermon to the Common Plugs.

Hello, you Common Plugs!—I mean you fellows who toil and tug and sweat for a bare existence in order that you may sustain a system that confers upon others the blessed privilege of piling up millions and enjoying all the luxuries and blessings of life. You not only deny yourselves, but allow your children to go in rags and uneducated in order to show your great generosity to the fellows who draw the salaries and pile up the wealth through special legislation. Such self-sacrifice was never known. Of course it is charged that you vote that way because you are a party man—because you belong to this or that political party. But of course you don't do any such thing. You don't care a continental for party; do you? You just vote that way because you would rather see somebody else's children wear fine clothes than your own; because you would rather see another man's wife ride in a buggy than your own. Of course you know your own wife and children wouldn't look well in society. It is their lot to wear rags, and to labor and toil and sweat that other people may live in luxury and ease. And it is your duty to vote to sustain a system that will compel them to do so.

The average production of those who labor is about seven dollars a day. I suppose you fellers get about 75 cents. That shows how kind and generous you are to take 75 cents and give the other feller $6.25. In order to realize what a great sacrifice you are making, just figure up what you could get with that. But you are too good a man to use all your own earnings. Most of it must go to the other feller's wife and children—the man who don't work, but thinks. And speaking of thinking suggests that I should warn you against it. Never fall into the dangerous habit of thinking. If you do, it might result in your being able to feed and clothe your family like the other fellers who think. It might elevate them above "that condition in life in which it has pleased God to place them."

Verily I say unto you, the common plug is a lulu. He is long on generosity and obedience to the party boss, and short on nothing but common sense, devotion to his family, money, property, and a few other things. He'll have his reward when he dies; because he'll have nothing to leave that he cares for, and will have the sweet consolation of going to a place where he won't have to sweat any worse than he has on earth.

At the Sign of the Question Mark.

This is a time of interrogation.

Everywhere men are asking "Why?"

Modern life is fairly bristling with question marks.

We are asking why, in one American city, fifty thousand women are working for less than living wages?

When a man can do the labor of one hundred men, why do women and little children have to work through the long day, or into the dead hours of the night—for bread?

Why is so much of the burden of taxation passed on to the consumer of the bare necessities of life?

Why should one man make a thousand million dollars, while millions of men have not enough to buy tomorrow's bread?

Why is our government, instituted for the benefit of all, the ally of a few?

Why has this shield for the weak become the weapon of the strong?

Why should men prepare for war instead of peace?

If the fault is in the system why not change it?

If it is in the men, we paint the flowers to our taste and make the beasts of the field grow as we will—then why should we not by education and environment make better men?

We have learned to fly like birds and swim like fish—why should we not learn to live like brothers?

These and a thousand other questions are being asked, but asked in a new spirit—a spirit of scientific candor, of honest endeavor.

So long as we only asked why men died with yellow fever, Havana was a pest-house and the Panama Canal was an imposibility. But when we asked why men had yellow fever, the cause was discovered inside the mosquito and destroyed. And now Havana is a health resort and two oceans join in celebrating the discovery.

We are not only asking why a fever of unrest makes an unhappy people, but we are asking why the fever exists.

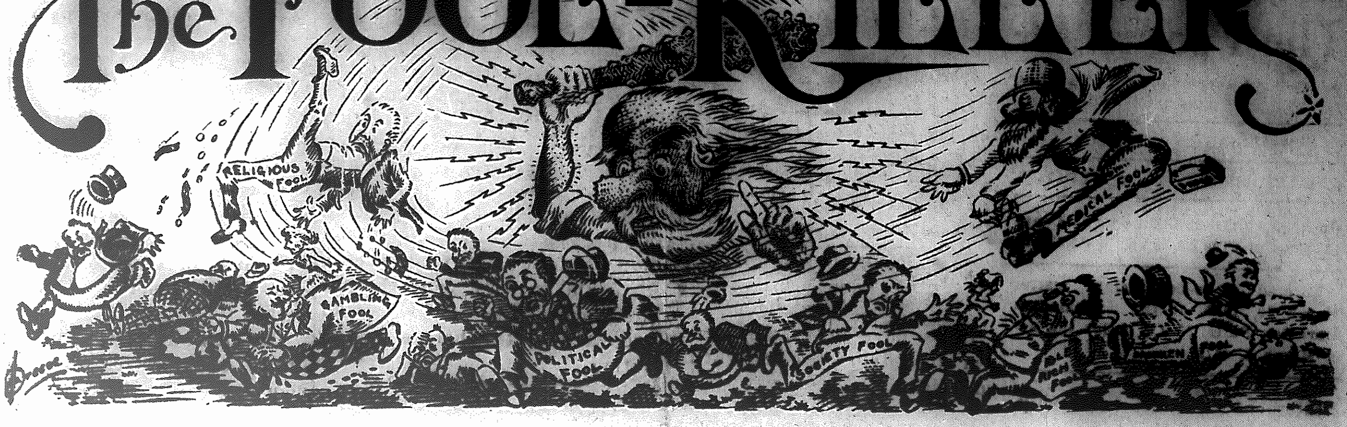
We are applying scientific inquiry to the lives and government of men, which means that nothing is too old or too well established to be questioned.

Every path of progress is paved with interrogation points.

The Appeal to Reason has "took a notion" that turn about is fair play. It has been dragged through the courts so long that it is now going to give its enemies some of their own medicine.

The Catholics have got Tom Watson backed up in a corner, but they are afraid to close in on him. And they'd better be, for Tom's a plum sight when he gets his dander up.

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1913. NO. 3.

You Jes' As Well Laugh As To Cry.

Yes, honey, I know it's a tough old world—
I've tried it a right smart whet;
Been joggin' along the best I could,
An' I ain't got nowhere yet.
But say! I've studied me out a plan
That I sorter wish you'd try:
Let in an' smile for a little while—
You jes' as well laugh as to cry.

Yes, honey, I know how bad it hurts
To be on the losing side;
To trudge your honest way on foot,
While thieves and rascals ride.
There's always something to hold you back,
An' you can't tell hardly why;
But a great long face won't win the race—
You jes' as well laugh as to cry.

Yes, honey, I know that you and me,
If we could have our way,
Would like to reform the human race,
An' hasten a better day.
But jes' because the job's too big,
An' the victory nowhere nigh,
There ain't no call to set an' bawl—
You jes' as well laugh as to cry.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

ON WITH THE FIGHT!

Well, fellers, I have managed to get here again. Have had a good deal of bother and delay, as usual, but you can always depend on me as long as I am able to wiggle.

I nearly always feel disappointed with the literary contents of the paper, but I reckon this issue is as good as the average, or better. I have to look after all the mechanical details of the office work, besides a lot of outside business, and it don't leave me much time to write up the "juice." But when all the necessary machinery is installed and running smoothly, then I will have more time to write. I think you are getting your money's worth several times over, as it is. Don't you?

A thousand thanks for the splendid support you have been giving me, and let the good work go on. There is a hot fight ahead for those of us who want to see right and justice prevail. The Fool-Killer aims to be in the thick of the fight, and it will need your support right along. Send for samples and scatter them out among your friends. Then hustle up clubs and fire them in. On with the fight!

Man is a Quair Duck, Too.

Talk about wimmen being quair! Of course they are, sorter, but the men are purty tolerable quair, too, when you come to think about it. Now you take a man at his own home. If he had to climb up on a high stool in front of a table with no cloth on it and eat his meals that way, wouldn't he raise cain in a hurry? You bet! But the old fool will go to a cheap restaurant, crawl up on a greasy stool between two dirty tramps and gobble down a hunk of raw mule and a bowl of soup made out of dish-rags and rain water, and swear he enjoys it all. Let a man's wife at home offer him a piece of pie from which she or one of the childern had taken a bite, and he would holler his head off. But he will get out in a crowd and borrow a chaw of terbacker from the first straggler he meets and set his teeth into the plug where a consumptive Chinaman has bit off a chaw, and that's all right.

At home he won't drink milk out of a glass from which one of the family has been drinking, but just call him into the back stall of a livery stable and pull out a bottle and he will stick the neck of the bottle six inches down his throat in order to get a swig, after half a dozen nasty niggers have had the bottle-neck in their big black mouths.

Verily, a man is a quair duck.

* * *

It is often the things we try hardest to find out that makes us the maddest when we find them out.

* * *

When there is nothing else to fight, the Republicans and Democrats fight each other like regular wildcats. But just let it begin to look like the Socialists are going to carry some place, and you will see these twin brothers embrace and slobber over each other equal to Malinda and her sweetheart. What base hypocrites!

A Sermon On Sky-Scrapers.

Any man who will stop and think about it just a minute is bound to admit that he is a blamed fool. For no being that isn't a candidate for the bug-house would ever be guilty of doing a lot of things that we two-legged human animals practice every day.

Oh, yes, I know we boast of being powerful smart and intellectual creatures, with reasoning powers far superior to cows, ducks and grub-worms, but in some respects we are a heap bigger fools than all other varmints put together. Our very smartness runs away with itself and upsets our wagon of advancement in the ditch of folly.

My thinker gave birth to the above rumination after reading a magazine article on the subject of "Skyscrapers." The tall buildings of New York and other cities were described and illustrated—buildings from fifty to seventy-five stories high—and to that was added the prediction that they would continue to go higher.

Now it takes a certain kind of smartness to build skyscrapers and pack them full of humanity like bees in a hive, but I wonder if it wouldn't be better common sense to stay closer to the ground? I look around me and see the vast extent of open country—and think of the still vaster extent that I have not seen!—and then it strikes me as exceedingly odd that people have to pack up in cities, one on top of another, just as if there wasn't another inch of available space on earth.

A hog or a sheep, or any other four-legged brute, would have more sense than that. A hog knows that acorns fall wherever oak trees grow, and they don't all try to live under the same tree. If a cow can't get to graze on one bunch of grass, she smiles and trots off in search of another. When left to themselves, animals spread out over the earth and live naturally, keeping just enough together for company and social advantages.

It is only man—foolish man!—that looses sight of the sweet open country and stacks himself up in noisy, foul-smelling cities a mile high. He imagines he is being very smart, but I can almost hear the horses laughing at him for his folly.

A Kussed Kusser Kusses Kussing.

That cheap imitation of a sorry paper which calls itself The Hornet reminds me of a crippled toad-frog trying to stand on its head and swaller itself. In a recent issue it jumps astraddle of Oldjo Cannon's corporosity and declares that the use of cuss words was what put the fixins on Oldjo's political career. May be some truth in that, for Oldjo's cusser is an automatic eight-day cusser and runs on hot air like greased lightning down a telegraph pole. But I read further along in this same Hornet and I find the dams, darns, and other web-footed cuss-words thicker than sour gnats around a cider tub. Probably The Hornet imagines that it can put a stop to the habit of cussing by wearing out all the cuss-words itself.

Speak Softly—This is a Secret.

"The Pope to-day sat in an arm-chair at his desk in the large library of the State Department."—Recent dispatch from Rome.

Oh, golly! I thought they had been telling us all the time that the Pope was purely a religious functionary and didn't have anything to do with matters of state. Then why in the gee-whiz does he have to maintain a "State Department" in connection with his Deputy God business? Don't all answer at once.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.
Editor, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Mgr., " " "
Publisher, " " "
J. L. PEARSON, Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1912.
J. R. PARLIER, J. P.
My commission expires April, 1913.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Fine feathers make fine feather beds.

* * *

Now is the time to remember old Grover.

* * *

The loafer's idea of pleasure is to watch other men work.

* * *

The mills are beginning to stop. What about it, Mister Wilsonite?

* * *

If you have no "family tree" you might try branching out for yourself.

* * *

When saloon keepers begin to talk temperance, there is something brewing.

* * *

If a man from Michigan is a Michigander, I wonder if a woman from that State is a Michigoose?

* * *

If Dr. Friedmann had brought over a brand-new religion he would have been on easy street by this time.

* * *

The ancients didn't have The Fool-Killer to read. It makes me sorry for them every time I think about it.

* * *

Joe Smith, president of the Mormon Church, is looking for a new revelation from heaven. Well, I guess he needs it.

* * *

In Bible times, when Baalam's ass spoke, it was a miracle; but in these days the greatest asses we have are the biggest talkers.

* * *

A pie-hungry politician elocuting about "saving the country" reminds me of an old cat wanting to stand guard over the milk jar.

* * *

The sexton of the political graveyard might as well begin digging another hole beside the Elephant. The Donk will soon be ready for it.

* * *

Don't be deceived by appearances—some of the loudest crows you hear at four o'clock in the morning come from common scrub roosters.

* * *

The blind population of America is said to be 100,000. If you include those who are politically blind the number will be much larger than that.

* * *

The Hornet has an article headed, "The Democratic Auger." I was afraid it would "bore" me, as Democratic rot usually does, and so I didn't read it.

* * *

Helen Keller, the famous deaf, dumb and blind girl, has learned how to talk. Now if the working feller would just learn how to vote it would look like we were getting along some.

"Don't wait for appendicitis before having the appendix removed," says a Chicago surgeon. Now a dentist ought to come forward and advocate the extraction of healthy teeth, because they might ache some day.

* * *

Yes, sir, let's give the women a whack at the ballot, and if they don't vote with any more sense than the men, I move that we disfranchise the whole human race and let the horses do the voting.

* * *

An eminent flyologist has handed out the information that a single fly in April will produce 7,600,000,000 flies in September. Golly, if a single fly can do that, ain't it perfectly awful to think what a married fly could do?

* * *

Every man is in favor of a tariff if it enables him to rob the other feller; but if it lets the other feller rob him he is opposed to it. That is the long and short of the tariff question as it always has been and always will be. So why say any more about it?

* * *

One Congressman has suggested an amendment to the Webb bill providing that when an individual residing in dry territory imports likker for his own use, the fact of the purchase must be made public through the local newspapers. Gee Buck! But wouldn't that be tuff on some of these good old red-nosed church members? Of course they would hate for everybody to know it, because so many of the brethren would depend on getting "sot up" instead of ordering for themselves.

* * *

GOOD-BYE, TOMMIE.

R 2, Robbinsdale, Minn.
The Fool-Kilter,
Plees not sen more paper too mee, becose I am goen away.
Your trouly
Tom E. Thompson.

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! This is so unexpected, as the old maid said when the bachelor popped the question. I shall not attempt to conceal the awful shock of pain and disappointment which the above letter brings to me. Is it possible that Tommy is actually "goen away?" How sad! And he don't say a word about ever coming back. If he had said where he was "goen" I might at least have hoped to hear from him, but he don't even tell me that. Who could blame me for feeling sad and disappointed? I never dreamed that my dear Tommy would treat me that way. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

The Foolish Dictionary.

Afterthought—A tardy sense of prudence that prompts a fellow to shut his mouth about the time he puts his foot in it.

Appendicitis—A modern pain, costing about $200 more than the old-fashioned stomach-ache.

Accident—A condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good, but absence of body is better.

Bicycle Skirt—An abbreviated garment that makes women look shorter and men longer.

Bigamy—A form of insanity in which a man insists on paying three board-bills instead of two.

Borrow—To swap hot air for cold coin.

Brass-Band—A clever but somewhat complicated arrangement for holding a crowd together.

Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never works, but lives on other people.

Cauliflower—A cabbage with a college education.

Conscience—The fear of being found out.

Diplomat—An international liar, with an elastic conscience and a rubber neck.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Fly-screen—An arrangement for keeping flies in the house.

Hammock—A popular contrivance by which love-making may be suspended and still go on.

Jury—Twelve men chosen to decide who has the best lawyer.

Mine—A hole in the ground owned by a liar.

Mosquito—A small insect designed by God to make us have a better opinion of flies.

Religion—A cloak used by some persons in this world who will be warm enough without one in the next.

* * *

Suey, There Old Sow!

An Indiana subscriber with Democratic bats in his belfry writes this office to inquire why I roast the Democrats so much harder than I do the Republicans. Well, buddy, I have tried to roast both of the old humbugs to the best of my ability, but if I have given an over-dose to the Democrats it is probably because they are most in the limelight just now. Let me illustrate. Suppose you had a tater-patch and your neighbor had two old sows. And suppose one old sow got into your tater patch and the other one didn't—which old sow would you set your dog on, anyhow? Get the idea? You see it happens to be the Democratic sow that is in our national tater patch just now.

BLESSED BUTTERMILK.

Some folks love their likker,
And some folks love their wine;
But let me tell you, mister,
It's butter-milk for mine.

Just bring it from the spring-house,
And have it good and cold,
And you will be surprised, sir,
To see what I can hold.

In winter give me sweet milk,
And also in the spring;
But when old summer comes along,
Why, butter-milk's the thing.

Hurrah for Mr. Drug Store;
He shore do know his biz;
He's gone to selling butter-milk
As well as soda-phiz.

So in the country or in town
I fare as fine as silk;
Because I know just where to go
To get my butter-milk.

J. L. P.

Give Poor Old Dock a Chance.

"Many eminent doctors and health officers have expressed their opinion that a cure for tuberculosis would be found in this generation We hope Dr. Friedmann has found it. He has been working along the right line. But, in the meantime, it will certainly be the part of wisdom for the average citizen to possess himself in patience until some more authoritative body than Dr. Friedmann and his own medical staff can pass on this matter."

The above wad of wisdom taken from the columns of a local paper reflects the attitude of this blind old world toward any man who is really trying to help it along.

For ages men have been trying to find a cure for tuberculosis, and have mostly failed. Now comes Dr. Friendmann with a new discovery that he says will do the work. But we are told that we must not believe a word of it until it is vouched for by these great "authoritative bodies" who have made such a glorious fizz in trying to discover a cure themselves. They ain't got sense enough to do the thing, but they are powerful wise when it comes to passing judgment on the work of their superiors. Hang-take it all, if the man who makes a new discovery is not an "authority" on that subject, I would just like to know who else would be.

The idea of letting a pack of prejudiced wooden-heads pass judgment on the Friedmann cure is like having a blind man treat you for weak eyes, or like hiring a hare-lipped nigger to whistle.

The Friedmann cure may not be worth two cents a bushel—I am not pretending to know a blessed thing about it—but I am in favor of letting Friedmann have a fair chance to prove what he can do. If I had the tubercular "bugs" and Friedmann could knock the stuffing out of 'em I wouldn't care a doggon what the great "authoritative bodies" said about it.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A LETTER TO CHINA.

To the Republic of China,

Dear Old Fixin:—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing these few lines to your honorable muchness. I have had my thinkeratus playfully pondering over your personal and political prospects for at least a month, and I can't sleep good until I tell you a few things.

I have been hearing an awful loud silence which followed directly on the heels of your official recognition by the Benighted States of America. It was very kind of Mr. Wilson to be the first one to stand up in meetin' and announce that he had confidence in your good intentions. He probably expected the other national nabobs to fall over themselves in their mad haste to follow his example. But after waiting a month or so it begins to look like the other nations ain't as eager to follow Mr. Wilson as he thought they would be. Since the governmental teeth at Washington bit off the last word of that brotherly boost, I ain't heard anything that sounded like an immitation of the same.

Now, therefore, in order to break the painful silence, and to set at ease both you and the Benighted States of America, I have finally decided that I might as well be the next great power to officially recognize your new Republic. I called an extra session of myself and appointed myself as a committee to find out what I thought about it. After long deliberation the committee has brought in a favorable report, which I herewith transmit to you with my best wishes.

I sincerely hope, my dear China, that you will make a success in the Republic business, but I would not advise you to plant a very big crop of Republicans, as they are not doing well this season. I think the stock has about run out. The same thing is true of the Democrats. If you decide to raise any Republicans and Democrats over there, I hope you can get a better variety than we have in America.

I understand that your men are begining to put on breeches, biled shirts and stud-hoss collars. I am listening any day for an epidemic of American plug hats and jim-swinger coats to break out in China, which will gradually open a new market for our American Sunday religion and everyday cuss-words.

Speaking of religion brings to mind another thought. I see by the papers that you have officially placed an order for a wholesale job-lot consignment of American prayers for the material and spiritual welfare of your new Republic. Now, China, that is ample evidence of your honest desire to be good, and it also proves that you don't know much about the general cussedness of our people. Calling on us American hypocrites for prayer is sorter like sending to hades after a jug of ice water. Now if you had called for a political speech or a blood-and-thunder novel, a case of cigarettes or a barrel of booze, an army of dudes or a car-load of ragged babies, you would have had no trouble in getting your wants supplied. But I'm afraid you'll have to hold your sack for prayers a good while before you get it filled.

Good-day, China—I can't fool with you any more this time. Be sure and don't put your breeches on wrong side before, and remember that the shirt-tail goes inside. Save up all the pig-tails that are sacrificed on the altar of progress and send them over here to make rats and switches for our American women. Give my regards to the president, say your prayers and keep your nose wiped.

* * *

A mighty good preacher sort of a feller got hold of The Fool-Killer some time ago and liked it so well that he flopped right down and writ me a letter enclosing the kale seed for a year's subscription, but in his letter he took occasion to say that I use some words that he don't like to read. Then what in the thunder did he subscribe for? There is no law to make a man read this paper if he don't want to.

* * *

The average income of some men is about 3 A. M.

Just Hold Your 'Tater, Missy.

Oh! Ouch! Blub-blub! Well, it has done gone and happened to me again. Here comes a copy of The Fool-Killer skooting back into my mail box from some sort of a female buddy who thinks she is a little too riproriously refined to look the unvarnished truth in the face without fainting.

This perfect paragon of prudish pomposity has writ all over the paper and cordially invited me to go to the devil. Awful sorry, my dear Peggy, but I would hate like thunder to go to the devil's house and find his daughter not at home. Guess I will postpone my visit to your old daddy till you go home, at least, which will not be long if you go when you ought to.

It ain't the "roughness" of The Fool-Killer that makes a few of the hypocritical high-steppers object to it. Not on your pale blue whiskers! They just can't stand it to have the truth told on 'em, and that's why they kick out of the traces.

* * *

I have often wondered whether God ever gets tickled or not. I honestly don't see how He could help it sometimes. And if the Creator or the universe ever does get tickled enough to make Him laugh right out, it must be when He sees one of these little old measley, miserable, one-by-nothing infidel editors squatting down somewhere with a shirt-tail full of type trying to destroy God or prove that He never existed. Could anything be more utterly ridiculous? It reminds me of a blind tadpole trying to drink the ocean dry.

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers. —Pearson.)

OLD COINS.

We will pay a premium on gold and silver coins over 100 years old. Also on $1.00 and $3.00 gold pieces, any date. We will also buy $500.00 and $1,000.00 Confederate bills. We will sell you a silveroid 7 jewel Elgin or Waltham watch for $6.00, or a 20 year James Boss case 7 jewel Elgin or Waltham watch for $10.00. Open face del. 18 size. Send cash or money order to accompany order. Coin Collectors' Club, Moravian Falls, N. C.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 HOURS.

I have just had a wonderful experience, and I must tell the readers of The Fool-Killer about it. I have been around the world and back since the last issue was sent out. In fact, I made the trip in 24 hours.

Here's how it all happened. I have a partner with whom I have been working for more than a year on a new type of flying-machine. We took the "news-bee" as the model of our machine and set out to make a flying-machine that could be driven in any direction at almost lightning speed; a machine which could be started or stopped instantly, and which could be made to stand perfectly still for hours at any point in space.

We had carefully considered the disadvantage to the bird-men of not being able to stop and stand still up in the air—or even above the air—and it was our purpose to overcome this trouble. With this end in view my partner and I have been at work during odd spells for several months. We had our private work-shop and no visitors were ever admitted, and we never told anyone what we were doing.

The work went on very successfully until we were sure we had mastered every problem. The great machine was finished, and it was a beauty.

So on the morning of April 25th we were ready to take it out and show the world what real flying looked like. I printed circulars and advertised the great event, so that there was a large crowd present.

Just a few words descriptive of our machine. It is built entirely of irridium, the new metal which is a good deal lighter than air, and our motive power is the concentrated spirit extract of radium. The machine is perfectly round in shape, and exactly twenty feet in diameter. It has two compartments inside—the lower part containing the machinery, and the upper part being fitted up for the operators. It is absolutely air-tight and is lighted and heated with radium, while an automatic oxygenator keeps the air pure, so that the operator can go to any height he desires—he can even go clean above the air and stand still in empty space for days at a time—and suffer no inconvenience from cold or lack of air. Several glass windows placed at different angles in the sides of the sphere enable the occupants to get a perfect view from all sides. These windows have an adjustable high-power telescope attachment for long-distance views.

We named our machine the "News-Bee," as its movements were intended to be something like the movements of that fleet-winged insect. And so when the crowd had gathered and everything was ready, my partner and I stepped into the "News-Bee" and closed the air-tight door. I touched a button and—zing!—we went up like a rifle ball. At the height of 2,000 feet we stopped as suddenly as if we had hit a rock wall. We stood there perfectly still for five minutes, then on touching another button we shot east for half a mile, stopping suddenly again. Still another button was touched and we flew off on a circular orbit five miles in circumference. We spun around that orbit so fast that the "News-Bee" looked like a solid ring. Then we shot to the center of our orbit and stood still five minutes, talking by wireless to the crowd below. We told them that we were now going higher than mortal man had ever been before, and that they need not look for us till they saw us coming back.

And then we shot upward again—three miles, five miles, ten, twenty, thirty, forty—and still up we went. Finally our instruments told us that we were clear above the air and speeding through empty space. So we stopped and looked down. There hung the earth like a great ball in space. With the naked eye we could discern the outline of the American continent. With our telescopes we could plainly see the cities and towns, and we noticed that everything seemed to be moving toward the east. We knew that we were standing still, and so this must be the rotation of the earth which we saw.

A great idea struck me. I said to my partner:

"Why can't we stand here for 24 hours and let the earth make a complete revolution under us? Then when we see Moravian Falls coming across the horizon line we can dart down and stop at home."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed my partner. "What an idea! But we can do it—of course we can. And we'll make a new record for circling the globe. Hurrah!" And his face fairly beamed with the great thought.

I gazed downward again. "Look yonder," I said to my partner. "There is the Blue Ridge just going out of sight, and I see the Mississippi Valley coming."

We had nothing else to do, and so we took our station at the windows and watched. Slowly and steadily the great ball turned. One after another the cities and towns passed under us. A few hours brought the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope. There was San Francisco, and then there was the broad Pacific Ocean.

Yes, we were really crossing the Pacific, and crossing it at a speed never before dreamed of. In four hours we would be on the other side, gazing down upon European soil. The great ocean liners churning the waves so far below us looked like the toy boats we used to make and sail on the duck pond. We saw storms rage over the ocean, and once our wireless instuments picked up a distress signal from a wrecked vessel.

In a short while we looked toward the west and saw the Old World coming into view. Lands and cities that we had read of but had never seen began to pass under us. One hour, two hours, three hours—and in a few more hours we had seen all of the old world and had started back home. The Atlantic was under us. And all the ships were going east. Going at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. And far above it all we stood still and watched. It was very wonderful indeed. It gave us a little hint of how God's machinery must look to Him as He sits far up in the heavens with His hands on the levers of the universe.

We did not sleep any during our trip around the world. There was no night with us, and we were too much interested to get sleepy. You see, we went up and took our station in space just before noon, and the sun occupied the same position to us all thru the journey. We carried our board in our vest pockets in the form of condensed food tablets, and swallowed a few of them every little while.

Well, to make a long story short, it took the Atlantic only a few hours to whirl from under us, and there was the old familiar coast-line of North Carolina.

"Look out for Moravian Falls!" I said to my partner, "She's a-coming! Home has been abroad this time, and is just now getting back."

I kept my finger on the gravity button and my eye to the telescope. Taking a fine sight at Moravian Falls, I pushed the button, and—zing!—before you could say scat we were standing here in the street surrounded by our wondering neighbors.

You may think this ain't a lie, but it's the biggest one I ever told.

There is a town in North Carolina called "Why Not." Now ought not Why Not to change its name? And if not, why not?

Nothing A-working.

Up yander in New York City there is a gang of publisher fellers who are going to have a whole slew of puppy-fits all in one pile if they can't induce me to squander about forty-leven dollars of my hard-earned kale-seed for a set of infernal old war books which they are trying to work off on the weak-minded Willies of this crack-brained country.

The name which these pedigreed publishers and registered rascals have chosen for the aforesaid wonderful work starts off something like thusly:

"The Pictorial History of the Civil War; the Same Being a Collection of Fifty Thousand Actual Photographs of the Great Conflict Taken by Matthew Brady during the Years of 1861-'65."

They claim that these photographs were lost for fifty years, and have just been dug up out of a calf-track and published in ten large volumes.

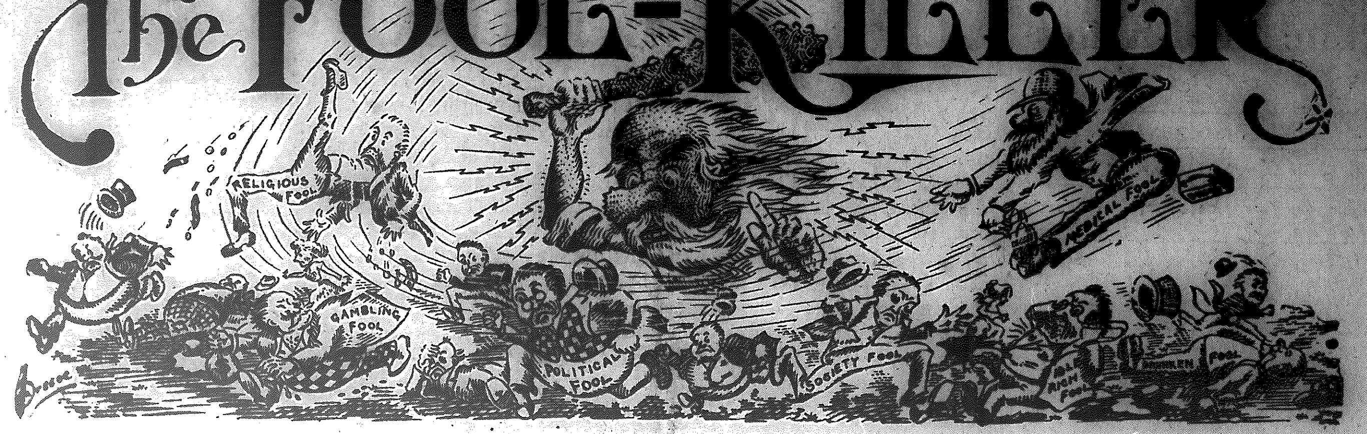
That may all be as true as nine acres of new ground sowed in Bibles, but there is nothing in the proposition that appeals to me. I like to look at nice pictures as well as anybody, but I ain't got no room under my little shelter for fifty thousand old blood-curdling and hair-raising war pictures. I didn't get up the old war, but I have my private opinion of the gang that did, and there is no just reason why I must keep myself constantly reminded of the horrors of it. I want my home to be a place of joy and happiness instead of a museum for the preservation of the morbid memories of America's tragic mistake.

John Wanamaker and Albert Shaw have been taking it turn about trying to wheedle me into the purchase of these books. But there ain't nothing' a-working worth a cent. They have spent several dollars in postage sending me their advertising matter, and they might just as well have given that money to some needy millionaire or dropped it into Dr. Mammon's Sunday collection.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went out and rubbered
To see what the fashions might be;
But when she got there
The ladies were bare,
And so Mother Hubbard must flee.

The Fool-Killer usually tries to look at the funny side of everything, but it is not unmindful of the fact that life has a serious side and that the world is full of suffering. The little fun I try to give you is to make you forget for a few minutes the sadness that surrounds you every day.

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1913. NO. 4.

Hot and Cold.

A day in June—and it was hot—,
About as hot as I have felt;
And even when the sun had sot
It seemed to me that I would melt.

There wasn't any breeze at all
To lend a bracer to the air;
And every bug that tried to crawl
Was panting like a hunted hare.

And then when sleepy time arriv—
The proper time to go to bed—
You don't know how much I'd have give
For some cool place to lay my head.

I opened all the winders wide,
And skinned off nearly all my clothes,
And flung the sheets and things aside,
And lay down there on top to doze.

I guess I must have gone to sleep,
Because I didn't wake no more
Till day was just about to peep,
And the old clock was striking four.

I made a pass at that-thar sheet
And tore it open with my toes,
And I wish I may never eat
If I weren't doggon nearly froze.

—Pack it on Pearson.

Come And See.

Some of the little editors who have only one or two thousand subscribers absolutely refuse to believe my statement that The Fool-Killer has 24,000 paid-up subscribers. They think it sounds too big to be true, and that I am simply lying.

All right, Mister Doubting Thomases, the best way I know for you to get convinced is for you to come and see for yourselves. My books are always open to inspection, and I cordially invite you to come and count the names. If that ain't enough, I will show you the original letters containing orders for subscriptions. Are you game?

* * *

The papers are telling about an Indian woman whose name is Mary Full Stomach. Look here, Mary, you surely ain't fool enough to try to live up to that name during a Democratic administration.

A SERMON ON FLIES.

Got any flies at your house, mister?

If not, I might spare you just a few for seed.

I have had fairly good success with my flies this summer.

The season has been favorable, and no epidemic of disease has broken out among them.

Of course there have been a few accidents in which some of my flies have been prematurely cut off, but the percentage of fatalities has been small.

Most of the deaths among my flies have resulted from the carelessness of my wife, who, on several occasions, has unthoughtedly left sheets of sticky paper lying around the house. To my certain knowledge I have lost 38 flies in this manner, and there may have been a few others.

When a fly gets on that paper you just as well knock it in the head, for you can't get it off all in one piece to save your neck. And if you should happen to get one off without the loss of a leg or wing, it would be a cripple for life and would never be able to marry and raise a family. If there is one thing a fly enjoys more than anything else, it is raising a family. That seems to be a part of their religion, and their protracted meeting lasts all summer.

I bought me some screen doors to keep my flies in the house, thinking that perhaps the outdoor air might not be healthy for them, but occasionally one will slip out and ramble off. However, he usually comes back about meal time and brings several of his friends to dinner.

Everything considered, I suppose my flies are doing about as well as could be expected.

* * *

I recently saw a rich dude with a big boil on his jaw, and his face was disfigured almost as bad as if a thought had struck him.

WOBBLING ON THE SPINDLE

Prof. George A. Hill, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, has just anounced a new discovery. After long and careful observation he makes the positive assertion that the earth is wobbling on its spindle. He says the North Pole don't stay in the same place any length of time, but is constantly moving.

Now, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it? Do you suppose our Democratic Congress could be persuaded to pass a law covering this case? If not, we might get the Supreme Court to issue an "injunction." Something must be done to stop the earth from wobbling, and it must be done at once.

Just think of the suffering and disappointment that this wobbling is liable to cause some of our explorers! Why, if Dr. Cook should go back to get the cigar that he laid down on top of the Pole while he buttoned his overcoat—he would have to hunt all over the neighborhood to find it. And it might finally turn out that Peary used it to thaw his jaws loose so he could cuss Cook for getting there first.

Prof. Hill admits that his new discovery is very hard to understand. In fact, he don't understand it at all. He will gladly welcome any suggestion that may lead to a solution of the great mystery.

Say, George, I ain't no expert in such matters, but I shore to goodness am interested in your diskivery. If any suggestion of mine will help out, you are more than welcome to it.

Possibly the North Pole has some conscientious scruples against being discovered any more, and is simply trying to hide from the explorers. Or it may have contracted the moving-about habit from Dr. Arthur T. Abernethy, the noted traveller and writer, author of "Oh, Dam It, I'm Called To Preach," "I Wonder Who'll Marry Me Next?" and other well known works. (For further particulars, apply to the divorce court of the American Brewers' Association.)

Then, again, it may be possible that the Wilson panic has given this country such a jolt that the vibration has reached the North Pole and set it in motion.

There may be other possible reasons for the unsettled conditions around the Pole, but these I have named are sufficient to cause a good deal of disturbance. If anybody can give a better reason, the Perfesser will be glad to have it.

Equal Rights?—Aw, Scat!

Don't talk to me about this being a land of liberty and equal rights! It's a blubbering, bloody lie! Just recently in West Virginia men have been shot down like dogs or crammed into prison for going on a strike and demanding higher wages. What a crime it must be for a poor laborer to ask a little higher price for the only thing he has to sell! But just let a little old stuck-up merchant decide to go on a strike and sell his goods for a higher price to the poor, half-starved workers, and what is the result? Is there any law to step in and punish him for doing it? No sir!—nary a fetch-taked one!

* * *

Sure thing, if I couldn't find any better employment than trying to defend the infernal wheewhawed cussedness of a system that lets poodle-dogs wear gold collars while children go ragged and hungry, hang-taked if I wouldn't go to Kansas and get a job shovelling wind off of a three-story barn with a pitchfork.

* * *

Read that Personal Letter on second page, and then hustle.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Bundle and News Stand Rates.

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20	copies of any one issue,	15 cents.
40	" " " " "	30 "
60	" " " " "	45 "
80	" " " " "	60 "
100	" " " " "	75 "

Sample copies in small quantities will be furnished free of charge.

A PERSONAL LETTER

FRIENDS, COMRADES, BROTHERS:

Wake up! Look! Listen! Don't let a word of this article escape you. Read it carefully, and then go back and read it again. This is by long odds the most important business announcement that The Fool-Killer has ever presented to its readers.

Friends, this is no joke. There are times when I try to be funny, but I am not sawing on that string just now. I am in dead earnest, and I want you to regard this as A PERSONAL LFTTER TO YOU, just as if I had hammered it out on my typewriter and mailed it to you under a two-cent stamp.

For the past several months I have been telling you of my urgent need for more machinery in order to make The Fool-Killer larger and better. I have been adding to my equipment as fast as my finances would allow, and now I have taken another step that means a big success or an awful big failure, one or the other. It all depends on how you folks rally to my support.

Now here is just the size of it: I have reached the point in this business where I am absolutely compelled to have a linotype machine, and so I have placed an order with the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, of New York, for one of their standard machines of the latest model. This machine is one of the present-day wonders of the world. It can do things that you would think only a living, intelligent creature could possibly do. It is the same kind of machine on which the type is set for all the great dailies of the country. But the price—golly!—there's where the rub comes! This wonderful machine is going to cost me over three thousand dollars! That is a big pile of money for a poor man to obligate himself to pay, and I wouldn't dare do it except for the confidence I have in my 24,000 loyal subscribers throughout the country. Comrades, you are my only strength and support, and I have given you as security for the payment of this debt. Never, during all my struggles, have I needed your help more than I need it right now. You have helped me out of several tight places in the past, for which I am profoundly thankful, and I know you are too kind-hearted to desert me in this important crisis. Just think what 24, 000 people could do if they started out together to accomplish something! My, what a crowd! Equal to the population of a great big city! That's just how big a crowd my subscribers would make if they were all together. But in one respect there is a big advantage in not being together. If you were all in one bunch you couldn't find people enough around you to work on. But, as it is, you are scattered everywhere and surrounded by people who are not subscribers. That gives you just the opportunity you need to help me. Now, therefore, I hereby appoint each and every one of you 24,000 subscribers as authorized agents to take subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. And as an extra inducement for you to just "spread yourselves" on this occasion, I'll be doggoned if I don't make you the following

SPECIAL OFFER:

The price of The Fool-Killer has never been less than fifteen cents a year, and will probably never be again, **but just for this once I am going to give it in clubs of ten or more for ten cents a year. Ten subs for a dollar! No less than ten accepted at that price.** This offer holds good till midnight of July 31st, 1913, and no longer. On that date the Special Offer will expire, and the price will go back to fifteen cents a year in clubs of five or more.

So now is the time to hustle. Tackle every feller you meet, and don't let him go till he forks over a dime for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer. If each of you 24,000 subscribers will devote just a few minutes to subscription-getting, you can every one send in a club running anywhere from ten to a hundred at this special price and never miss the time.

Now don't one wait for another, but everybody get busy. The linotype machine will be shipped out of New York about the 5th of September. The money to pay for it has just GOT to be raised, and you are my only dependence. Are you going to do do your part? Yes, God bless your loyal souls, of course you are. Let's have a regular wholesale contest and see who can send in the largest number of ten-cent subs between now and July 31.

Yours, waiting for 24,000 replies at once,
JAMES L. PEARSON.

People who live in glass houses should dress in the dark.

Wonder if I couldn't sue somebody and get six cents damages?

IDIOTORIALS.

Jolly, joyous, jubilant June!

* * *

One more shake of the pepper-box.

* * *

Well, thank the Lord, talk is still on the free list, anyhow.

* * *

Money is the root of all evil, and whiskey is the sap.

* * *

How to avoid paying an honest dept—don't make the debt.

* * *

Pain is simply a reminder of the fun we've had.

* * *

The more useless a man is the higher he can stand in "sawsiety."

* * *

Opening a political convention with prayer is sorter like hanging up pretty pictures in a hog pen.

* * *

A good round-about way of being unhappy is to, envy the man who has to pay an income tax.

* * *

It is a dickens of a sight more honorable and patriotic to live for your country than to die for it.

* * *

A team of Missouri mules was sold recently for only $700. The report does not say what was the matter with them.

* * *

At Madill, Oklahoma, there is a law firm by the name of Ryder & Hurt. How cruel! They ought not to Ryder if it Hurts.

* * *

"What is real happiness?" asks an exchange. Why, Buddy, it's what you still wouldn't have if you had everything you think you want.

* * *

Probably the reason a female fly can lay 120,000 eggs in a season is because she don't spend two-thirds of her time cackling over it.

* * *

The citizens of Washington are having lots of trouble trying to to distinguish between the dome of the Capitol and Bill Bryan's bald head.

* * *

The thing that puzzles me is why such a temperate man as Teddy would bother to lug a bottle of brandy all around the world with him.

* * *

Just why it is right for rich men to organize themselves into unions, and wrong for poor working men to do the same thing, the bosses have not yet explained.

* * *

What in the thunder is Labor, anyhow? Ain't it the only product, that the poor working man has to sell? Then why in the gee-whiz ain't he allowed to set his own price on it, same as the rich merchant does on what he sells?

A Sermon On The War Scare.

Ha, there! Hold on, mister! Let's you and me discuss the war situation about fifteen cents worth.

Have you seen that big bloody Jap about twelve feet high, with four guns in his belt, a sword in each hand, blood in his eye and a butcher-knife in his teeth? That's the modest little war-scare they are giving us along now.

It may be just an empty scare, or it may have the guts of realiin it. I wouldn't swear to it either way. You better see Hobson about it.

There are certain sordid interests in this country and elsewhere that would profit financially by a war between these Benighted States and Japan. I can prove this by old man Billyum J. Bryan, and when two such high authorities as me and Bill agree on a thing there must be some truth in it.

Old Aunt California claims that Mister Jap is wanting to build too many play-houses in her back yard, and she don't like the way his breath smells. So she proposes to gently pick him up by the slack of his breeches and set him down on his own side of the frog-pond. That may be as easy as sliding down a greased pole, but I ain't got no money to bet on it. How much have you got? Yes, I know we feel pretty big, and Japan looks mighty little, but it sometimes happens that the biggest rooster staggers off with the bloodiest head. Maybe you better ask Russia about that.

But shucks in August! If the billionaires decide that they need a few little rivers of poor men's blood to irrigate their financial interests, they know exactly how to get it. They always manage to divide the common plugs into two groups and set them to butchering each other, while they (the plutes) sit back cross-legged and rake in the profits. They always see to it that the rich devils get all the gold, while the poor devils get all the lead. Ain't that a dickens of a poor way to "divide up?" But the common plugs have been fools enough to submit to it ever since the dawn of history. How much longer will it take them to learn a little common sense, I wonder? Until the poor of every nation do get their eyes open to the horrible, bloody graft that is being practiced on them by the merciless war lords, we will not only continue to have "war scares" like this, but the buzzards will continue to hover over the field of battle.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

"GOOD NEWS."

Say, friends, here is a piece of news that may interest some of you, especially those of you who are inclined toward religious literature. I have been running The Fool-Killer for nearly four years. I have made a little money and have had several wagon-loads of fun out of it, but my wife (who is a good modest Christian woman) has always been sorter ashamed of the fool thing. She considers it a purty tolerable sorry excuse for a paper and wonders why so many folks are so crazy over it. And so, in order to show me and the rest of you what a real paper looks like, Mrs. Pearson has turned in and started a paper of her own. It is a non-sectarian religious monthly, and its name is "Good News." The first issue has just appeared. And right here let me make this public confession—the widder has done got me skinned. "Good News" ain't as droll and funny as The Fool-Killer, but it is ten times better because it talks about better things. It is also well written and full of fresh new ideas. One issue contains more Bible truth and spiritual uplift than a dozen ordinary sermons. I know some of my readers don't believe in religion at all, but there will come a time when they will wish they had. And so I invite all my readers, no matter what their religious views, to subscribe for my wife's paper. It will do you good. The price of single subscriptions is fifteen cents a year, but in clubs of five or more it is only ten cents. Send money by any safe method, and address all orders to:

Mrs. Cora Pearson,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

* * *

When a literary lizzard can't show his belly to the reading world any other way, he just perzackly wraps up his conscience in a paper napkin and puts it away in the bureau, and then goes to writing advertisements for the plutes. I'll just bet a purty Elbert Hubbard will deny this.

* * *

The social law that now prevails
Is neither right nor just:
The rich go naked because they may,
And the poor because they must.

Special Sale of Sub Cards!

Look-ee here, boys! I'm just now fixing to break all previous records into a thousand jiblets. In connection with my special ten-cent offer which appears elsewhere in this issue, I am right here going to make another offer that you can't afford to miss. This is a Special Sale of Sub Cards, and it is going to continue up to and including July 31st, 1913. During this time you can buy as many Sub Cards as you want at ten cents apiece, provided you don't order less than ten at a time. One dollar will get ten cards, five dollars will get fifty, or ten dollars will get one hundred. Each card will be good for one subscription to The Fool-Killer any time in the future. They cost you only ten cents each, and you can sell them at fifteen cents each to people who want the paper, thus making a good profit for yourself. The cards are already self-addressed, and all the subscriber has to do is to write his name and address on the card and mail it. You can't buy the cards at this price after July 31st, but all you buy between now and then can be used any time in the future. So lay in a good supply. Seems to me like you could easily handle at least a hundred. Try it and see.

Friends, I am making this offer for the express purpose of raising at least $6,000 right at once. There ain't no 47 ways about it—I've just GOT to have that much money to pay for the new machinery. The Linotype Machine has already been ordered, and the Web Press will be ordered just as soon as I can see the money in sight. Right then The Fool-Killer will be doubled in size and sent to you at the same old price.

Help me, boys! For the Lord's sake, help me!

Concerning Expirations.

I have a rubber stamp containing the words, "Your subscription has expired. Please renew." The mailing clerks are instructed to use this stamp on all expiring subs. As a result of this several complaints have come in saying, "I just renewed my subscription a week or two ago, and here you are telling me that my subscription has expired." Let me explain here that all expiring subs are marked off and all renewals are recorded as new subs. Hence those who have lately renewed will sometimes get an expiration notice, but it only means that the OLD sub has expired. If you have renewed, you know it, and you will continue to get the paper.

A Pity—And Nothing To Put It In.

A well-meaning but misguided brother up at Corning, New York, has writ me a very weepy letter bemoaning my tendency toward the use of slang. He thinks I mean well, but am really doing more harm than good. He wants me to "tone up" my paper and make it refined and classical, sorter like The Christian Herald, I guess. He wants me to cut out my home-spun language and talk like the president of a Boston college, using words big enough to choke a bull elephant to death.

Aw, say, mister college-foundered goodikin! I wonder to my soul why you didn't learn some common sense while you were learning so many big words? Now wouldn't you play smash trying to measure everybody's language by your grammatical yard-stick? If I occasionally use a word that ain't in Webster's Underbreeches Dictionary, I reckon that's my business. Didn't you know that the proper words of today were the slang words of yesterday? Where would the new words come from if somebody didn't have originality enough to make 'em?

Slang! Aw, your foot! Do you reckon you would know a slang word from a patent calf-weaner if you woke up in the bed with it? I doubt it like thunder. I know what's the matter with you, honey—you're just as jealous as an old maid because you can't edit a good nice funny paper like The Fool-Killer and talk to 50,000 people every month. Suppose you start a paper according to your elevated ideas of journalism and see how it works. After several years of squatting your lifeless words into paper with a hand press, you will throw up the job and get me to send The Fool-Killer to your little handful of subscribers. Be ashamed!

* * *

Friends, I have hundreds of good letters that I would like to print, but the paper is so small I ain't got room for them. When I get the Web Press so I can enlarge, then I'll print your letters.

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers.—Pearson.)

It Was Hell in West Virginia.

There was wealth to be extracted
from the West Virginia hills,
But the workers were subjected to the
most outrageous ills—
Either shot or sent to prison—and
their lives with danger racked:
It was hell in West Virginia till the
Reds began to act.

How the labor press was outraged by
old Hatfield's lawless clan,
And it was the blackest treason to
defend a working man—
This, and more, must be recorded as a
very shameful fact:
It was hell in West Virginia till the
Reds began to act.

Hatfield boasted of his power, backed
by shining rows of steel,
And he thought he had the workers
safe beneath his heavy heel;
But he got word from the "comrades,"
and his operations slacked:
'Tain't so bad in West Virginia since
the Reds began to act.

THAT FOOL BOY AGAIN.

BY UPSON DOWNS.

"What place is that, pa?"

"That is a brickyard, my son."

"Whose brickyard is it, pa?"

"It belongs to me, my son."

"Do all these piles of brick belong to you?"

"Yes."

"My! How long did it take you to make them? Did you make them all alone by yourself?"

"No, my son, those men you see working there made them for me."

"Do the men belong to you pa?"

"No, my son, these men are free men. No man can own another. If he could, the other would be a slave."

"What is a slave, pa?"

"A slave, my son, is a man who has to work for another all his life for only his board and clothes."

"If a slave gets sick, who pays for the doctor, pa?"

"Well, his owner does; he can't afford to lose his property."

"If these men get sick, do you pay for the doctor, pa?"

"Catch me! What have I got to do with them? They must pay for their own doctor."

"Can you afford to lose one of the men who work for you, pa?"

"Of course I can; I can hire another whenever I like."

"Then you aren't so particular about them as if they were your slaves, are you, pa?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Then how is it better for them to be free?"

"Oh, don't ask such foolish questions, boy."

"Why do the men work so hard, pa? Do they like it?"

"Well, no, I don't suppose they do; but they must work or starve."

"Are these men rich, pa?"

"Not to any great extent, my son."

"Do they own any houses, pa?"

"I rather guess not, my son."

"Have they any horses or fine clothes, and do they go to the sea-side when it's warm, like we do, pa?"

"Well, hardly; it takes them all of their time to make a living."

"What is a living, pa?"

"Why, a living—well, for them a living is what they eat and wear."

"Isn't that board and clothes, pa?"

"I suppose it is."

"Well, are they any better off than slaves?"

"Of course they are, you foolish boy. Why, they're free. They don't need to work for me if they don't like to. They can leave whenever they choose."

"And if they leave, won't they have to work, pa?"

"Why, certainly; they will have to work for somebody else."

"Will they get any more than a living from him, pa?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, then, how are they any better off than slaves?"

"For the Lord's sake, shut up, kid. I am tired of your fool questions."

"What are bricks made of, pa?"

"They are made of clay."

"Do the bricks belong to the men when they make them?"

"No, they belong to me."

"Then why do the men make them?"

"Because the clay is mine and I hire them to do it."

"Did you make the clay, pa?"

"No, God made it, my son."

"Did He make it for you, pa?"

"No, I bought it."

"Did you buy it from God?"

"No, from a man."

"Did the man buy it from God?"

"No, of course not; he bought it from another man, I suppose."

"Did the first man it was bought from buy it from God?"

"No, I suppose not."

"How did he get it, then? How was it any more his than anybody's else?"

"Oh, I don't know; I suppose he just claimed it."

"Then if these men should claim it now, would it be theirs?"

"Oh, for the love of Mike! Say, kid, if you don't shut your fool mouth right now I'm going to mash it. Do you hear?"

Hoss-Power.

They call me a one-hoss feller,
And maybe the charge is true;
But one hoss is better than nothing—
How much of a hoss are you?

One hoss that is good and steady,
And always pulling true,
Is better than ten old balkers—
What sort of a hoss are you?

Russell's "Blessed" Seed Wheat.

All right, here goes another little preachment about "Pastor Russell," the dough-faced duck who dabbles in divine doinses up in Brooklyn, New York. Take it from me, the "Pastor" is a peach with the fuzz rubbed off. It seems that he had all the other masculine muts up a tree when the brains were passed around.

There is no dozen men in the preaching business that can halfway hold him a light as an advertising man.

It has been several years now since the Pastor first begun to use the gospel horn to toot his own greatness through, and every edge that wouldn't cut has had to gnaw like the very old scratch. Out of the void vaporings of an ingrowing egotism and the deluded desires of a sin-soaked society, the old rascal has built up fame and fortune, and has caused thousands to look to him as the only bellwether of the heavenly flock.

He has handed us new theology so fast that it made our heads swim, and while we were yet dizzy he has hit us for a contribution to his personal advertising fund.

But just listen here one time! All the other stunts that the cunning old cuss has pulled off are not to be mentioned on the same day with his latest performance. Bless your soul, he has quietly rounded up the good old hayseed farmers and gone to selling them seed wheat at seventy-five dollars a bushel! How is that for something juicey in the graft line? Huh? It ain't just the ordinary cheap and perishable seed wheat of commerce—no siree! It is some kind of a blessed and holy article of the dear Pastor's own get-up. He probably pokes his head in the sack and blows his nose in it and mumbles some kind of Witch-Latin that sounds like sawing off a cow's horn, and the work is done. Common ordinary wheat is thus transformed, by the application of the Pastor's "blessing," into some kind of heavenly biscuit-truck that just teetotally bangs it onto anything yet. You can sow some of the Pastor's wheat after supper, and then go out next morning and gather hot biscuits for breakfast. One mess of them biscuits will make a man so good that he will want to steal the hymn-books out of the church and run away with the preacher's wife.

It ain't necessary to buy a whole bushel of the Russellized wheat—one pint is all you need, as it seems to multiply sorter like the widder's hoecake timber of Bible fame. The liberality of the Pastor is almost beyond belief, for he is actually offering a whole pint of his precious wheat for one little old dollar! Ain't that a bargain? It shore to goodness is—to the slick duck who does the selling!

And the moral of this preachment is that there is no fool like a Twentieth Century fool. Pastor Russell made that discovery and got rich on the strength of it.

Hurrah for Russell and his "blessed" seed wheat! Send in your order early and get skinned.

A LITERARY THIEF.

If you are looking for the most infernal, black-hearted, unscrupulous literary thief that a merciful God ever permitted to live, you want to go to Bixby, North Carolina, and you will find your man in the person of W. Henry Davis, the alleged editor of a nasty little Democratic toe-rag called The Hornet.

This miserable little wart on the heel of journalism owes its very existence to the fine art of stealing. Practically the entire contents of the paper are stolen from one place or another—and always printed as original matter. No credit is ever given, as the little pimp of an editor wants people to think he writes the articles himself.

Although The Hornet is intensely and foolaciously Democratic, it steals about half of its thunder from a Republican paper called The Yellow Jacket, simply changing the words "Democrat" and "Republican" so as to give the stuff a Democratic flavor. Just recently The Yellow Jacket got afoul of The Hornet for stealing its dope, and The Hornet came back with an abusive and bitter denial, swearing by all the little tin gods of Democracy that it never had been guilty of printing a line from The Yellow Jacket, either with or without credit. And there ain't no devil if at least half of that very issue wasn't made up of Yellow Jacket stuff.

The Fool-Killer has no patience with the politics of either The Hornet or The Yellow Jacket, so far as that goes, but I like to see fair play and want every fellow to get all the glory he deserves.

But the thing that makes me the hottest is to see so many of my own favorite articles quietly roosting in The Hornet's chicken-house, with never a word to indicate where they came from. About five or six years ago I ground out a good thing and called it "The Bearded Bride." It was printed and sent out, and I had almost forgotten about it. But on opening The Hornet for June 18, 1913, behold, there was my long-lost "Bearded Bride," looking just as sweet and sassy as ever, with not a beard missing.

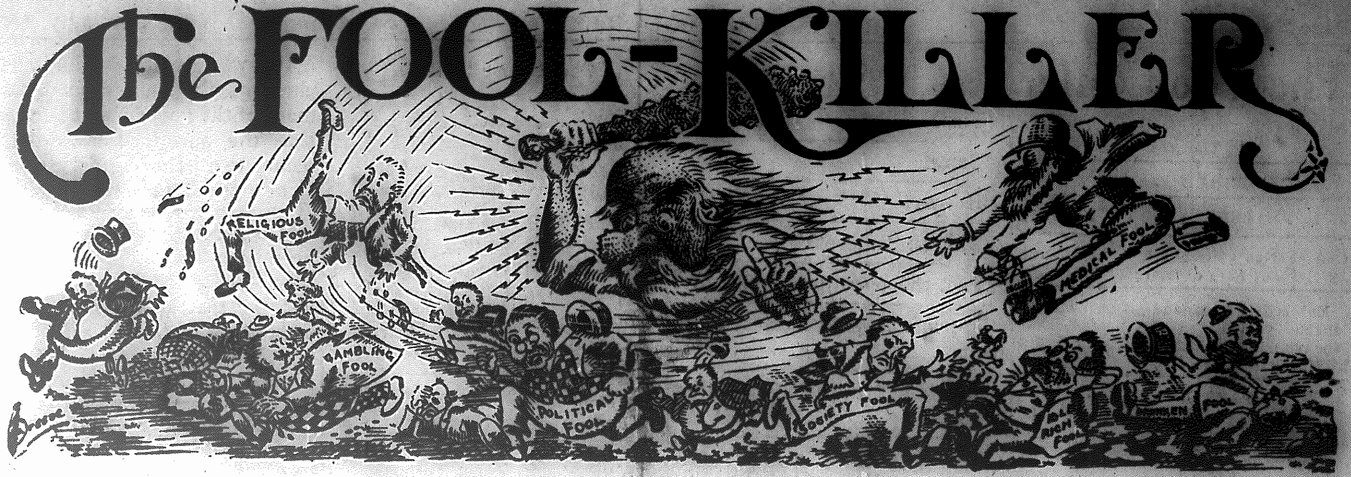
I shall make it a point to preserve all future issues of The Hornet, as that is about the surest way to keep a copy of all my writings.

By the way, Mister Hornet, you may steal this piece if you want it.

* * *

Geese are supposed to be symbolic of all that is foolish, but you never see an old gander hoard up a million kernels of corn and then go around trying to mate with a goslin.

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1913. NO. 5.

Git Yer Gun.

It youster wuzent quite the thing,
But new demands have risen;
Hooray, Bull Mooser, get your gun—
Your Big Chief Ted's got his'n.

A forty-four is what you need—
Its voice is so expressive!
Then all the world will recognize
That you are a Pergressive.

Take out a "license," buy a gun,
And don't be over-powered;
'Twill make you look so big and brave,
You low-down, dirty coward.

POOR OLD PAGE.

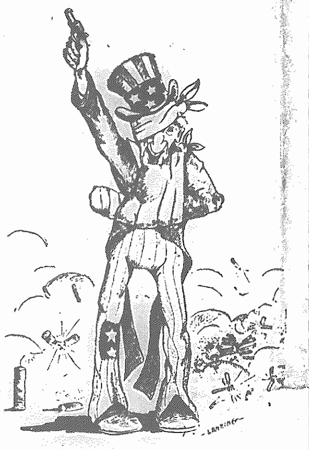
That feller Walt Page, what Woodsaw Wilson has sent to represent the Benighted States at the Court of Saint Jim, is evidently a mighty poor man.

Directly after his appointment he announced that he would not try to live high or go the gaits over in London. He assured us that he would live the simple life and try to save up enough of his salary to give him a little start in the publishing business by and by.

And he shore to goodness is keeping his word. Instead of renting a respectable house for his family to live in during their stay in London, Page has actually moved into a little old shack which rents for only $20,000 a year!

Think of that, will you? The very idea of any respectable white man, to say nothing of the Benighted States Minister to Big Britain, trying to live in such a rat-hole as that! Only twenty thousand dollars a year for house rent! If Mr. Page ain't able to do better than that, the Benighted States ought to furnish him a decent house and pay the rent.

Of course the fact that several million families in England and America live in one-room palaces that wouldn't rent for five dollars a year ain't got a drotted thing to do with it. Two nations have been disgraced and sawsiety outraged, and all for the sake of trying to save a little house rent. It does beat bobtail!



UNCLE YANKEE DOODLE SAM.

Whoop, hooray!

Here I am, what's left of me.

My name is Uncle Yankee Doodle Sam.

Don't I look like a june sweetner?

I shore do feel like one.

I have been celebrating my birthday.

That's what's the matter with me.

My birthday is the Fourth of July.

You've heard of it, I reckon.

At least you shorely have smelt it some time or other.

It smells sorter like burnt powder and old rags.

Does your birthday smell that way?

No? I didn't think it did.

Guess mine is peculiar in that respect.

They made the Fourth of July just for me, and had it all ready and waiting for me to be born on.

Wasn't they kind?

And it has been a "red letter day" ever since.

The "red" comes from the wounds made by firecrackers and things.

I came here swimming in blood, and have taken several baths in it since.

Have become so attached to the color and smell of blood that I always want a few bucketfuls to drink on my birthday.

And my nephews are always willing to furnish the "red."

Maybe I ain't proud of my nephews.

Just hush your fuss!

Why, hang-take it, I love them so well that I would be perfectly willing to see every one of them die for me.

Fact is, they just about as well die as to live the way most of them have to live.

But don't tell anybody I said so.

Most of them ain't got sense enough to know the difference.

I could make life easier for my nephews if I wanted to, but, confound it all, what's the use?

They might get too well satisfied with life and wouldn't be so willing to die for me.

That's a little Yankee trick I learned a long time ago.

Ha, there!

Mind your eye!

Clear the track!

Here comes your Uncle Yankee Doodle Sam, sorter disfigured, but still in the ring!

Whoop-to-golly!

Wow!

Cracklety-fizz!

Bum!

Kissing The Cat.

A young father of my acquaintance has an awful cute little girl. One day he asked her for a kiss, and she replied:

"Now, look here, daddy, I'll tell you how we'll fix that. I'll just kiss the cat, and then you can kiss the cat after me, and get my kiss off of the cat's nose."

That's the way a lot of so-called Christians treat their Lord. They give all their kisses to the devil, and then tell the Lord that if He wants any of their slobber He'll have to go to the devil after it.

If you can't laugh, just grin.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

On general principles, I have long been in sympathy with the cry of "Votes for Women," but doggon my skin if some of the militant madams ain't just about to turn my stomach.

Frinstance, I see it stated that a young female suffragette in England is so hog-wild on the subject that she has had the words, "Votes for Women," tattooed on her cheeks. Now you know when a thing is tattooed in the flesh it stays there. It shows up like a black cow in a snowbank, and the only way under heaven to get it off is to skin the victim and paint the place with tar.

It is hard to believe that any normal woman could have such little regard for her looks as to have her face disfigured in that way. The woman who did it must be a cross between a Chinese mud god and the devil's grandmother. She must have been so tarnal-nation ugly that she thought any kind of disfigurement would help her looks.

Now it seems to me there could be no harm in letting all good sensible women have the ballot. We men folks must admit that they are intellectually our equals and morally our superiors, and if they could make any bigger failure in government than we have made, it would be worth a good deal just to see it.

But confound these big-mouthed, masculine, shemale straddle-oodlums who go bellering around over creation trying to take things by main force and awkwardness! Nary drotted one of that set will ever get the ballot if I can have my way.

I am willing to give a woman anything under heaven that she asks for in a womanly way, whether it be a kiss or a kingdom, but Lord deliver me from these big-mouthed bawds and sexless politicians!

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Bundle and News Stand Rates.

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20 copies of any one issue, 15 cents.
40 " " " " " 30 "
60 " " " " " 45 "
80 " " " " " 60 "
100 " " " " " 75 "

Sample copies in small quantities will be furnished free of charge.

IDIOTORIALS.

Fizz!

Bang!

Hooray!

Did you "cilibrate?"

Ted, the pistol-toter! Oh, my!

Patriotism with the seat of its pants gone.

July is hot, but The Fool-Killer is hotter.

The more money a "sawsiety" woman spends for clothes the less she seems to have on.

"How does a fish sleep?" asks a correspondent. In the bed of the river, of course.

An old broom may not sweep clean, but it can raise a dickens of a dust.

Man proposes, woman disposes, marriage composes, and divorce exposes.

Does a man succeed because he smiles, or does he smile because he has succeeded?

"The Melting Pot" would be a world-beater of a paper if it would only stick a corn-cob in its infidelity bung-hole.

A New York man named Hoe is being sued for $225,000 for breach of promise. Looks like Hoe just as well dig up.

There is a kind of cloth on the market called "duck." If a-body had a suit of that cloth and it was a good fit, wouldn't that be a duck-fit?

If "tut, tut!" is the strongest cussing Woodrow Wilson can do, his powers of profanity have swunk up terribly since he made that speech in Greensboro, N. C., a few years ago.

Say, mister, here is another question you can answer while your coffee cools: Do the people belong to the Constitution, or does the Constitution belong to the people?

The big daily papers have begun to copy things from The Fool-Killer, which indicates that it is coming to be recognized as one of the standard "funny papers" of the country.

Old Jodarter Daniels, our present Secretary of the Navy, is just almost bursting his belly-band trying to get young men to join the navy. But still the navy is "short" several thousand men, and Jodarter's appeals are not bringing in any recruits. Goody! I thought the people would begin to learn a little sense by and by.

The Expose Toilette.

Wow!
Come again.
Who knows?
I don't.
Better hush.
Somebody's looking.
Ain't it just awful?
What?
Look and see.
Are you blind?
Ah, pshaw!
Be ashamed!
Don't mention it.
What?
Why, the "Expose Toilette."
Latest female fashion.
Expose what?
Legs and so forth.
Don't be so inquisitive.
I ain't going to tell no more.

"Bryan's Too Busy To Talk."

Oh, wonder of wonders! I can't understand, and it's hard to believe the report;
I wish they would tell me who started the tale, and I wish they would prove it in court.
But sure as you're born it is going the rounds—and it makes my credulity balk—
That business is pressing in Washington town, and Bryan's too busy to talk.

There never have been such conditions before, and I'm awful uneasy for fear
That some international trouble is on, and that general chaos is near.
I fear the American Eagle will die—so dead that it never can squawk—
For surely there's something unusual on hand, if Bryan's too busy to talk.

"The American people, on the whole, are very happily situated," says an exchange. Yes, those who are "on the whole" are getting along plum snipshus, but the poor devils who are "in the hole" are having a tuff time of it.

In a Pennsylvania town recently a pretty typewriter girl was arrested for being too scantily dressed. Doggon! She must have been one of these-here "visible" typewriters.

Look-y here! What does this mean about so many of my subscribers not getting their paper regularly? Is there a plot among the postmasters to destroy it? If so, somebody will hear from somebody purty doggon soon.

About Complaints.

Lots of my subscribers are complaining that they don't get the paper regularly. Well, boys, I do my part—I mail the paper carefully each month to all subscribers, and when it don't reach them it is either the carelessness or the wilful, low-down cussedness of some postal employee. What shall we do about it?

Whew! Smell of this! The chief of the pure food department of the government declares that the pure food law don't amount to a hill of beans. Shucks, I knew that all the time.

It is generally believed that the presidency is the highest office in these Benighted States of America, but that is a mistake. Then what is the highest office, did you say? Why, the postoffice on Pike's Peak.

I ain't got a word to say against Roman Catholic "religion," except that most of it is silly and unreasonable. What I object to is Roman Catholic POLITICS—their mad desire to dominate the civil governments of the world.

The response to my Special Offer in last issue has been very good, but not half what it ought to have been. Thousands of you have lost an opportunity to help me and yourselves at the same time. To those who did respond I send my heartiest thanks, and to those who did not, this is my message—I hope you will try to do better next time.

Several months ago the sugar trust got out a book called "Sugar at a Glance," and Senator Lodge took advantage of his "franking privilege" to circulate many thousand copies through the mail. It is now estimated that this transaction robbed the governmont of $28,000 in postage. Now, by George, is Senator Lodge a servant of the people or of the sugar trust?

Hello here! I see that the Secretary of Agriculture has started a thorough examination into the merits of the Farmers' Co-operative Association at Rockwell, Iowa. He seems to think the idea might be a good one for other sections to adopt. How very foolish! Don't the Secretary know that the co-operative idea is "Socialistic" and therefore dangerous? Somebody ought to bore a gimlet hole in Secretary Houston's head to give his brains some air.

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers—Pearson.)

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

The He-Virgins Had a Fit.

Help!

Murder!

Police!

Run here with a hoss-blanket quick!

Here's something that's just got to be kivered up.

Oh, my!

Excuse my blushes.

It seems that some degenerate French artist has painted the picture of a beautiful young girl wearing old Granny Eve's wedding dress with trimmings of real pink cuticle down the front and back.

Let the Texas Republic take the witness stand for just a minute:

> "'September Morn' is a beautiful oil painting of a young girl in the nude, by a Paris artist, depicting a September sunrise on the banks of the famed Moselle. When the male prudes in the New York custom house opened the package containing the painting, they were shocked. The painting was forwarded to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and he was shocked. It was then sent to Bryan and he was very properly shocked. And then it was sent to Postmaster General Burleson, who was so scandalously shocked that he prohibited its entrance in the mails."

Well, that is a plum pity.

Let's you and me cry about it.

Boo-hoo!

I am awful sorry that such a wicked picture has fallen into the hands of our pure and immaculate custom-house officials and the dear little innocent buddies who compose Wilson's cabinet. There is danger of corrupting their snowy innocence, don't you know? Of course neither the custom-house angels nor McAdoo, Bryan or Burleson had ever seen such a sight before. They had always believed that clothes grew on a woman like wool on a sheep, and when they found out different it must have been a terrible shock.

Seems to me that the parents of these honorable officials must have neglected their duty. They should have presented their young hopefuls with a set of Dr. Stall's books, entitled, "What a Young So-and-So Ought to Know." The knowledge contained therein might have acted as a sort of shock-absorber in a case like the above.

While fully sympathizing with the officials, I can't help being sorry for the young lady, also. It must have been very embarrassing for her to appear before the Cabinet without any clothes on. And the poor thing couldn't help herself. She is probably a very nice girl, and it would be a pity to send her back to Europe. I'll give ten cents toward buying her a hobbleskirt so she can make her debut in American sawsiety.

But that infernal old French artist ought to have his head cracked, that's what he ought, for getting a nice young lady and a crowd of nice men into such a scrape. Old mean thing!

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"GOOD NEWS."

Say, friends, here is a piece of news that may interest some of you, especially those of you who are inclined toward religious literature. I have been running The Fool-Killer for nearly four years. I have made a little money and have had several wagon-loads of fun out of it, but my wife (who is a good modest Christian woman) has always been sorter ashamed of the fool thing. She considers it a purty tolerable sorry excuse for a paper and wonders why so many folks are so crazy over it. And so, in order to show me and the rest of you what a real paper looks like, Mrs. Pearson has turned in and started a paper of her own. It is a non-sectarian religious monthly, and its name is "GOOD NEWS." The first issue has just appeared. And right here let me make this public confession—the widder has done got me skinned. "GOOD NEWS" ain't as droll and funny as The Fool-Killer, but it is ten times better because it talks about better things. It is also well written and full of fresh new ideas. One issue contains more Bible truth and spiritual uplift than a dozen ordinary sermons. I know some of my readers don't believe in religion at all, but there will come a time when they will wish they had. And so I invite all my readers, no matter what their religious views, to subscribe for my wife's paper. It will do you good. The price of single subscriptions is fifteen cents a year, but in clubs of five or more it is only ten cents. Send money by any safe method, and address all orders to:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

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One of my neighbors has just got back from his vacation. He went away for change and rest. But the hotels got the change and the porters got the rest.

ANOTHER SERMON, THANK YE.

All right, little 'uns, just be still and your uncle will preach you another sermon. Ain't thought of nary subject to preach about yet, but maybe if I start out the subject will come. So here goes.

I am going to give my thinker absolute freedom on this occasion and see what kind of a caper it will cut. Oh, goody, goody!—there's my subject—Freedom! This is going to be a "Sermon on Freedom." Ain't that a jim-dandy way for a feller to get a subject? I'll try that trick again sometime.

We have heard so many Fourth of July orations on the subject that some of us have actually got to believing that there is such a thing as American Freedom. Wonder where that fool notion started from, anyhow? Our ancestors paid a big price for freedom, and they thought they got what they paid for. But did they get it? And if so, what has become of it? There don't seem to be any freedom lying around loose these days. Possibly the millionaires have got it. They have got most everything else. Sure thing, the common people of this country ain't burdened with freedom. Their burdens are of a different kind. They are actual slaves. No use to deny that. The slaves of circumstance and the serfs of commercial greed. And no man can be a slave and a freeman at the same time.

Take the average working man, and examine his so-called freedom. What does it consist of? Freedom to slave ten hours a day for a bare existence. Freedom to change bosses occasionally, and perhaps get a worse one than he had before. Freedom to go hungry and wear rags. Freedom to live in a shack that a rich man's dog would scorn. Freedom to supply the world with abundance and take the scraps for himself.

Freedom? Oh, yes, I reckon there is some freedom in America, but the money sharks have got it. And they are going to hold on to it like a puppy to a root.

Hurrah for "American Freedom!" Why don't you holler?

A Sermon on Breeches.

The following news dispatch has been sent out from Washington:

> "Another thrill is in store for Washington society. Mrs. Christian Dominic Hemmick, aged 60 years, is having trousers made by a local tailor. They will be worn with suspenders, and as soon as they are finished Mrs. Hemmick and some friends she has induced to adopt the new style will appear on the streets in the new garb."

Oh!

Ouch!

Geeminy sakes!

Did you hear that?

And so the doodle-bug sawsiety of Grafter's Headquarters is going to have the blessed privilege of rubbernecking after a pair of summer breeches as they go straddling down the street with an old Dominic Hen inside of 'em! Won't that be ge-lorious? I can just imagine what great interest it will create. Woodrow will come out on the front steps in his sock feet, while all the wheels of government on Capitol Hill will stand still to see the breeches go by. Even the tariff will be forgotten for the time being, and the pie-hungry Democrat will have to suck his thumb and wait.

The world is just beginning to learn what magic power there is in a pair of breeches. We can well afford to let everything else go hang till we absorb all the spiritual blessing that can be squoze out of this momentous event.

Oh, fudge! Now ain't that something to take on over? Why, Mrs. Dominic Hen can haul on one pair of breeches over another till she gets 'em a foot thick all over herself if she wants to. It ain't none of my business. I wear breeches every chance I get, and the entire shemale shebang of Washington City can do likewise if it suits 'em.

No doubt it was just as much of a novelty when men first began to wear breeches as it is now when the women are beginning to take it up. And if it had just happened in the early days that men had begun to wear dresses instead of pants, we would be doing it yet and would think it was all right. You see it is all a matter of being used to a thing, and if we have got to accustom ourselves to women in breeches we might as well begin now as any time. So just let Mrs. Dominic Hen and her brood alone. Maybe they are the pioneers of a great reform. Who knows?

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Some people come to grief, while others just sit down and wait for it to overtake them.

Letters From the Folks.

G. A. BOUNDS, Rocky Mount, La.—I am sending you $1.05 and a list of subscribers to your paper. Think you are handing out the very kind of dope to loosen up the old mossbacks' hides. So hit them hard.

W. T. NELSCN, Ruston, La.—Enclosed find money order for $1.40 for which kindly send your paper to the enclosed addresses. I had rather do without red pepper on my biscuit than to do without your valuable paper.

MRS. DORA ROBERTSON, McKinney, Texas.—I wish to thank you for your visits. I think you are one of the best little papers I ever read. My three little boys take a delight in reading you. I am geting up a club to send in soon.

CHAS. J. STRAHL, McKeesport, Pa.—I got hold of your great little paper and I think it is fine. Showed it around here and got a few of the wise ones to subscribe. Enclosed you will find money order for $1.20 for eight subs.

J. E. STOKER, Monticello, Ark.—I am enclosing a list of subs with money order to cover same. I am a new one myself, and saw my first copy of the paper last week. I became interested in the philosophy of The Fool-Killer, and the enclosed list is the result.

BALLARD & BENISON, R5, Asheville, N. C.—Enclosed please find $3.90 for which send your paper to the enclosed names. The club was made up by Arthur Ballard and E. H. Benison. This is our first club. We hope to do better next time.

H. M. BERRY, New Brookland, S. C.—Say, I took a copy of your little paper away from a big rat down here, and now I see why he was holding to it. And 14 more rats here want it. You will find enclosed a list of names and an order for $2.10. Please don't forget us—we need it.

W. J. McCARD, R1, Meansville, Ga.—Find enclosed money order for $1,05 to pay for a club of seven subs to The Fool-Killer. Send me some sample copies—I think I can send in a big club. I got up this club in one hour. Only saw one number of The Fool-Killer. So darn the expense! Pour on the molasses—let her come.

R. M. POWELL, Sallisaw, Okla.—Here I come again with my little band of subscribers. If you have any of the last issue on hand I want you to start with that issue as there is so many of them wanting that paper. I am always glad to do what I can for The Fool-Killer. May it live long and prosper, is my wish. Enclosed find $1.65 to pay for eleven subs.

C. C. COON, Pinnacle, N. C.—I have been taking The Fool-Killer for a year, and like it fine. Well, I can't tell you how good I do like it. Had rather read it than any other paper I ever read in my life. So I am going to subscribe again and see what you will have to say the next twelve months. Well, Mr. Pearson, I have got up a club for The Fool-Killer and I hope they will all get the paper all right. If you will send me some sample copies I will hand them out for you.

J. H. M. SMALL, Conway, Miss.—I received two copies of your paper for this month. I am fond of reading the sassy little heifer, so if you will look it up on your bill-board you will find my old sub has not expired yet. So please graft my renewal to the end of my old sub and make it as long as possible, and send just one each month. I was raised up there in those hills just on the Georgia side of the Blue Ridge, so it seems like some of my folks had come when I get The Fool-Killer.

JOHN GIBBS, 122 South Church St., West Chester, Pa.—Enclosed find money order for five subs to your pungent periodical of thrilling thought. These subs were gotten with one sample copy that you sent here. So if you can I want you to send me several back numbers so that I can distribute them. I am sorry that I myself can't subscribe, because I move around from town to town and have no permanent address. But I am sure that I can get others to subscribe by just giving them one look at your paper.

Mister Pussy-Foot.

I am in receipt of a mighty smooth, pussy-footed sort of a letter from some kind of a Socialistic Roman Catholic whangdoodle out west who takes it upon himself to advise me as to how I must handle the Catholic question.

This Romanized rooster covers three typewritten pages trying to conceal the fact that he would like to bite my head off for telling the truth. He tries to pass himself off for a Socialist, thinking, perhaps, that will take me off my guard, but he is badly mistaken. I can see through him same as if he had a glass window in his belly.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! My self-apointed Catholic adviser wants me to shut up like a biled clam and let the pestiferous pappycrats have a free hand. He even offers to pay me to keep silent—says he will get me a club of Catholic subscribers if I will surrender my convictions and tip-toe around just to suit him.

Great spoons! Wonder if the fool really thought I was that kind of an easy mark? Say, Pappycrat, where did you get the idea that I was so bad off for Catholic subscribers? Fact is, I don't care two straws whether you or any of your hypocritical high-brows read The Fool-Killer or not. It would be casting pearls before swine, anyway, and I rather send the paper where it can do some good.

Oh, yes, and Mister Pussyfoot wasted a one-cent stamp to send me a copy of a Catholic paper, just as if he thought I didn't have anything to read and was totally ignorant of the doings of Romanism. Never mind, buddy, I know a few things and am able to pay for all the papers I need. But in the columns of a Catholic paper is a dickens of a poor place to look for the truth about Romanism. You might as well consult a nigger chicken thief for evidence of his guilt, or call on a saloon-keeper for a temperance lecture.

PLUTOCRATIC PRAYER.

Oh, thou great, bald-headed pappy which art in Rome, we come sprawling down before thee again for the purpose of kissing thy big toe. Poke it out here quick. We realize that thy toe is dirty—yea, that it stinketh considerable—but we love to kiss it.

Put on thy specks and look at us, O pappy. See how devoted we are. Of course thou rememberest us, for we have bowed before thee many times. We are thy favorite lickspittles, the United Plutes of America.

Thou knowest, O pappy, that we plutes maintain various and sundry organizations and that we pretend to oppose each other in many things. We are the sole owners of several political parties, and the sham battles we have among ourselves are enough to tickle a dog. But when it comes to getting down and making blooming jackasses of ourselves before thy mighty muchness, we are all of one mind.

We realize, great master, that thy system of religious graft is the richest skin-game that the devil has ever been able to hatch up, and therefore we look unto thee as our political Moses. It is our business to keep the masses of humanity in slavery and ignorance, and for this purpose thy system of religious paganism has no equal. When we can get the bridle of religious slavery in a man's mouth, it is no trouble to put the harness of political oppression on his back. And then we can work him wherever we please. Sometimes we make him pull our Republican wagon, and sometimes our Democratic dog-cart, and the poor ignorant fool thinks he is doing his country a great service.

We thank thee, mighty dago, for all the low-down cussedness and lying hypocrisy which thou art able to palm off on the world as religion. We thank thee for thy pot-bellied priests who can get drunk and seduce innocent girls, and play hell in general, and still remain sinless and holy.

We thank thee for getting one of thy pets appointed as private secretary to the president, so that all of our state secrets must go directly to thee.

We thank thee for thy Catholic secret orders, such as the Jesuits, the Knights of Columbus, and so forth, and for thy trained armies of mental prostitutes who are ever ready to shoulder arms against their government. If it comes to the pinch that the under dogs get roused up and are about to prove too strong for us, we thank thee that thou hast thy pagan army ready to help us out.

Oh, great Romish pappy, we don't know how to thank thee enough for the recent attempted murder of Jeremiah Crowley by the Catholic thugs of Oelwein, Iowa. We pray thee to have thy thugs keep up that sort of business and maybe they can finally stamp out this infernal "free speech and free press" heresy that is now threatening the "Howly" Church.

Just between thee and us and the gate post, thou knowest, O pappy, that we don't care a cuss for thy "religion," except to the extent that we can use it to bumfuzzle the poor, ignorant people. But don't tell anybody we said so. We are willing to pretend that we believe thy tomfoolery for the good effect it has on our business.

Stand by us and "bless" our cussedness, and we will praise thee and thy cussedness. Amen.

THE PLUTES.

Setting and Hatching.

Getting ready to print The Fool-Killer is sorter like raising chickens—only different. An old hen sets three weeks before she hatches, but this tomfoolery which you are reading has to be hatched before it can be set. I do the hatching, and then I turn over what I have hatched to the type-setter and he sets it up. The setting was about to get ahead of the hatching just now, and that's why I hatched this piece.

SECRET LODGES.

Law, yes, honey, I used to be sorter opposed to secret lodges on general principles, and if I have changed very much in that respect, nobody has noticed it.

Of course there is probably something purty good in the secret lodges, but they are too doggon selfish with it. If the Free Masons and the other gangs of goat-riders have got something hid away in their tail pocket that is of such wonderful value, it is their duty to give the public the benefit of it. They certainly ain't got anything better than the teachings of Christ, and He didn't go behind closed doors and whisper His truths to a few favorites who were able to pay lodge dues. No-sir! He went about openly telling the good news to all who would stop and listen.

Now, Mister Goat-Straddler, have you got something that is better than the Sermon on the Mount, or have you got something that you are ashamed of? Huh? I am waiting for an answer.

The letters M. D. after a doctor's name mean "Money Down."

The FOOL-KILLER

RELIGIOUS FOOL
GAMBLING FOOL
MEDICAL FOOL
SOCIETY FOOL

VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1913. NO. 6.

"America"—Revised.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of no liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land of race-suicide,
Land of the law defied,
Each town and country-side
A grafter's ring.

My native country, thee,
Where many scandals be,
And sin and shame,
Why love thy pampered pets
Who steal without regrets,
While the poor slave who sweats
Starves just the same?

Oh, Washington, our pride,
Where lobbyists abide,
Shameless and bold;
Where Mulhall and his crew
Bought House and Senate too.
How well them rascals knew
The power of gold!

Clean the Inside, Boys.

Up at Washington for some time past they have had about fifty or a hundred workmen employed on our great Capitol building—cleaning up and painting the outside of it.

Say, fellers, it don't matter so much about the outside. That could have waited till some leisure time. Why in the gee-whiz don't you clean up the inside first? That's where most of the nastiness is.

The recent lobby investigation merely stirred up the nastiness and made it stink wusser, but it didn't clean up things worth a hardly.

The entire inside of the Capitol is working alive with Mulhall maggots and Lamar lice, and that old bulldog known as the National Association of Manufacturers has been clawing fleas in there for the past ten years.

We have at last had the lid lifted off and the filth stirred up so we can smell it, but that won't help matters any unless we go ahead and have a genteel cleaning-up spell.

Come down off the dome, boys, and give Congress and the Senate a few good doses of your soap and hot water.

Prayer to McAdoo.

O thou great big-hearted and generous Master McAdoo, thou who holdest the draw-string of the national money-bag, hurrah for thee! We have just read in the papers about that hundred million plunks which thou art sending into the South and West. That hits us exactly in the right spot, O Master McAdoo, and we are constrained to fling ourselves at thy feet and declare to the world that thou art the truck. Thou hast shot the panic with a ton of greenback before it got close enough to bite us.

Now all the banks will be running after us and begging us to borrow money. That will suit us, you bet. We always did like to borrow money from the bank. But paying it back is a hoss of another color. Canst thou not fix it so we won't have to pay it back?

We understand, O Master McAdoo, that thou wilt loan the sinkers to the banks at two per cent, and then they will loan them to us at six per cent. And right there is what hurts Hanner's leg. Maybe we don't understand the financial question, but it looks to us like thou art fixing to take four per cent from us and give it to the banks. Why not reverse the thing and give us the first pull at the sugar-tit? Why not loan it to us at two per cent, and then let us soak the banks for six per cent? They are better able to stand it than we are.

Great Master McAdoo, we are in a dreadful quandary about this money business. We can't tell to save our gizzards whether to thank thee for thy generosity or cuss thee for being in cahoot with our natural enemy, the money power. But we will hope for the best and take all we can get. That's the way everybody does.

If thou art actuated by a worthy motive and an honest desire to help us, thy plans cannot fail. Thou wilt become the biggest pumpkin on the Wilson vine, and we will owe thee a million thanks. We desire, therefore, to pay thee one thank in advance, to bind the trade, and we will pay the other 999,999 thanks when we get the money. Amen.

* * *

Be Careful, Tom!

If our Democratic Vice-President, Tom Marshall, don't be mighty careful somebody is liable to mistake him for a wild-eyed Socialist. In the course of a speech at Aurora, Illinois, on July 27th, the Vice-President of the United States of America uttered these words:

> "Uninformed men, like unbroken horses, shy at things they do not understand. To many Americans the word Socialism suggests terror. They do not know that there are many phases of Socialism. They are unaware that many doctrines advocated by some branch of the Socialists are being put into operation year by year by the different States of the Union. The Socialism which manifests itself in work of love and helpfulness can abide within a representative democracy. Right-minded men who read the life of the Man of Galilee agree that His teaching was Socialistic."

Um—er—now what? Is it possible that the Vice-President has turned traitor to his party and his country, or is he honestly trying to tell the truth? You little Democratic upstarts who have been disputing my word about it—now let's see you bristle up to your own Vice-President and call him a blab-mouthed liar.

* * *

And still the complaints come in saying that The Fool-Killer is not being received regularly. Doggon it, what's the matter? If I hear much more of this, several postmasters will be called on to do some explaining.

Good-bye, Cow-Corpse.

Goodbye, Mister Cow! Farewell, Mister Hog! It seems that you critters are getting a heap stuck-up-er than you useter wuz.

I notice that a Chicago stockyards expert has given out figures to show that the habit of eating meat has decreased fifty per cent during the last ten years, and he figures that in ten years more meat will be a luxury to be afforded only by the millionaire class.

And what a calamity that will be!

Say, Mister Cow, how does it strike you, anyhow? Ain't you plum heart-broken about it?

Think of having to be turned out in the woods to shift for yourself instead of being taken to the dear old stockyards where you could have your head gently cut off and your carcass done up in purty tin boxes!

I am sorry you cow critters are holding your heads so high, making yourselves the victims of race-suicide instead of being mercifully murdered and eaten by two-legged cannibals.

Now when the boarding-houses wear out the sole-leather steak that their boarders have been gnawing on for the last twenty years without making a dent in it, what will take its place?

That is a solemn question.

* * *

When that big able-bodied earthquake rolled over in its sleep and kicked the props out from under Bulgaria, it didn't take many days to wind up the nasty old war. Now if a similar earthquake would come along and shake up them Mexican greasers till they could spit up shoe-heels, it might learn them a little bit of sense.

* * *

Maybe you noticed that President Wilson and Ambassador Wilson didn't hug and kiss any.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.,

of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Mgr., " " "
Publisher, " " "

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of August, 1913.

W. G. MEADOWS, N. P.

My commission expires 4—16, 1917.

IDIOTORIALS.

Howdy-do, McAdoo, you'll do.

If 20,000 letters make a wagon load, how many can Mulhall?

Slitskirtitis is the latest disease among sawsiety wimmen.

Bill Bryan loves to chaw talk on the "Chaw-talk-way."

Politics is just like patent medicine—every brand is the best, you know.

Democratic and Republican promises are exactly equal to an O with the rim knocked off.

It is poverty that keeps us ignorant, and ignorance that keeps us poor.

Several of our peanut statesmen have succeeded in getting their names in the Mul-Hall of Fame.

Annexing Mexico to the United States would be like tying a lighted dynamite to the devil's tail.

Henry Lane Wilson's friendship for Murderer Huerta was the millstone that sank him in shameful oblivion.

When you hear it said these days that a politician's record is "spotless," it generally means that it is solid black all over.

That feller in Texas who has started a skunk farm ought to be sent to Congress, as he likes to associate with polecats so well.

In Milwaukee recently an automobile dashed into a barber shop and knocked a man out of a chair. That was a close shave.

The latest name for the slit skirt is "legacy skirt." Now the word "legacy" is a Greek word the English meaning of which is "leg-I-see."

A headline in the Chester (Pa.) Times says: "Party of Five Escape Death by Drowning." Well, now, if that ain't a new way to escape death!

A new paper just started in North Carolina announces that it will be "Democratic and independent." Jevver see a white blackbird?

Old Rocky D. Oilyfeller says his wife is responsible for the great fortune. There he goes—trying to pack the blame off on his wife. The old rascal!

The Mexican and Balkan wars have not inspired very much war-poetry, for the reason that there ain't any words to rhyme with their outlandish names.

The Washerwoman.

If you was a poor white slave,
  Or a nigger wench,
And had to stand all day
  By a sloppy bench,
Your sleeves rolled up, your hands
  In a nasty tub,
And on some rich man's clothes
  Just scrub and scrub—

I wonder how you'd enjoy
  The cruel word
You just now spoke, and which
  She must have heard?
Would you like that said of you,
  At your humble bench,
If you was a poor white slave,
  Or a nigger wench?

When we consider that the wage slaves have nowhere else to go, it isn't any wonder that they are flocking to Socialism as their only hope.

They have established a school in New York to teach women how to talk. Now the next thing in order is a school to teach young ducks how to swim.

Say, you Simple Simon who never did own a home and never will—ain't you powerful 'fraid Socialism will "destroy your home?"

The papers continue to send their war correspondents to the front. Why in the gee-whiz don't they send them to the rear where they can get some news?

A scientist of world-wide fame
  Says radium will kill a cat;
But half a brick will do the same,
  And one don't have to pay for that.

Last year's leading fashion was the hobbleskirt, which limited the length of the step to five inches. This year they have split it open to give more leg room. By next year they will probably take it off entirely.

First it was warships; and then it was torpedo boats to destroy the warships; and then it was torpedo boat destroyers to destroy the torpedo boats; and now they are working on a doofunny to destroy the destroyers. If human cussedness ain't just about to swallow itself with its breeches on, I wish you'd please tell me what it lacks?

One of my subscribers in the Hawaiian Islands writes that David Kaphokoakimokeweonah has just been appointed postmaster at Honolulu. Since receiving this information I have bought three new encyclopedias and hired a man to pronounce the gentleman's name for me on the installment plan, and when he gets the job completed I will announce the result. By close application I hope to begin on the last syllable about the middle of October.

Some More "Shop-Talk."

Well, fellers, I have done my best, and some of you have done purty well, but still the money to pay for that linotype machine is not yet in sight. The machine was to have been shipped out of New York about Sept. 5th, but the company has kindly consented to delay the shipment until a little later in the fall.

Subscription receipts have been plum good for this dull season of the year, but not sufficient to pay running expenses and buy $3,000 machines.

However, the dull season will soon be over, and the prospects are good for the biggest boom in the history of the paper. If you 25,000 paid-up subscribers will each do just a little bit of hustling for me, I surely to goodness can save enough money during the fall run to pay for the machinery which is so urgently needed.

Now instead of setting any more dates for getting the new machinery in operation, I aim to work for it still harder but not talk about it so blamed much. When the thing happens I'll climb a tree and holler so you can all hear about it. And in the meantime, every one of you see if you can't beat every other one sending in new subs. I don't aim to be satisfied till I get a fire-proof office building equipped with a linotype machine, a web press, and everything else that is needed in a first-class printing office. Whether I succeed this year, next year, or the year after, I aim to stay right with it till I do succeed. And I want you all to stay with me and lend me a helping hand. Will you do it?

Comrades, you know The Fool-Killer is your paper as well as mine, and after awhile, when it covers the nation even as rags cover the poor, you will be glad that you gave me a helping hand in time of need. Therefore continue the good work which you have so bravely begun. Don't rest and don't let anybody else rest until every grown man in your neighborhood is a subscriber to The Fool-Killer. If ever the common people needed to do some independent thinking it is now, and The Fool-Killer will give them something to think about.

Now go it, good boys! Just "shell the woods" with Fool-Killers and don't let a man escape. Let the clubs pour in here like four men a-measuring apples, and if I don't keep 'em awake you can have my head for a maul.

How many samples d'ye want?

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

WHOA, BILLY-GOAT, WHOA!

Douglas, Ga.,
July 30th, 1913.

Editor "The Fool-Killer,"

Dear Sir:—Inasmuch as I am a stock-holder in "The Fool-Killer" to the extent of a regular reader, and that I have incidentally absorbed so much interest that when I go to write my mother-in-law a letter I begin to tune up either my natural humor or some of the Pearsonitis that is in my system, I must respond to the interrogation incubated by our anti-Goat-Straddler.

My dear sir, the silliest thing I have ever seen in The Fool-Killer is this one item. I certainly think you was off your guard when you hatched this mistake. You have very ably presented exactly my sentiments on the question of Catholicism. I consider you in position to publish the "Plutocratic Prayer," but you are not in position to write the item on "Secret Orders," which weakens your "Plutocratic Prayer" by reason of the obvious ignorance of the adjoining item.

Now don't lose sight of the fact that I am your friend. That is why I am calling your attention to one mistake you have unthoughtedly made. When my subscription is out, don't stop the paper—let me know and the price will be sent very gladly. The reason I haven't sent in any clubs is that I am Official Goat-Saddler in my community and haven't had time. Yours very truly,

W. R. WILSON.

Oh, dear me, now I am into it for shore certain. I was just playing with them-thar goats—sorter pulling their whiskers a little—and didn't mean nary bit of harm by it. But, lo and behold, I've got the Masonic goat and several other goats after me, just a-buttin' and a-buttin, wusser than a Harvard team suffering with a case of foot-ball.

Say, honey, do a goat love candy? If not then what in the name of goodness do a goat love? I want to find out so I can get some of it and make friends with these-here goats before they plum spile my good looks.

Honest, now, I didn't say anything so terrible bad about the Masons and other secret lodges. Read my article again and you will see that I said there was probably something pretty good in them. And also suggested that it looked to me like such a good thing ought not to be hid in a closet, but put out where as many people as possible could get the benefit of it. But there is room, of course, for differences of opinion. It probably depends on the nature of the good thing as to whether it ought to be made too public or not. You fellers who are on the inside know more about that than I do and I shall not argue with you.

The fact that the Masons are opposed to Romanism is one good point in their favor. The discovery of that fact raised the Masons about five miles in my estimation.

But still I have never quite got the consent of my mind to risk my neck in the goat-riding business. Maybe I will sometime. Anyway, if you fellers will call off your old goats and make 'em quit buttin' me, I won't say nary nuther word.

MUCK BY THE CAR-LOAD.

Yes, honey, they have been stirring up another powerful stink up at Washington. Found a polecat's nest and been trying to count the eggs. Got the old daddy polecat to help do the counting, and he broke the whole setting and found them all rotten.

In other words, they captured the bell-wether of the lobby gang and have been twisting some mighty interesting facts out of him with the government corkscrew.

Talk about muck-raking! My sakes alive! The testimony of Martin M. Mulhall before the Senate lobby investigating committee proves beyond a doubt that there is plenty of muck to rake. As much as the so-called "muck-raking" periodicals have had to say on corrupt politics, they had never told it half. Mulhall admits having been, for many years, the secret agent of the National Association of Manufacturers, and that he has bought, bribed and corrupted dozens and scores of our honorable (?) and patriotic (?) statesmen. The organized grafters of the country have been running things at Washington just as they pleased for many years. Some of us "dangerous agitators" have known it all the time—and have said so—but the good sugar-mouthed "conservatives" have been mighty slow to catch on. Well, I hope they are convinced at last.

* * *

A young lady artist advertises that she wants to get a realistic expression of suffering. She can get it by going to the headquarters of the National Association of Manufacturers.

* * *

Help me scatter Fool-Killers.

Chicago's "Charity Ball."

The over-gorged rich of Shecawgo have a habit of giving, once a year, what they call a "charity ball," supposed to be for the benefit of the poor. That's very nice and kind of them, ain't it? Well, just hold your 'tater a minute and we'll see.

They are just now beginning to sober up from a recent "charity ball." On this occasion the sawsiety swells of "Hogopolis" had them one more royal and riotous time, as you may gather from the following figures which I have taken from the daily papers:

Wealth represented,	$500,000,000
Cost of jewelry worn,	10,000,000
Cost of clothing worn,	1,000,000
Cost of fancy costumes,	100,000
Most costly jewelry worn,	250,000
Received for drinks,	10,000
Total receipts,	43,000
Expenses of the ball,	29,000
Left for charity,	14,000

In this guzzling debauch, where half-naked women turkey-trotted with booze-bloated men, there was enough vulgar display of ill-gotten wealth to puke all the buzzards in forty states. It will be noticed that $10,000 was spent for likker, and that the total expenses of the ball amounted to more than twice as much as the little dribble they gave to charity.

The total wealth of the families represented at that shameful shindig was nearly enough to buy out Rockefeller, breeches, boots and baggage, and yet after drinking ten thousand dollars worth of popskull and hugging each other's half-naked wives till the roosters crowed for day, they were only able to raise a measley $14,000 for charity.

Just think of it, will you? Sawsiety has to indulge in a drunken debauch in order for a few dollars to reach the suffering and poverty-stricken. As a matter of fact, at these charity balls not a single thought is ever given to charity. There is not one worthy or uplifting impulse at the back of these degenerate revels and booze-saturated jamborees. Their only object is to see who can drink and carouse in the most beastly manner and make the biggest display of ungodly wealth.

"Charity ball!" Aw, bite a hog!

More Idiotorials.

It is perfectly awful what a hard time the sawsiety people do have. Some of them have to get up as early as ten o'clock in the morning in order to keep up with their social duties.

* * *

After long delay we are reliably informed that the earth weighs exactly seven billion tons. Nearly as heavy as the bag of money that McAdoo is going to scatter out among us.

* * *

You can call a man who drives sheep a shepherd and he don't care, but if you call a man who drives cows a coward he is liable to fight you. This English language of ours is a great thing, anyhow.

* * *

Jo See Fuss Dan Yells, our honorable Secretary of the Navy, is awful skeered of the red flag, although it has never harmed or threatened to harm the nation in any way. But you just ought to hear Jo See Fuss yell and applaud the old Confederate flag which once drenched the land in blood. Ain't that consistency with a brass handle to it?

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers—Pearson.)

CONSIDER THE FLEA.

Speaking of bravery, what's the matter with the little old razor-backed, hopping flea? It was old man Solomon, I believe, who advised us to consider the ant. But I think Sol let a mighty good chance get away when he failed to call our attention to the festive and fleet-footed flea.

Say, you old puckery plugs of humanity, did you ever lay aside your corn-cob pipe long enough to consider the flea? Did you ever wake up in the shank end of the night with a sensation as if a fisherman was digging for bait in the small of your back?

I can see you with my mind's eye as you get up in your shirt-tail and light the lamp. It doesn't matter to you that the window is open, and that the young courting couples are passing on their way home from night meeting. I see you twist that flowing garment first to one side and then the other, and crane your neck like a sick gander as you try to take a fine sight down your backbone.

At last you catch sight of the cause of all your trouble. He is sitting cross legged under the hem of your shirt-tail and quietly chewing on that hunk of meat that he excavated from the region of your spine.

You set your jaws like a vise and your fingers like a steel-trap, and—grab! You rub that shirt-tail between your finger and thumb till it begins to smoke, and then you open up, expecting to find the mutilated remains of that flea. But about thirteen times out of a dozen you will be somewhat surprised at the abrupt and pronounced manner in which he is not there.

You rub liniment on that flea-bite, at the same time thinking a few words that it isn't proper for nice folks to say. Then you sadly puff out the light and tumble back into your bunk. You ain't more than got to sawing gourds right good till Mr. Flea is back on the job with a steam drill and two or three hired hands.

Ah, dogon your spotted hide, mister, you can't get ahead of the flea. He is the most active and elusive creature in all the earth. He can bite you on the hip or big toe, and then be a hundred yards off and sound asleep in the dog-house before you have time to grab at him.

The flea has absolutely no fear. I don't know whether he is naturally a dare-devil, or whether he just ain't got sense enough to be afraid. But I guess he knows that the clumsy fingers of a mere human are not hard for him to dodge.

The flea can out-jump all creation. He is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and he can easily jump five feet, or 960 times his own length. The average man is nearly six feet tall. In order to jump as far as Mr. Flea (considering the size of the jumper] a man would have to jump something over a mile. And wouldn't that be some jumping, though? If you could jump 960 times your own length, you could draw a bigger crowd than all the circuses and soon be richer than John Rob-a-feller. And yet the little old pesky flea can do that and we never think anything about it.

If there was an animal a million times bigger than you are, I think you'd be sorter careful how you messed with it. You wouldn't be apt to crawl up its leg and bite it on the belly or the shoulder blade. You'd be afraid. But you are a million times bigger than a flea, and he don't ask you one bit of odds. He just shoulders his little meat-axe and goes galloping over your mortal corporosity any time he feels like it, and the only thing you can do is to claw and cuss.

And so it seems to me that even the flea possesses some traits of character that we might learn to admire if we would just go at it in the right way.

Therefore I say unto you, consider the flea.

BOOZERS BEAT BOBTAIL.

We claim to have prohibition in North Carolina, but still, somehow, the thirsty ones manage to get their booze. In this connection let me say that I am a prohibitionist myself. I voted for the measure and would do so again. Its failure to prohibit all drunkenness is not so much the fault of the law—it is more the fault of the red nosed hypocrites who refuse to enforce the law. Lots of the two-faced rascals who openly favor a prohibition law are secretly opposed to its enforcement. I have ten times more respect for the fellow who openly advocates likker than I do for the big-mouthed hypocrite who claims to be a prohibitionist—who talks it and votes it—and then sneaks off and fills his miserable old freckled hide with cheap likker when he thinks no one will find it out. The woods are full of such cattle, and many of them occupy high places in society, church and state. Such men make me tired. When they get away from home and reach a wet town they bust their gee string getting into the back door of the first saloon they can find and soak their hypocritical old paunches with tan-yard likker until they are so drunk they couldn't hit the floor with a handful of buckshot in three throws.

"A LOYAL CATHOLIC."

Sound View, Conn.,
Aug. 2nd, 1913.

Ed. The Fool-Killer:—Stop my subscription to your damned foolish paper at once, and never dare send another copy into my house. If you do I will put you in State Prison. I have just read your fool "Plutocratic Prayer," and being a loyal Catholic I can but resent with extreme loathing and contempt your vile insults to our Holy Father, the Pope. I have tried to be a liberal-minded man. I have read extensively on all sides of nearly all questions. I have taken the Appeal to Reason, the Call, and many other trashy papers that I really ought not to have taken, for they are all bombast and bunco sheets. But when these papers get to attacking and ridiculing the religion of millions upon millions of the finest people on God's earth, I think it is high time to call a halt. It may seem amusing to you to let off such senseless stuff, but it only excites pity and contempt in the minds of all sensible men. Instead of being a "fool-killer," I should certainly call you a damned fool. Yours contemptously,

Charles James Budlong.

Thar now! Wouldn't that jar yer slats? Don't it beat Bobtail what purty talk a "loyal Catholic" can have? It must be a double-geared jimdandy of a religion which allows its "loyal" adherents to decorate their talk with so many beautiful "damns." But it seems to be a fact that the more "loyal" a Catholic is, the more vehemently he can cuss. I get a good many abusive letters like the above from "loyal" Catholics, and they never fail to wind up with a few well-selected "damns" or other elegant cuss-words.

The original of the above letter is on file in this office, and anybody is welcome to see it. My main reason for printing it here is to show the world what kind of wicked and profane characters it takes to be "loyal Catholics."

Ain't it a miserable poor come-off that a man who claims to be God's private secretary on earth has to have his cause defended by such a profanity-squirter as this feller Budlong? Ain't that a powerful high recommendation for the pappy's brand of religion? How many sinners do you suppose will be turned from the error of their way by such language?

Say, Bud, I am not quite certain whether you are a priest or not but you probably are. Anyway, you seem to have all the qualifications for one, such as cussing, lying, and so forth, and I guess you could reel off the love-talk to the women at "confession."

Now run along, Bud, and play with your toes. You ain't worth any more of my attention.

That's right! Send in the clubs.

No, No, My Dear Patty!

Oh, golly-whoop! Shoo-fly! Booger-man! This is the limit. I have before me a letter from a fool Irishman who claims to be a Socialist and a Catholic, and it seems like The Fool-Killer has got sorter next to some of his tender places. He just rears and charges like a mad stud-hoss, and it would take nine Philadelphia lawyers to find out what he is mad about. Poor little Patty! He probably has an idea that his duck-fit will have a powerful influence on The Fool-Killer, but he is sure barking up the wrong tree this time. However, there is one expression in this pitiful echo from an empty head that I must notice. After rip-staving all over the page in an attempted defense of the infidels, he winds up by saying:

"I am a Catholick, and so are you."

Oh, for the love of Mike! I have been called about everything else bad, but that is the first time I was ever accused of being a Roman Catholic. A very little of that is too much. Call me a Bull Moose or a Bull Goose; call me a Populist; call me a Socialist; yea, even call me a Taftite or a Democrat if you must, but for heaven's sake, don't add insult to injury by calling me a Roman Catholic.

Mr. K. of C. Played a Joke On Himself.

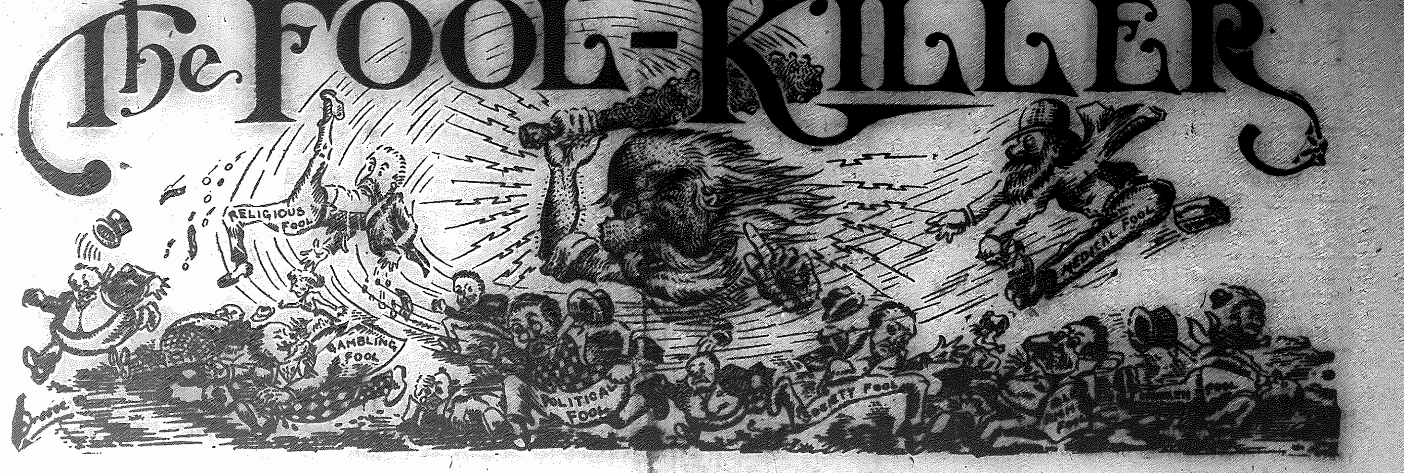
Chicago, Illinois,
August 5th, 1913.

The Fool-Killer,

One of our "defenders of the Pope" (K. of C.) friends found the July issue of your paper on the car the other morning, and in it noticed what he thought was a slam at Masonry. He didn't notice the "Plutocratic Prayer," however, and handed your paper to a Mason. When the "Prayer" was read by several of the boys they became very interested and wanted to subscribe for the paper. The K. of C. got wise to what he had handed out, and made a grab for the paper and burned it. Not until one of us had taken your address, though, thank goodness. Everyone who read the "Prayer" has subscribed for your paper, and if we had a few sample copies I believe we could get a few hundred subscribers here at the shop. We have approximately one thousand subscribers to "The Menace" in our factory. Inclosed find three dollars ($3.00) for twenty yearly subscriptions as per the attached list. Kindly start these off with the July issue if possible.

Very sincerely,
(Name omitted for good reason.)

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1913. NO. 7.

Bryan's Chaw-Talk-Way Speech.

Here I am.

I guess you all know me.

I look a good deal like the cartoons of me in the papers.

Drot the cartoonists, anyhow!

My name is Bryan.

Some folks call me Bill.

Others call me Kernel.

But it all amounts to the same.

I am your honorable Secretary of State.

Me and Woodrow Wilson are running this government.

A big fellow by the name of Taft had the job before we got it.

Taft believed in high tariff, and the high tariff made everything else high.

The cost of living went up so high that nobody only millionaires could stand it.

Me and Woodrow said that was wrong.

We believed in low tariff, and we promised to bring the price of grub down within reach of the poor.

It was on the strength of these promises that you elected Woodrow, and then he appointed me to tell him what to do.

The first thing I told him was to knock the stilts from under the tariff.

He knocked 'em.

That is, he knocked at 'em.

But the job ain't as easy as it looked.

We are still wrestling with the tariff, and the end is not in sight.

You suckers are paying me $12,000 a year to do a certain job of work.

That's about forty dollars a day.

Or four dollars an hour.

Maybe I ought to stay on the job for that much money.

But here's how it is:

My Jeffersonian simplicity is so strict, and the cost of living has come down so much, that I simply can't live on $12,000 a year during these prosperous Democratic times.

And hence it is necessary for you suckers to pay me $1,000 a night to neglect the work which you have hired me to do, and strut before the footlights as a Chaw-talk-way star.

I am getting double pay for my time, and then using it as my own.

Can anybody beat that?

Say, you feller that works in a shop for $1.50 a day!

Suppose you walk off from your work tomorrow morning and put in the day giving a Chaw-talk-way lecture to the man who pays you to work in the shop.

Will you get double pay and an invitation to do it again?

Not on your life, buddy!

You'll get fired quicker than howdy, and on top of that you'll get the doggondest cussin' that ever you got.

Gee, but you fellers are easy!

You are a great gang of Henry Dubbs, all right.

And so endeth this Chaw-talk-way lecture.

Good-night, suckers!

Let's Cut Him Open and See.

Doctor Think, he thought the patient had a dislocated hip;
Doctor Smart was very certain he was suffering with grip;
Doctor Guess then diagnosed it as a swimming in the head;
Doctor Stuff said nothing ailed him, only he'd been underfed.
Doctor Gash said: "Well, by grannies, seeing that we can't agree,
Let's cut him open and see."

Doctor Plug announced it measles, pointing to the patient's tongue;
Doctor Quack, he said consumption had destroyed the fellow's lung;
Doctor Puff had every reason to believe it was the gout;
Doctor Blow declared his stomach simply needed cleaning out;
Doctor Gash rolled up his sleeves, and with authority spake he:
"Let's cut him open and see."

Doctor Pill believed the patient had a "humor" in his blood;
Doctor Squill said it was hookworm, caught by wading in the mud;
Doctor Doubt said fits or fever, and he weren't quite certain which;
Doctor Claw said it was nothing but the plain, old-fashioned itch;
Doctor Gash said: "You 'uns hold 'im! Hand that carving-knife to me!
Let's cut him open and see."

James Larkin Pearson.

How to Use Patent Medicines.

Sick Headache—Place a paper of Killum's Headache Powders in the slop bucket, then go to bed and rest till your head gets easy.

Pain or Cramps—Put a bottle of Painkiller in the ice-box and go without dinner.

Cold in the Head—Put a bottle of Dr. Sting's New Dope on the top shelf of the cupboard and go to work as usual.

Fretful Children—Empty a bottle of Mrs. Sally Swiggins's Soothing Syrup on the sole of an old shoe, rub in well, and apply to the child until the symptoms disappear.

Cold Feet—Pour one-half pint of any reliable tonic over behind the back-stick, and then sit down and poke your feet to the fire.

Loss of Appetite—Get a box of Dr. Poysener's Liver Pills. Roll each pill around the house three times with a golf club. Eat a hearty dinner.

◆

Speaking of "coming back," what's the matter with Harry?

THE THAW DOPE.

My-y-y-o! Did you ever stop and think of the time and money that has been wasted by the American people in reading about Harry Thaw?

And here I go, adding some more to the collection of Thaw literature! Doggoned if it don't look like the rest of us are about as crazy as Thaw is, or we would not waste our time writing and reading about the onnery cuss.

You remember how it was when the Thaw businesss started several years ago. Let's figger on it just a little. We will say that probably 1,000 daily papers devoted four columns each to the Thaw case every day for about six months. Each of these 1,000 daily papers probably averaged 50,000 circulation, which would give a total circulation of 50,000,000.

Now we will suppose that an average of half those who got the papers spent an hour each day reading the Thaw dope. There we have 25,000,000 people employed for one hour each day. Figuring their time at ten cents an hour we get $2,500,000 as the cost of reading about Thaw for one day. Multiplying that by the number of days in six months we get $455,000,000, which is a reasonable estimate of what it cost the American people to read about Thaw while he was in the limelight before. And now we are starting in again. Where will it end?

◆

If the plutes of the Benighted States want somebody to go down and defend their property interests in Mexico, why in the gee-whiz don't they go themselves?

◆

Many a Rastus whose voice was made to drive a team of muley bulls with, has got it hemmed up in one corner of a two-story collar trying to make it preach.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Hadn't we better let Mexico alone until we get New York subdued? Huh?

The Roman Catholics tell us that Saint Peter was the first pope of the Roman Catholic church. Then it's a clear case that Peter wasn't as puffed up over his job as the present pope, or he would have said something about it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Has Wilson's low-cost-of-living hit you yet?

A man's will power is helpless when it butts up against a woman's won't power.

Tammany seems to think Governor Bromo Sulzer is pretty bad medicine.

If two governors can't manage little old New York, why in the dickens don't they appoint a few more?

In sending in subscriptions to this paper, please state whether they are renewals or new subs. Don't forget this.

Canada is usually a pretty cold country, but they have been having a Thaw up there for the past few weeks. Slush!

At the present rate, Woodrow's low-cost-of-living is due to reach us about the time that old Aunt Sindy gets to be a little girl.

I want to get a letter right plum quick from every person who reads these lines, and I want each letter to contain a whopping big club.

If you want to read some of the richest burlesque and keenest satire you ever saw. just keep a skinned eye on The Fool-Killer.

If all the men and women in the world were put together into just one big man and woman—wouldn't there be two of the torn-down-est big fools!

Ain't it awful funny to think about how dearly the dog does love the rabbit? Say, Rube, the silk-hatted plute loves you just like that.

Jewels valued at $75,000 were recently stolen from the home of C. C. Rumsey at Narragansett. I just dare any old thief to attempt such a trick as that at my house.

"Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold," sang the fair lady in the church choir. But all the time she took care to stand where the light could reflect on her gold watch and diamond necklace.

The inventive genius of modern man is doing wonders, and it could do still greater wonders if it had a better chance. Society could be re-organized along lines that would give every human being a gracious plenty of the good things of life; but the infernal hoggishness of the "privileged class" entrenched behind breastworks of gold will not allow it to be done. Oh, the craven cussedness of criminal wealth!

Lee S. Overman, a U. S. Senator from North Carolina, is quoted as saying that W. Henry Davis, editor of The Hornet, is personally known to him to be "a clever gentleman, with fine ability, and exceedingly industrious." Well, what of that? A thief can be "clever;" a grand rascal can have "ability;" and we all know that the devil is "exceedingly industrious." Make another pass at it, Mister Senator.

As a further proof that it is impossible to please everybody, I see where some kind of a French female thing is advocating a "baby tax," while Roosevelt would like to grant all mothers a graduated pension and a vote of thanks. Who is right? Are there too many babies, or not enough? Hanged if I can answer it! Can you? But speaking of a baby-tax, it always seemed to me that the arrival of a new baby was both the tax and the receipt. It does seem, however, that the distribution of the kid business is all out of whack. They all come and put up at Poverty Flats where they can't be half raised, while the palatial homes of the rich are childless. But there is where the poodle dog has his inning, and that's some help—to the dog!

BRING THEM IN.

Howdy, brethren and sistren! How do you all come on this fine morning? It has been a whole long month since I pulled your latch-string and scraped my brogans on your door-step, and I was getting awful anxious to see you again. I am your preacher, you know, and I'm plum doggon proud of my congregation. I am preaching to 100,000 of you this month. Just think what a crowd that would be if you were all together. I have never seen your faces, and of course I never will, but we are friends just the same. I feel a personal interest in every one of you, and I want you to feel the same way toward me. I am doing my best to give you some jimdandy good preaching. If you like the way I spoon out the hot truck, please invite all your friends to come to our meetin'. Pew rent is only fifteen cents a year if as many as five will come in together. We are going to have a regular revival from now on, and the mourner's bench will be crowded all the time. Every service will be worth a dollar. So please show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and invite them to our Fool-Killer meetin'. If they try to make excuses, just grab them by the coat-tail and bring 'em along anyhow.

Another Romish Devil Caught.

Just as this issue of The Fool-Killer goes to press the daily papers contain a blood-curdling account of the awful crime of another Romish hellian, and his capture by the police of New York.

"Rev." Hans Schmidt, a Roman Catholic priest, is the villian of this true story. A priest can't marry, you know, but this buck "fell in love" with a servant girl and went through the operation of "marrying" her to himself in secret, acting as both priest and bridegroom.

Thus they secretly lived together in secret "marriage," and after awhile it developed that the "wife" would soon become a mother. All of a sudden it occured to Mister Priest that if his "secrets" kept on multiplying that way they would begin to leak out before long and would be sure to get him into trouble. The girl must be disposed of at once. I don't know why he didn't hide her in a convent like they usually do in such cases, unless he thought that would be too mild a crime to satisfy his blood-thirsty nature.

Anyway, the upshot of it all was that this "holy man of God" slipped into the bed-room where the girl he "loved" (?) was asleep and prayerfully socked a butcher-knife through her trusting heart.

In his confession he tells how he toted the dead girl to the bath-room, placed her in the bath-tub, and cut her to pieces with the butcher-knife and a saw. After which he wrapped up the pieces in bed-clothes, smuggled them to the river and dropped them in. Then with a sigh of relief, the "holy" man went back to his church to hear confessions and forgive sins! Oh, the devil! Why WILL civilized people allow such a hellish system to exist among them?

But there is another chapter to the story. Some of the pieces of the dismembered girl were found in the river, and the murder was traced by detectives right to the door of Saint Joseph's Roman Catholic church, and "Rev." Hans Schmidt, seeing that the jig was up with him, made a full confession of the whole bloody crime.

There is your wolf with the sheep's clothing removed. Look at it. This is not an isolated case. Hans Schmidt is part of a diabolical system that carries on such work as a regular business.

If you love your neighbor the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to The Fool-Killer.

Supper Time.

O mammy, whar's my cup o' milk?
An' whar's my chunk o' bread?
I wants ter eat my supper now,
An' go ter bed.

We don't have nothin' much ter eat,
We's allers bin so pore;
We jes' makes out on bread an' milk,
An' nothin' more.

But, lordy! Jes' to crumb it in,
An' eat it wid a spoon!
Dat sho'ly am a-plenty good
Fer any coon.

James Larkin Pearson.

◆

AIN'T SHE A PEACH?

A female woman up in Yankee Doodle somewhere has writ a piece for the paper in which she skins the Woman Suffrage movement from A to Izzard, and then some.

And of all the outlandish and unreasonable arguments that ever were hatched up, this anti-suffrage woman certainly does cap the stack. She actually has the gall to declare that the existing wage scale for female labor is too high, and openly advocates a reduction of the same.

Great balls of fire! Women workers being paid too much! Yes, she says such princely incomes have a tendency to prevent marriage by making the working girls feel too independent. We must go to the girl who has to support herself and four little orphan sisters on four dollars a week and say to her:

"Look-y here, Missy, you are making too much money and getting too independent. We now propose to cut down your wages just half, and thus force you to marry some good-for-nothing trollop and go to adding more mouths to those you are already not able to feed."

My stars alive! Wouldn't that be business? Wouldn't that lift the burdens and make life one grand sweet song?

Just as if the working girls are not keen enough to marry whenever they can get a decent chance! The trouble is, their scant wages, and their eagerness for a change, so often lead them into the net of the "white slaver," and then the jig is up for certain.

Say, Mossback, you are a purty bird to be trying to set yourself up as a leader of thought. Go buy you a spelling-book and a First Reader and learn something.

◆

"There is danger of expecting too much at the hands of the Democratic party," says a Democratic exchange. Too much what? It depends altogether on what you are expecting, buddy. For my part, I ain't expecting anything only the same old skin-game that we have always had.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

When We Evolute Some More.

Wiggling tadpoles!

Mother of monkeys!

And the Old Scratch goin' for the granny!

I see where another one of them-thar University of Chicago professors has broke out in a fresh place.

The story is told by a writer in The Rural Weekly, and the substance of it is that Prof. Frederick Starr has poked his head through a crack in the high board fence that divides the present from the future, and has thus been able to see what the men and women of the future will look like.

And gee-whilikins! If Fred's eyes don't fool him, the future inhabitants of the earth will certainly be beauts. They will be toothless, hairless and toeless, says the professor. These results will come about through the workings of evolution, the well-known science invented by Mr. Darwin.

Prof. Starr goes on to prove by the downrightness of straight up that the human race is gradually tending toward a toothless and hairless condition, and that our toes will drop off one by one like faulty cucumbers after a big frost.

Well, there is always two sides to every question, and sometimes five or six. The loss of our hair, teeth and toes would seem, at first thought, to be a great calamity, but when you look at it from all sides it may not be so bad, after all. We won't be bothered any more with toe-itch, toothache and head-lice, and that will help some.

In regard to eating, we can live on thin soup for a few hundred years, and by that time evolution will have done away with the stomach entirely. Then we can just kiss our bald-headed wives for breakfast, lick our lips for dinner, and think about it for supper. The time we now waste in eating can be used for work, and—but say!—what in the thunder will we work for if we don't need to eat? Clothes? Shucks, that won't do, because evolution has got into the fashion business and the tendency is to less and less clothing every year, especially among the women. At the present rate we will all be going naked as peeled oysters long before our teeth and toe-nails depart.

Verily, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but if we continue to evolute till we get thoroughly evoluted all over, I just bet we could take a prize at a beauty show.

◆

I'M A-TALKIN' TO YOU.

Well, boys, I've tongue-lashed every thing else I can think of just now, and I'm going to change ends with my mouth and talk good to you fellows who have been helping me along. I can spin the yarns and manufacture the sassy talk, but I can't get it circulated without your help. I must depend on my friends to show the paper to their friends and get up clubs.

A great many editors offer premiums to club-raisers, but I have put the price of The Fool-Killer so low that I can't give premiums. The premium business is a rather "Cheap John" sort of game, anyway, and I prefer to put the paper down as low as possible and let it stand on its own merits. I have been going it that way for several years and it has been a success, and I see no reason for making a change.

My regular club rate gives everybody a reduction of ten cents (giving them the paper at fifteen cents each) if as many as five will club together.

Now, friends, just for the fun of the thing, show this copy to a dozen or so of your friends and ask them to subscribe. Get in a crowd of fellows who like something funny and read them a few pieces from The Fool-Killer, and I'll bet at least half of them will say, "I want that paper for a year." Every blessed one of my present subscribers can get up a club of five or more if they will just half try.

Please do me this little favor, friends. It won't cost you a cent, and it will mean a whole heap to me. I thank you in advance, and shall expect to hear from every one of you with a great long list of subscribers.

◆

Show this paper to your friends.

Rip Van Peepul Waking Up.

The people are patient critters, and for long centuries they have borne their burdens in silence, but to-day they are awaking from the sleep of ages and asking for their own. Socialism is the wail of the oppressed, and it is becoming an universal wail. Whether the masters like to hear it or not, they must face the music, and all the devils in hell can't head it off. I say this, not as a Socialist, but as an independent and unprejudiced looker-on. Something like the spirit of the French Revolution is abroad in the earth, only this time the weapon is the ballot instead of the bullet. The old slave-and-master system has had a long and bloody reign, but its throne is beginning to totter. The horny hand of toil is reaching for the money-bag. The producer and rightful owner of all wealth is asking the robber to give him back enough to live on. Is that an unreasonable request? I think not.

◆

"The desire to possess a portion of the earth is common to all men," says an exchange. Yes, and some of the greedy scoundrels ain't satisfied with a portion—they want it all.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers.—Pearson.)

HARRY THAW.

Old Uncle Whiskers, on a winter day,
Was caught out in a storm and lost his way;
The rains descended in a perfect sheet,
And drenched the poor old man from head to feet.

When rain and wind and snow had ceased to rage,
An eager search did many souls engage;
They found him almost frozen, as they feared,
With snow and ice all in his hair and beard.

They brought him in and laid him by the fire,
To thaw him up and cause him to perspire;
He soon was warm enough to work his jaw,
And that's what I would call a hairy thaw.

Miss Pompadour—the fair aristocrat!—
In some unlucky manner lost her rat.
She found it, though, next morning, in the yard
Where sleet had fallen, and 'twas frozen hard.

She brought it in and hung it by the fire,
And much attention did the rat require,
Till it was nice and dry as e'er you saw,
And wasn't that another hairy thaw?

A rich young fellow, several years ago,
Got mixed up with a woman, as you know,
And pumped his hated rival full of lead,
Then tried to play off crazy in the head.

Some called it murder in cold blood, and some
Declared that Harry was a bug-house bum;
His honey-gal froze to him, though, by Heck,
And by hard work she saved his worthless neck.

He had the money, though he lacked for sense,
And spent a few cool millions for defense.
They made it hot for Harry with the law,
And that, no doubt, is what made Harry Thaw.

James Larkin Pearson.

* * *

That notorious Hornet advises me to "go to work." Fire and tow! There is some more of his gall! If it is harder work to swipe an article than it is to write one, then I admit that the Hornet man works harder than I do. I don't do a blessed thing but sit here at my typewriter and sweat blood trying to shape up a choice line of literary dope, while the Hornet man has the arduous task of clipping the good things out of my paper and printing them in his own sheet as original matter. Ain't you sorry for the poor feller? He does have to work so hard!

* * *

Maybe the world will find out after awhile that Roman Catholicism is not a religion at all, but simply a big political machine with a religious name.

HATS OFF TO THE HORNET!

I was just on the point of giving The Hornet another red-hot roast, but I've changed my mind. The latest evidence in the case has transported my feelings away beyond the anger and resentment stage, and I am ready to take off my hat and bow down in meek humility before the greatest aggregation of supreme gall that the world has ever known.

Whenever any man succeeds in surpassing all previous efforts in any line of endeavor, he is entitled to a certain degree of honor. The late lamented Jesse James was once a common thief; but by virtue of his superior genius in outlawry he became a hero and received the plaudits of the world. To-day the Honorable Jack Johnson (saddle-colored citizen of France) heads the list in the pugilistic field, and the white light of publicity has made him look so handsome that two or three white women have fallen in love with him.

Baseball, football, golf, tennis, and a dozen other games, all have their champions whom the world delights to honor. And so it seems to me entirely fitting and proper that the champion gall-bag of creation should be equally recognized and honored. It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to introduce the Honorable W. Henry Davis, Editor of The Hornet, whose success in the display of unmitigated gall is the wonder of the age.

In order to prove that Mr. Davis is a master in his line, and that he fully deserves all the honor that can be bestowed upon him, I will add here a plain statement of facts and let the reader judge for himself.

About three years ago I put The Hornet on my exchange list and sent The Fool-Killer to it regularly. But The Hornet was never received in exchange. However, some of my subscribers sent me marked copies of The Hornet from time to time, and I saw that a great deal of my Fool-Killer stuff was copied in it without credit. I wrote Mr. Davis a personal letter and asked him to exchange, but he refused. Then I wrote him again, enclosing my subscription to The Hornet. That brought it—for awhile. But as The Hornet's type-setter persisted in getting hold of The Fool-Killer and putting it in type instead of the "copy" which Mr. Davis evidently prepared, I was finally moved to make some remarks about it in The Fool-Killer. I merely dropped a hint that if such carelessness continued, somebody might get the idea that The Hornet was wilfully stealing my stuff.

Well, that was the last I saw of The Hornet. I was a paid-up subscriber, mind you, and was entitled to get the paper, even if I had not been sending my paper in exchange. But the subscription and the exchange both failed, and The Hornet cut me off. That was the last I saw or heard of The Hornet until a few days ago when two of my subscribers living in different states sent me marked copies of the issue of August 27. On the second page of that issue is an article headed, "The Fool-Killer Man Again," and I never knew that as many mean things could be said about a man as The Hornet said about me in six inches of type. Puke-plaster, lazy cuss, lousy cur, etc., are a few of the nice expressions he uses about me. He makes me out so mean and low-down that I would have to crawl up-hill to get into perdition.

That's good, but the rest of the story is still better. I begun to scan over my "marked copy" to see what else I could find. The first thing to catch my eye was, "A Surgical Wonder," one of my best and most original articles, which appeared in The Fool-Killer for April, 1913. I will make oath and swear that every word of that article is my own original composition, but it was printed in The Hornet without the change of a letter, and without credit. In the same issue I found several more of my articles, some of which had been more or less changed and garbled to make them fit The Hornet's politics. Just for curiosity I picked up a yardstick and began to measure, and I found seventy-two inches (making four and one-half columns) of my own writing in that one issue of The Hornet—the same issue in which I was so bitterly abused and denounced.

If anybody can head that for good old honest gall and pure unprincipled cussedness, I would like for you to trot him out. But until some other man proves his right to the championship, let us all take off our hats and bow our heads in the august presence of the Honorable W. Henry Davis!

* * *

A recent mail brought me a big fat letter which had the smell of stand-pat Republicanism on it. Among other things, the writer tries to ridicule my position on Romanism, and goes on to say that "one brand of religion is just as good as another." Well, buddy, if that's the case, why won't the same rule work in politics? Why ain't Socialism just as good as your late-lamented Taftism?

The Hand of Rome at Albany.

When it made Bill Sulzer Governor of New York, it seems that Roman Catholic Tammany Hall bit off more than it could chaw. It created Gov. Sulzer, but it couldn't manage him after it got him created.

And so the next thing in order was to trot out a few trumped-up charges against Sulzer and have him impeached by the Irish Catholic State Senate, thus elevating to the Governor's chair Lieut. Gov. Martin H. Glynn, a bigoted Roman Catholic and lickspittle of the pope.

And what is the matter with Sulzer, I'd like to know? What has he done that is so terrible bad as to demand his impeachment at the hands of Rome?

I'll tell ye: Sulzer is a staunch Protestant—a Presbyterian—who refuses to bow the knee to the "howly" father. They wanted him to pardon Blackmailer Stillwell, a Catholic Tammany buck who is now doing time in Sing Sing prison. They also wanted him to pardon the Roman Catholic police officials convicted of murder and bribery in the Rosenthal case. They wanted all kinds of special favors granted to the Romish lay-out, and Sulzer had backbone enough to say "No!" And therefore Sulzer is utterly and altogether "bad"—in the eyes of the pappycrats!

Other reasons will be given for the impeachment of Sulzer, but these are the real reasons. The lines of battle in this case are clearly drawn between America and Rome. Which side are you on?

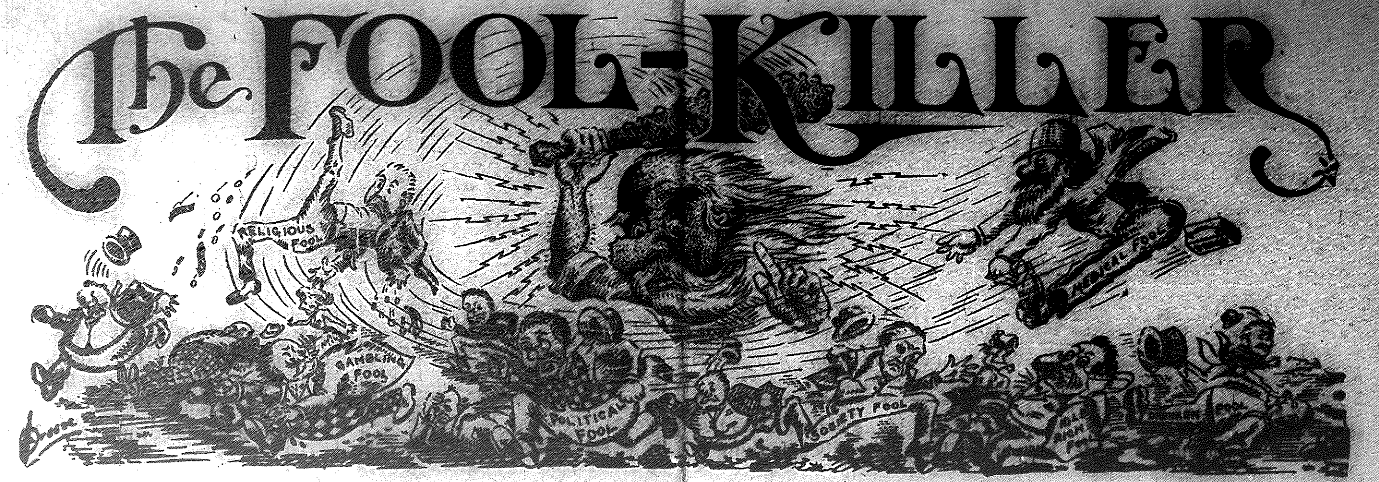
New York is the most important state in the Union, and one of Rome's long-cherished dreams has been to get control of the governorship of the Empire State. From there it will be an easy step to the White House. See the pint? If they can kick out Sulzer and put in their Romanist, Glynn, the victory is theirs.

No, no, honey, I wouldn't pretend to say that Sulzer is any angel, 'cause he ain't. He may have done a few things that were not exactly right. Having been born out of Tammany's political womb and suckled at Tammany's breast, who could expect him to be perfect? But he is so much more upright and honest than his political mammy that she now tries to disown and destroy him. Think of it, gentlemen! Just stand off to one side and look at the damnable outrage! And then listen at 'em swear that Rome is not in politics! The nerve of it!

* * *

A good deal of the stuff that passes for human nature is just pure cussedness.

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1913. NO. 8.

ALL KINDS OF FOOLS.

I'll sing a little snatch of song
About the fools that come along.
There's many fools of many minds
The harmless fool and other kinds.

Most pitiful and most forlorn,
The fool in that condition born—
The idiotic, staring fool,
With brain as dull as any mule.

Poor man! 'Tis not his fault alone;
In other lives the seed was sown;
We should not laugh at such a man—
No doubt he does the best he can.

You've seen the fool upon a limb,
And sawing 'twixt the tree and him;
Also the fool who thought it fun
To blow into a loaded gun.

One other fool that I despise
Believes that he is very wise;
I have no doubt that you recall
The tiresome fool that knows it all.

The business fool will scheme and plan
A thousand ways to cheat a man,
And cannot see that in the end
He'll die without a single friend.

Another place for fools to mix
Is in the field of politics;
They hate the truth and love a lie,
And some sell votes and others buy.

Bless goodness, I must not forget
The fools that form the social set;
Of all the fools that sin has nursed,
The fools of fashion are the worst.

They grab old Reason by the snout,
And jerk him down and throw him out,
And high on Fashion's rotten throne
Old Mistress Folly reigns alone.

Religious fools of every kind
It is not difficult to find—
So many gods, so many creeds,
That do not satisfy our needs.

The list is long, and yet they say
New fools are sprouting every day;
The Fool-Killer biffs 'em one by one,
And yet its task is never done.

GOSH-ALL-OVER-MYSELF!

Geeminy goodness!

Ouch!

Oh!

I'll just be consarned if it don't get wusser and wusser all the time!

The cry has been for two battleships a year.

And that was just two a year more than we had any earthly use for.

But now here come Joe See Fuss Dan Yells, Secretary of the Navy, and wants us to build three dreadnaughts a year instead of two.

He wants them to be the biggest fighting ships ever built, and he wants one of them named "North Carolina" in honor of his native State.

Honor, your foot!

Say, I can't think of anything that I would consider a bigger disgrace to the State than to have one of these infernal contrapshuns named after it.

And, hang-take it, ain't there already one of the things named after North Carolina?

And ain't that a plenty?

Whenever the Old North State gets burdened with any more "honor" of that kind, it will be about time for her to sneak off behind the cow-shed and be right plum downright ashamed of herself.

Three dreadnaughts a year would cost at least thirty-six million dollars a year to build, to say nothing of the annual up-keep.

And they wouldn't be worth a dried-apple cuss to anybody.

Now, instead of wasting that $36,000,000 a year, suppose we could use it in building good roads all over the country.

What would be the result?

Why, bless your soul, mister, that would give us at least 20,000 miles of good road every year—enough to reach five times across the entire country.

That would be worth something.

But battleships!

Lord pity us!

Talk, Talk, Talk, Talk.

I recently saw a newspaper article with the above heading. I didn't read the article, and don't have any more idea than a hog what it was about.

But the head caught me, and I said to myself, "There! Guess I'll just hook that heading and use it as a new fall bonnet for one of my own preachments."

Talk, talk, talk, talk.

And then get a long breath and talk some more.

It takes talk to run the world.

And I don't wonder at it, for lots of the talk I hear is enough to run most anything.

It nearly runs me crazy sometimes.

Don't bother to think, but just talk.

Thinking tires the thinker, but talking only tires the listener, and that don't matter.

Therefore talk.

Talk early and often, late and loud.

Go into the office where people are busy, crank your mouth and put it to work.

The boss pays his hands to listen at you talk.

And they enjoy it.

If somebody else is talking about something of importance, that's just the time for you to butt in. Crack away and tell 'em you know more about it than they do.

That's good manners.

It don't matter whether you know anything or not—make a bluff and pretend that you know.

The less you know the more you should talk.

Make up in talk what you lack in knowledge, and maybe you will fool somebody into thinking you are smart.

Exercise is good for the tongue—therefore let it wag.

Tell 'em your name is Mr. Gabby-Jack from away up Longtongue Creek.

SEND FOR THE GRANNY, QUICK!

In clawing around through creation in search of more fools to skin, I rested my roaming lookers on the name of one George W. Carey. I have had this sorry cuss hung up on my victim-rack for several weeks, but I have put off the skinning operation because he stunk so bad that I dreaded to tackle him.

Now this wandering, wild-eyed fanatic who goes around with a "Dr." label pasted prominently on his putrid personality, has kindly condescended to give the waiting world his own original version of the moon question.

According to Dr. Carey's bow-legged belief, the sun is the daddy of all the planets and this old earth of ours is the mammy of them. He says that all planets are born of the earth in the same manner that man is born of woman. The South Pole is the womb of the earth, and the sun's rays act upon it in such a way as to cause a conception. Then a new world is born. Doc says the moon is the youngest child of the earth, but there is going to be another one born about the year 1945.

And so that's the way it's all done! Well, well! How very simple! Strange we hadn't found it out before. Much obliged to you, Doc, for giving us a whole box of wisdom pills at one dose.

But you haven't explained why some of the earth's children are so much bigger than their mammy. Jupiter and Saturn—they are several hundred times bigger than the earth, so astronomers tell us. Guess they must take after their daddy in size. Is that it?

Now, reader, are you satisfied on this point? If not, must take a dickens of a sight to satisfy you.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Agents Wanted!

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. My terms to Agents are very liberal and will be sent on application. The Fool-Killer attracts attention wherever it is seen, and an Agent can easily make two or three dollars a day. Write for my terms to Agents and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

IDIOTORIALS.

Talk is cheap, but grub is as costly as ever.

* * *

A slop-barrel is cleaner than a gossip's mouth.

* * *

The peace movement is still fighting its way to the front.

* * *

What we intend to do to-morrow won't bring home any bread and butter to-day.

* * *

If "Rev." Hans Schmidt has two personalities, the only safe thing to do is to execute both of them.

* * *

How do you like to sop your mental flap-jack in The Fool-Killer's editorial molasses?

* * *

There is said to be a remedy for everything in the world except some of the remedies.

* * *

The booger-man will get you if you don't subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

* * *

The people of olden times believed that the world was square. Perhaps it was in those days.

* * *

A starving man don't want to hear a lecture on the science of cooking—he wants a piece of bread.

* * *

The reason some people have such a little mind is because they are always giving other people a piece of it.

* * *

Ten million dollars is what Prof. Pickering says it will cost to send a message to Mars. Dog my cats if I wouldn't send it collect.

* * *

While Mexico was looking around for presidential timber, somebody ought to have called her attention to Harry Thaw.

* * *

Did you ever read about where Jesus built a fine church, installed a pipe organ, and then charged pew rent? No, I don't think you ever did.

* * *

There may be lots of honest men in this country, but they are all lost in the woods and we can't spare the time to hunt for them.

* * *

Bring me a mouth about the size of a cellar door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

* * *

Climb onto a goods box and yell "Fool-Killer!" at the top of your voice a few times, and then when the crowd gathers read this paper to them. Try it once.

* * *

Whenever somebody puts out a volcano by weeping softly into it, I will then believe that the aroused indignation of an oppressed people can be satisfied with promises.

J. L. PEARSON,

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

Life is full of surprises. One of the biggest surprises of my life is the astonishing growth of The Fool-Killer. When I started it less than four years ago I did not know whether it would lead to success or starvation; but the thing has been so popular and the demand so great that it now takes 30,000 copies of this issue to fill the bill.

The unexpected success of The Fool-Killer goes to prove that you can't always generally sometimes hardly ever tell just what is going to hit the bull's-eye of popular fancy. Elbert Hubbard wrote his "Message to Garcia" just as a space filler—wrote it one night after supper, turned in the copy and forgot all about it. But when the world rose up on its hind legs and began to howl for that "Message" like a hungry bear begging for a piece of beef, nobody was more surprised than Elbert Hubbard himself.

The Fool-Killer seems to be another "Message to Garcia." The demand for it has been much greater than I expected, and its fame has outrun all my dreams.

All of which is very gratifying to yours truly. Since I see that this little enterprise is destined to be a success, I am determined to make is just as big a success as possible. There are a million people in this country who will subscribe for The Fool-Killer just as soon as they see a copy. If all you present subscribers will play a few pieces of jaw-music in the interest of this paper we will soon have the Old Scratch going towards his den like a criminal running from justice.

If The Fool-Killer was just like other papers, there would be no use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's different. In all the wilderness of printed things in the world, this paper stands out like a white preacher at a nigger meeting.

THE GAMBLING FOOLS.

The Fool-Killer would not be doing its duty if it did not take a whack at the gambling fools. Gambling is getting dangerous these days because it is getting popular. It has got so that people who boast of belonging to the "best sawsiety," and even leaders in the church, consider it no harm to gamble. Only they don't call it by that ugly name. They call it "innocent amusement."

I quote the following from Rev. Josephus Stephan, of St. Louis:

> "A fond mother was showing a visitor, in the presence of her son, a fine punch bowl which she had won a short time before at a progressive euchre party, and she was very proud indeed of her achievement. Suddenly her son, just reaching manhood, pulled out a roll of greenbacks and, thumping it on the table, said: 'See what I won playing cards the other night.' The mother, startled and horrified, said: 'Why, son, have you been gambling?' "

Now, then, good people, what do you think of that? You see that poor fool woman had sense enough to recognize the fact and call it by its right name when done by her son, but she failed to see that she had just as certainly been gambling as he had, and that she was just as guilty, morally and legally. In fact, she was more guilty than he was. That boy would not have been a gambler if his fine, fashionable, church-going mammy had not set the example. And if the devil takes that boy to hell and don't take his mammy also, he is not fit to be a devil.

Fully half of the churches, especially the city churches, have been turned into veritable gambling dens. They want money to carpet the church, and they get up a church social of some kind, at which they have a number of "innocent" card games and other gambling devices to get the money. Then they want a desk or a chart or something for the Sunday School room. Nothing to do but stir around and get up a church fair or some other sort of a shindig, and there's your money. It's just as easy as for a tobacco-chewer to spit ambear on the front elevation of his biled shirt.

The church in these days don't care a continental dried-apple snap whether the world opens its heart to the gospel or not, just so it opens its pocket-book good and wide. An infidel once said: "I think your God must be in great need of money, by the tricks the churches practice to get it for him." And that was a hard lick, and well aimed, although it came from an infidel.

The main big reason that gambling of all kinds is on the increase throughout the world is that the old, poor, blind, miserable, naked Laodicean Church of Mammon has taken it up and teaches it in the Sunday School along with the Catechism and the Lord's Prayer. God have mercy on such a world and such a church!

Like a Sausage in a Gut.

Mister Dude—his coat and breeches seem to fit him awful snug,
And Miss Dudine wears a hobble that's as tight as any jug.
When they take a walk together it's a sight to see 'em strut,
And they look to me exactly like a sausage in a gut.
Mister Gab and Mistress Tattle—they both live on Scandal Street,
And they start a lie on someone every time they chance to meet.
Both their mouths are big and brazen, and they cannot keep 'em shut;
But their hearts are small and puny, like a sausage in a gut.
Mister Silver-Tongued Reformer—he can tell you what is wrong,
And he'll gladly fix it for you if you'll listen to his song;
Yes, he'll promise all creation with a fence around it—but
His performances are mostly like a sausage in a gut.

◆

JUST PLAYED WITH IT.

Just a few days ago a half-grown earthquake visited the Panama Canal region and played with the puny works of man just like a cat might play with a mouse. It didn't do any particular damage this time, but just seemed to be showing them what it could do if it took a notion.

Now just suppose it should take that notion some of these days? It is known that the region is subject to earthquakes, and it needn't to surprise the world one bit if it wakes up some morning and finds its boasted Canal in ruins. How easy it would be for the forces of nature to destroy in one minute what it has taken men all these years to construct!

Year in and year out they have toiled and tugged at the task like an army of ants. Atom by atom they have moved the earth and the stone until at last they have brought to pass the dream of the centuries. It was the biggest job that modern man has tackled, and now, as he stands and leans on his well-worn spade, with the finished work before him, he probably thinks that he has a right to be a little bit proud.

And so the knowledge that an able-bodied earthquake is sleeping with one eye open right under the little old ditch may be useful in keeping man humble in the sight of God.

◆

An old dram-drinking, tobacco-chewing hypocrite leading in prayer at church always reminded me of a chinch swimming in a tub of cologne.

◆

One of these Harvard professors is trying to find out what sleep is composed of. If the blubbering fool would ask me I could tell him—sleep is composed of unconsciousness and snores.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!

"Darn the American flag!" In the patriotic days of old the above expression would have been considered treason of the blackest hue. Edward Everett Hale tells us about a fellow who got himself into a bushel of trouble by putting it just a shade stronger than that.

But in order to clear myself from any charge of treason, I hasten to explain that "Darn the American flag" is one of the methods of economy that Uncle Sam has lately adopted. It means that the starry banners which float above all the government buildings must be treated like an old sock—they must be darned when they get holes in 'em.

It used to be that when a flag was worn to frazzles by flapping in the breeze, it was thrown away and a new one put up. But now Uncle Sam is getting mighty economical. He gets out his old rusty darning-needle and darns Old Glory till it is all darns, and then darns the darned places.

Now ain't that a "darned" poor way to economize? If the old star-studded fool would put his brogan down good and heavy on some of those billion-dollar army and navy appropriations, it might help some. But the idea of your Uncle Sam taking a piece of his shirt-tail and patching the old worn-out flags, and at the same time building more costly battleships—it looks to me like saving the hair and throwing away the hog.

"BLUE BLOOD."

What color is your blood, mister?

You don't know?

Well, suppose you cut your finger and see.

There are two kinds of blood in this country.

One is "Blue Blood."

And the other is just common red blood.

All the rotten rich rapscallions have "blue blood."

The common poor devil has to worry along through life with the old cheap red stuff playing leapfrog in his veins.

Money changes the color of the blood.

Strange, but true.

I know a dozen men who used to be poor, and they wore red blood in their veins; but they happened to get some money, and the color of their blood was at once changed.

Blue-blooded people are too good to work, and they are too fine for common white people to associate with.

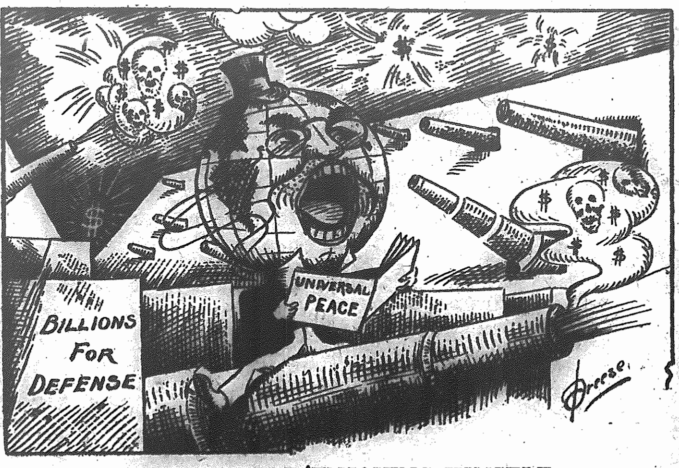
All they are fit for is to splurge around in automobiles and make fun of the people they stole their money from.

It is the red blood that does all the work of the world, and the blue blood dikes out in its finery and enjoys the blessings that labor produces.

Blue blood was never known to create anything useful or do anything respectable.

And again I repeat.

What color is your blood?



MISTER WORLD ENJOYING HIMSELF.

THEY SANG A LIE.

I went to church last Sunday and heard the congregation screw up its voice to the highest pitch and sing:

"Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold,"

and then when the service was over I saw a poor crippled begger go through the crowd and try to get ten cents to buy a snack to eat, and he didn't get it. But I saw several of the consecrated singers go home smoking ten-cent cigars.

"Not a mite would I withhold"—aw, shut up! Such a display of brazen-faced hypocrisy makes me boil with indignation. They didn't mean a word of it, and if an angel had appeared on the scene and tried to separate them from their money, he would have had the most dickens of a scuffle that ever you saw. They would have pulled all his wing feathers out and sent him hopping back to heaven on crutches.

◆

Doctor Mary Bobs Up.

I must confess with sorrow that I had almost lost sight of Dr. Mary Walker, the famous woman in pants. Toothadore Specksvelt, Harry Sulzer, Governor Thaw and the Mexican muddle had kind of shoved Mary out of my recollection. But just at the psycological moment she bobs up serenely with her pants on and her feet in her pocket.

There may be other "women's rights," such as voting and holding office, but in the mind of Dr. Mary the great burning issue is breeches. You can refuse to give Dr. Mary the ballot if you want to, but if you know what's good for you, you had better not interfere with her breeches.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

SAINT ANONYMOUS.

I learned long ago not to be surprised at any kind of letters that find their way to my desk. It is a very rare thing that a week passes without bringing me at least one long-winded rig-a-ma-role from some irresponsible crank who, having no business of his own, has felt himself divinely called to poke his nasty nose into my business.

The latest curiosity of this kind has just hove in from Chesterville, Texas, and the self-righteous goodikin who wrote it was so deeply interested in telling me what an awful sinner I was that he plum forgot to sign his name. There is something very strange about these fellers who take it upon themselves to "reform" me and The Fool-Killer, anyhow. Nearly every doggon one of them "forgets" to sign his name.

My cowardly, white-livered "friend" in Texas goes on at great length bemoaning my lost and undone condition, and the terribly wicked things that I print in The Fool-Killer. He even offers to strike a theatrical pose before high heaven and reel off a few hanks of "prayer" in my behalf. My stars alive, Saint Anonymous, you certainly are a jimdandy. If you had half sense you would know that God has no respect for a coward, and how can you expect Him to answer the prayers of a coward? Instead of praying for me, you had better get down in the dust and send up a few for your own miserable soul, if you are enough related to the human race to possess such perishable property.

Saint Anonymous says I have been "mocking God" in some of the articles I have printed. But he lies, and he knows that he lies, every time he says it. He probably has reference to something I have said about the Pope of Rome and his gang, and he is probably one of the gang and regards the pope as God. But to those of us who are intelligent enough to know that the pope is merely an egotistical old imposter, and that Romanism is not Christianity at all, the things I have said about these frauds seem very mild indeed.

Saint Anonymous claims to be a Methodist, but the way he squeals when I step on the pope's toe is pretty good evidence that he is a loyal pappycrat. If not actually one of them, he is one of their defenders and a man that loves the smell of carrion could eat it all right.

Now, look-y here, Saintie, you can search from now till doomsday and you will not find one word that I have ever written that could be twisted into a slur against the Deity or the true Christian religion. These sacred things I hold in highest reverence, and I suspect that my chance of wearing wings is about as bright as yours. I have done many things during my life that I ought not to have done, but I have never yet stooped low enough to write an anonymous letter. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

MISTER TRAIN CALLER.

Say, honey, was you ever in the waiting room of a big city depot? And did you notice the feller that comes in every few minutes and makes a pretense of "calling the trains?" That is, he is supposed to be telling the crowd what train is getting ready to start, so they can grab their bundles and crawl on.

But you might listen all day and you never could guess what the old fool was trying to do. The average person would be apt to think he was a Mexican greaser choaked on dog-liver and trying to cuss the railroad in the Chinese language.

There he stands with his bay window stuck out like a bump on a tree, and bellers like a bull calf lost from its mammy, and if you had to be hung or understand a single word of that bellering, I wouldn't give much for your neck.

I could tie a bullfrog to a stick and poke him in at the window, and he could "call trains" a blamed sight better than some fellers I've heard try it.

It seems that the only qualification the railroads require in a "train caller" is that he must have a voice like dragging a rawhide over a tin roof, and if he should happen to speak a word so that anybody could understand it, he would lose his job.

If you don't think I'm telling the truth, you just take notice the next time you go to a city. And if you find a train caller in America that you can understand one word out of fifty, please send me his name and a lock of his hair.

* * *

Talk about consistency! I'll just be mortally flabbergasted if the newspapers ain't getting it down fine. It has got to be the fashion to run syndicate sermons from some of the double-barrelled gospel-guns of the country, and on every page where you find a sermon you also find about a dozen glaring likker ads. Any editor who will be guilty of such moral depravity ought to be hung up by the hind legs in a butcher-yard and shot to death with a cannon loaded with beef-entrails.

PERKINS, PROFIT AND PUKE.

Here is a great joke. The United States Steel Company has adopted what it calls a "profit-sharing plan" and is going to give its wage-slaves just a tiny speck of its billion-dollar profits.

"The men will appreciate it," said George W. Perkins, head of the steel trust. "If we act in good faith, we will be willing to take the men into our confidence, for they will be our partners. This profit-sharing plan puts an incentive on individual initiative, and it will get the best there is in the men. Theoretically it is right—practically it must be."

Oh, he-haw! haw! haw! haw! For the Lord's sake, do come and rub my tummy. I am just about to die with pure tickledness.

Law, yes, Perk, that is a great thought you have thunk out with your little thinkeratus. To open up your old dough-bag and let the men who created your great wealth get just a tiny smell of what they have created—that will work wonders. It will be a great incentive to individual effort, and will cause the men to do their best. Oh, yes! Sure!

But hold on there, Perk! It seems sorter like I read in one of the plute papers t'other day something about how dangerous it is to give the workers too much of what they produce. If you give the laborer the full value of what he produces—that is, if you give him ALL the profits—it will destroy his incentive to work and fill the land with idlers and deadbeats. You must give labor just enough of its own earnings to sorter half-way keep soul and body together, and you millionaires pocket the rest.

Now we are getting down to facts. We are going to learn something pretty soon. The light is beginning to dawn. Now it is all as plain as a bug in your soup. Give the wage-slaves just a smell of the profits and they will work better. But give them enough to do some good—enough to keep them from going ragged and hungry—and it will cause the down fall of the nation.

Fry a meat-skin and hold it under a man's nose, and he will work his fool guts out to get it; but spread a feast of good things before him and it destroys all his "incentive" to eat and he just lies down and goes to sleep.

I say, Perk, that is a great idea! Why don't you and the rest of the plutes get a patent on it?

And that's what tickles me so.
Haw! haw! haw!
Durn a fool!

* * *

I plugged up my nose with cotton and sat down to my desk to give the National Association of Manufacturers a red-hot write-up, but even then the smell of the old N. A. M. was so rank that I had to give it up in disgust.

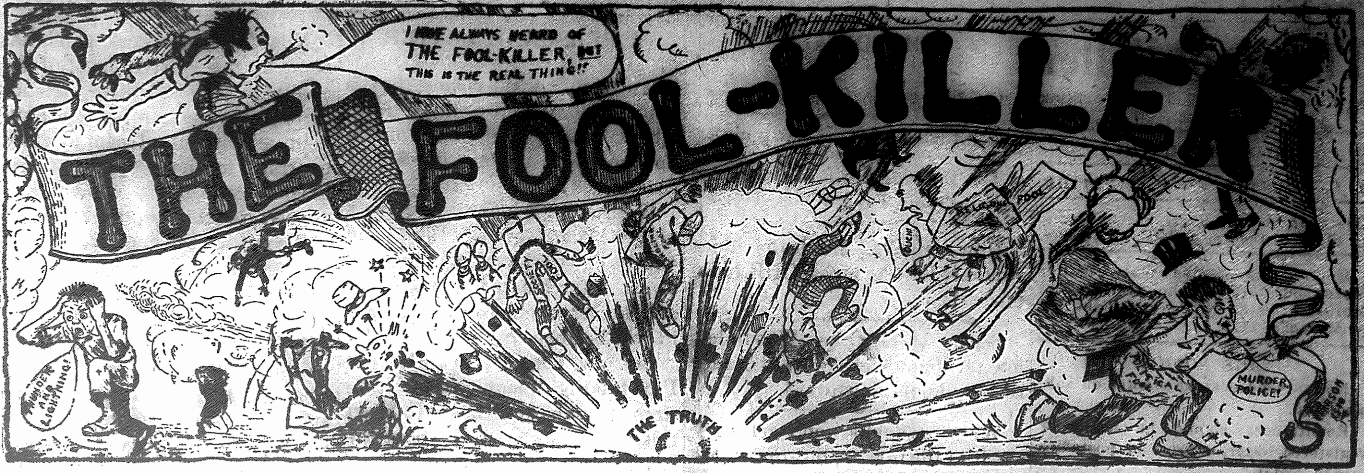
BRIDGING THE RIVER OF DEATH

Sure, Mike, they are bridging the river of death. That's about all there is to do now. Only a few years ago and the wise ones had several strings to their bow. But it's different now. The Wrights and others have made turnpike roads all through the air. Cook and Peary have pulled up the North Pole by the roots and brought it home to fight over. And so the wise fools are about out of soap-grease. And while they are resting on their laurels and waiting for a better job they will amuse themselves and the world by throwing a suspension bridge across the dark waters of the River Styx.

The pioneers in the spirit business have been assuring us all along that there was something doing in their line. They have been advertising ready-made spooks, printed on deckle-edge imagination and bound in purple moonshine, and guaranteed to produce that creepy feeling or money refunded. But the world at large didn't seem especially interested until the late William T. Stead brought out his spiritual fiddle and begun to saw like two niggers a-cutting cord-wood. Since then the public has been sitting up and taking notice, and we are promised that pretty soon they will pull aside the veil that hangs between and give us a view of the Other Side.

It was on the ill-fated steamer Titanic that Mr. Stead set sail for the spirit world. But before going he had already received a registered letter and several postcards from Over There. And he had also made an agreement with some of his spiritualistic friends that as soon as he got landed and got his wings on straight he would send a message back to those left behind. And now they claim that the message has been received—in fact, several messages. I have had the pleasure of reading one or two. But the things I am most anxious to know about how they do business over on the other side are the very things that Mr. Stead never mentions. He never says a blessed thing about how the weather is in that country, and what they have to eat, and whether they wear any clothes or not. He never speaks of God nor Christ, neither does he state whether his place of abode is heaven or hell, or some place between.

And so, with all due respect for the learned men who are engineering the scheme, it strikes me that the bridge they are building across the river of death is a little bit wobbly and uncertain. If all the messages that come from the spirit world are as indefinite as Mr. Stead's, I don't see how they are going to throw much light on anything. It's all sorter like a blind pig trying to cut out a pair of breeches for the Man in the Moon.


I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THE FOOL-KILLER
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
OUCH!
RELIGIOUS FOOL
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER POLICE!

VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1913. NO. 9.

The Millionaire Puppy.

Hello, you million dollar pup,
You little wooly devil!
No wonder you are so stuck up
Above the common level.

You live the most exclusive way,
By reason of your riches;
Of course you're not allowed to play
With common curs and bitches.

You have a suite of furnished rooms,
With Turkish bath and toilet,
And servant girls with mops and brooms
To clean up when you spoil it.

You have a soft and downy bed
On which to do your snoozing;
The rarest dainties when you're fed,
And all of special choosing.

You have a doctor when you're sick
To cure your pains and twitches;
Also a maid who knows the lick
To scratch you where it itches.

You've got a dozen suits of clothes
That cost a thousand dollars,
With shoes to warm your precious toes,
And diamond-studded collars.

Your weakest little whine or bark
Will bring your slaves a-trotting,
While humans in the cold and dark
Are perishing and rotting.

Say, pup, you've got the laugh on us,
You high and mighty poodle;
But you ain't worth a tinker's cuss—
Doggon your bloody boodle!

James Larkin Pearson.

About Personal Letters.

Dear Friends and Club-Raisers:

One of my greatest regrets in connection with this business is the fact that I cannot write each of you a personal letter in reply to each club you send me. I have the will to do it, but you know that would be an impossible task. We must be content with letting the paper itself serve as a personal letter, and I will do my best to see that nobody is overlooked in the mailing. In a business of this size a few mistakes are almost sure to occur, but I am always glad to correct them when they are called to my attention. So just let the clubs roll in here like four men a-measuring apples.

A CONTINENT FOR SALE!

O yes! O yes! O yes!

New continent for sale!

Who wants a continent?

A brand-new continent nearly as big as your fist has just been Columbused away up in the frozen Arctic Circle, and is now being offered to the public for the first time.

This is a great bargain.

Nothing like it ever heard of before.

Who bids, and how much, for the new continent?

Bid up, gentlemen!

Here is your chance to make a fortune in the ice business. The soil and climate are well adapted to the raising of icebergs, chillblains, and other garden truck; also seals, walruses, polar bears, and a very superior grade of aurora borealis.

How much am I offered for this new and promising continent?

Bid up, gentlemen, bid up!

Are you all asleep?

This great property has on it an abundance of nice, white bones, the remains of prehistoric explorers whe froze to death there. These bones go with the land without extra charge.

O yes! O yes!

This is the poor man's chance.

If you ever expect to own a continent, now is the time to get busy.

You all know the billionaires have got this continent bound and gagged and its pockets turned inside out.

A poor man don't stand any more chance in America than a fat grubworm on a fishing trip.

Therefore—

The only way for a poor man to break into the Rockefeller class is to buy him a new country and grow up with it.

This property is only a short distance from the North Pole, the well-known and rapidly growing summer resort, where you can find a ready market for stove-wood, ear-muffs and overcoats.

No mosquitoes, bed-bugs, lawyers nor book-agents anywhere in that country, and such a thing as sunstroke was never heard of.

Opportunity is knocking at your door with a battering-ram.

Bid up, gentlemen—I can't wait.

Going—

Did I hear another bid, or was that the cost of living fell?

Once—

The opportunity is passing.

Twice—

Are you all done?

Three times—and sold, to Rocky D. Oilyfeller.

"A FRIENDLY VISIT"—SCAT!

Bearing the greetings of the new world to the old, the great sea fighters of the Atlantic fleet were started on their way to the ports of the sunny Mediterranean. Nine sombre garbed war machines in battle formation and carrying thousands of American fighting men and sailors, received the final nod of farewell and slid slowly out into the sea.—Associated Press Dispatch.

Great buckets of mud!

That sounds mightily like old Pide's bell to me.

Now let the band play "Possum Up a Simmern Tree," and we'll all grab a meat-ax and run.

In common corn-field English, the cold facts are these:

The United States has started a gang of its battleships on a "friendly visit" around the world, bearing the friendship and good-will of this nation to the nations beyond the sea.

All right, Brother Jonathan.

When you see me coming to your house with my war-paint on and my teeth set, a forty-eight in each hand and a belt full of butcher-knives, don't you get excited and grab your old musket in self-defense.

I will be coming on a "friendly visit."

I will have only brotherly love and good-will in my heart for you and everybody else in the world.

But you will want to know what in the dickens I mean by coming at you bristling with fighting-tools like a blood-thirsty savage.

And that's what I want to know.

If I am such a good, easy-going, peaceable feller, why do I want to pass myself off for a low-bowed ruffian, a hot-headed bully, just spoiling for a fight?

We profess to be a great "Christian nation," and we let off a great deal of hot air about good-will, brotherly love, and so on. But when Uncle Sam starts out to visit his sister nations, does he go like a Christian gentleman or like an infernal dope-crazed heathen?

Take the case, gentlemen.

Give Us Justice—Not Charity!

The infernal gold-plated plutes love to boast of their "charity." Great heavens! If simple Justice was allowed to prevail in this old world there wouldn't be one particle of use for "charity." Every "charitable institution" on the face of God's earth is a silent witness to the fact that Justice has been outraged and driven from the land. 'Safact.

Back to the Old Head.

My subscribers will notice that The Fool-Killer has a different head on itself this month, and a word of explaination may be in order. This head is the one I first used on the paper, and a little over a year ago I swapped it off for another. But I never felt quite satisfied with the change, and so I am now changing back to the original head.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Little old Andy Carnegie goes right ahead with his great work in behalf of "universal peace." Every time he sells a few million dollars worth of armor plate for battleships, he spins around on his heel and builds another "peace palace" with part of his profits. Andy's position is that of a man engaged in cutting throats with one hand and sewing up the gashes with the other. Great game! Next thing to golf, you know.

IDIOTORIALS.

Gobble, gobble, gobble!

The turkeys are roosting high.

The Balkans had no set time for carving their Turkey.

How many Mexican hides would it take to buy YOUR hide, mister?

Seems to me like Woodpile's low-tariff gun kicks upward harder than it shoots downward.

We poor devils won't get nary smell of the turkey, but thank the Lord for possum and sweet tater!

I am expecting every day to hear that Toothadore Specksvelt has organized a Bull Moose party in South America.

A woman called her husband a "worm," and then asked him to hook up her dress. Must have thought he was a hook-worm, b'gosh!

A woman just naturally has to love something, and in a tight pinch, when poodle dogs are scarce, she has been known to love a mere man.

Soon be time for the idlers to feast on turkey, but the worker may thank his stars if he can get a hunk of dry bread to ease the kinks in his belly.

I have not seen any acount of Harry Thaw's death, and so I presume he is still alive. As there is nothing else to say about him just now, I'll stop at this.

Pike's Peak is said to be getting gradually lower. Thar now! Did you hear that? And so I'll have to take back what I said about the Wilson tariff not lowering anything.

The editor of The Square Deal, Snow Hill, N. C., seems uncommonly happy over the action of the legislature in establishing a School for the Feeble-Minded. Thinking about becoming a pupil, are you, Jones?

Old Man Charles H. Death hitched his pale horse in front of Adolphus Busch's home the other day, and when he started on again the millionaire brewer went with him. And that's the last dying echo from another one of the devil's big guns. Busch left a fortune of fifty million dollars made in the brewery business, and every red cent of it represents a groan or a tear. With all his boasted "charity," he was a cruel and heartless oppressor, a godless gourmand of greed, and an enemy of the human race. May his memory perish.

A PERSONAL LETTER.

All right, good people, how's your happiness by this time? About ready to kill a pumpkin and make a turkey dinner, I reckon, eh?

Well, I hope you'll all have a bigger Thanksgiving than I'm expecting to have, anyhow. A sweet tater roasted in the ashes and some possum sop to waller it in will be about my limit.

But law, honey, that ain't what I'm talking about. It's getting time for another heart-to-heart talk with my readers about the circulation of The Fool-Killer.

Those of you who have been with me for several months already know the story of the paper's rapid growth. But about three thousand new names are being added each month, and I want to elbow around through the crowd, so to speak, and shake hands with all these new friends.

The Fool-Killer has been running a little less than four years, and it now has a paid-in-advance subscription list of 25,000. It started from nothing and has become famous all over the Benited States of America.

The paper looks little when you see just one copy by itself, but if you could see the whole 25,000 piled up here in the office it would look different. And if you could see the work it takes to print and mail out an issue, you would be surprised. The October issue took 800 pounds of white paper, costing a little over $24.00. It took five days to print it on my big power press, and it required about forty of Uncle Sam's large canvas mail sacks to hold the issue.

It is an odd sight to see such a business as this out here in the woods, six miles from a railroad. Moravian Falls is a very small village, and there is nothing of importance here except printing and publishing. But The Fool-Killer has done its part toward making the Moravian Falls postoffice so important that eight or ten candidates are this minute tearing their shirts trying to get the appointment as postmaster.

My success in this business has far surpassed all my expectations, and it is all the more surprising in view of the fact that I have labored under the most trying and adverse conditions. My wife is almost an invalid and a constant sufferer. As I have often remarked, she has suffered death a thousand times, and still lives. Of course such serious sickness in the family has been a great burden, but it has taught me a lesson in sympathy for suffering that I might not have learned in any other way.

Now for the success which has come to me, I give most of the credit to my faithful friends throughout the country who have kept a constant stream of clubs pouring in here every day. Friends, you don't know how I appreciate this, and I hope you will continue the good work right along. I want to at least double the present circulation during the next three months, and if you will all help just a little it will be no job hardly. Tote each copy in your pocket till you wear it out, and read it to the folks wherever you go. You can have bushels of fun with it, and at the same time you will be doing me a great favor. That's right—thank you! And so good-bye till next time.

What About Male Nuns?

In all this business of Roman Catholic convents and nunneries, black veils and mystery, there is just one question that sticks out in my mind like a crowbar in a paper of needles.

I would like to know, if you please, just why it is that the pappycrats always demand women—and generally young women at that—to shut up in their prison-pens of infamy?

Why is it that men are never wanted for these "sacred" duties?

If a man would put on a robe and a black veil and walk around like he had a churn of milk on his head and a blister on both feet, couldn't he perform all the duties of a "nun" just as well as a woman?

Well, no, on second thought, I don't reckon he could. Man has his limitations, and the "howly" church is awfully hard to please, you know.

I don't have the faintest idea what kind of "worship" is carried on behind the convent walls that women can do so much better than men. But there must be something.

If you are hungry for more information along this line, you might ask some licentious, potbellied priest about it. Maybe he could tell you.

Until recently there was a monthly toe-rag called "The Down Homer" published at Elizabeth City, N. C. But The Down Homer has gone "down home." Editor Saunders got to flying over the fence of decency, and the court had to crap his wings.

It's thought that in the course of six or eight weeks they will know nearly as much about who is the ruler of Mexico as they knew before the election.

A LIAR UP A TREE.

There used to be some kind of a two-legged gabbyjack who loafed around in the back alleys of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and answered to the name of Andrew Allen Veach.

This same Veach was the editor of a vile and putrid rag of a journal called The Remonstrator. And in the issue of The Remonstrator for March, 1913, there appeared a dastardly false and libelous article concerning the life and conduct of the late J. A. Wayland, the great Socialist leader. No sooner had the vile stuff appeared than it was snatched up and copied by perhaps a dozen little one-hoss anti-Socialist howlers. It was just the dope they wanted, and they didn't stop to consider the source nor to ask whether there was a sylable of truth in it or not. They simply played it up in scare-head type and made a great fuss over it.

But the next move in this little game was a libel suit brought by the Wayland heirs against the editor of The Remonstrator, and a promise that a like suit would be brought against all the papers that reprinted Veach's lie.

What next? Well, some of the papers that copied the libelous article were moved either by honor or fear to print an apology, which, in either case, is something to their credit.

But Veach—the poor, ignorant fool! He just backed himself up in a corner and went to blowing like a mad cat. He thought he could just bluff everything and make the lie stick. He even called to his assistance the Reverrunt Doctor Arthur Talmage Abernethy, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., J. A. S. S. A. C. K., Professor of Vulgarity at Loafer's Glory, author of "Oh, Dammit, I'm Called to Preach," "I Wonder Who'll Marry Me Next," and other well-known works.

With the help of four quarts of cheap mail order goods from Richmond, Dr. Abernethy succeeded in spewing all over three or four pages of the next Remonstrator, trying to tell what he knew about the Wayland case. And such intimate knowledge of all the details of the crime gave good reason for suspecting that it must have been Abernethy or Veach who did the dirty work. At least, they were the only men that could be found who knew anything about it. And now they can't be found—nary drotted one of 'em. They seem to have crawled into a five-cent cigar and hired a nigger to smoke it.

The case against Veach was called in the District Court at Oklahoma City on October the 8th. Veach was not there, and he had nobody there who could furnish one syllable of evidence in his behalf. Even his bosom friend, Dr. Ab, who only last spring was so full of facts in the case that it made him bow-legged to tote 'em—he was not there, either. I think it was plum mean of Ab to desert a friend like that—don't you, Hanner?

And so the court had nothing to do except to hand down a decision giving the Wayland heirs $5,000 damages—which can never be collected, because Veach has got nothing but his miserable gall, and you can't get gravy out of an old shoe-sole.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

War as a Business.

"To be prepared for war is the surest way to have peace."

So goes the old maxim.

Say, don't you believe nary word of it.

The devil is the author of that lie, just like he is the author of all other lies.

All these great preparations in the way of ships and guns are very expensive. They cost billions of money, and somebody must pay for them.

And who gets the money?

Why, drot your fool gizzard, the big corporations get it who furnish the supplies.

Maybe you never stopped to think about the great number of money-making industries that have grown up around the war idea, all of which would be badly crippled or put out of business if war should cease.

Just to mention a few—
The army.
The navy.
Army hospitals and surgeons.
Military schools.
Navy yards.
Red-tape departments.
Transports.
Ammunition.
Coaling-stations.
Cannon-foundries.
Arsenals.
Fortifications.
Armor-plate works.
Torpedo-builders.
Drum manufacturers.
Gold-lace embroiders.
Tent-makers.
Banner-weavers.
Powder-mixer.
Crutch-makers.
Cork-limb manufacturers.
Military tailors.
Brass button factories.
War-loan promoters.
Camp-followers.
War correspondents.
Horse breeders.
Balloonists.
Inventors.
Flying men and diving demons.
Tom, Dick, Harry and the devil.

All these industries, and many more, are financially interested in having war go on. War is the life of their business, and when fighting holds up awhile their trade is dull.

All these various interests naturally agitate war in order to get buisness.

And their combined influence on the life of the world is strong enough to bring war—and it comes.

Can't you see the point?

I could see it with both eyes shut and my head rammed four feet into a fodder-stack.

The world will never get rid of the curse of war until it first puts a stop to all these infernal "preparations."

You can just mark that.

The Standard Air Company.

Now, by the beard of the Mormon prophet, I have found it at last! Yes, sir, I have got my literary grab-hooked securely fastened in the gills of tne warmest news item that has chased itself through these diggins since the woods were burnt.

A dispatch sent out by the Associated Press tells about the construction of several large plants for the manufacture of commercial fertilizer from the air.

Think of that, will you? Just going to take the common air that we breathe and sack it up and sell it for fertilizer! Speaking of miracles, maybe that ain't one.

Yes-sir-ee! They are going to form a Standard Air Company, as it were, and then maybe we will find out who owns the air. When the air trust gets control and we have to pay tax on our breath, it will be goodbye vain world with most of us poor devils.

But if we are able to foot the bill we can have an air-meter hooked onto our wind-pipes and life will be worth living still.

And so they are building a steen thousand horse-power plant to transform common scrub atmosphere into the finest thoroughbred, 18-karat, gold-plated stable-manure, with a pedigree running back twenty seven years and two months beyond the dawn of time.

I am glad to see old Sally Gal Science paddling her little canoe along at such a splendid gait. And now if some fellow will invent a machine to make votes out of the air, he can sell the patent to the Bull Elephant party and make a fortune out of it.

But there is another side to this question. It looks like a mean dig at the flying-machine men—this scheme to take the air away from them just as soon as they had learned how to use it. It will be a pity if the flying folks go ahead and invest millions in the manufacture of flying-machines, and then discover that the politicians have used up all the air trying to fertilize their crop of paramount issues and a few little sickly boomlets.

I suggest that a committe be appointed to look after the conservation of the air. This business of tampering with the air we breathe is a serious matter. Lots of us poor folks are not able to pay rent on our breath. And those of us who are rich will want to fly some, and we don't want any holes dug in the air for us to fall into. We, the people, demand all the good, pure air that we can use in our business, and then the politicians and the Standard Air Company can have the rest.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

It Never Can Happen Again.

I followed the lead of an old party boss
All blindly wherever he led,
Nor exercised even the sense of a hoss
In looking and planning ahead.
I voted for Ted and I voted for Taft,
For I thought they were honorable men;
But I found them the tools of oppression and graft,
And it never can happen again.

My neighbor was caught in a similar trap,
With another political name;
He was lying asleep in Democracy's lap,
Till a sudden awakening came.
He voted for Wilson, believing the lie
That grub would be cheaper, and then
He found belly-timber still soaring on high,
And it never can happen again.

James Larkin Pearson.

WILSON'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Woodpile Wilson has sent out his first Thanksgiving Proclamation, The Fool-Killer's translation of which reads as follows:

"The season is at hand in which it has been our long-respected custom, as a people, to open up the flood-gates of our lying and hypocritical souls and pretend that we are so blamed good that sugar won't melt in our mouths.

After giving 364 days of the year to the service of the devil, we imagine it will satisfy God for us to come sneaking around and give Him a few minutes of empty lip-service once a year. Everybody knows that's all the average "Thanksgiving" amounts to, anyhow, and we might as well be honest once in our lives.

As this is my first "proclamation" of this sort from the White House, I feel sorter like a bull calf trying to ride a bicycle. I have not yet learned all the tricks of the trade, and if I happen to blunder onto the truth now and then, you'll have to excuse me.

The year that has just passed has been marked in a peculiar degree by manifestations of God's gracious and beneficent providence. There has been no war within our borders—except in West Virginia and a few other industrial centers. And we feel humbly thankful that all those who got killed were nothing but common laborers who didn't amount to much.

We have not only had peace, but that peace has been glorified by the incoming of a Democratic administration. If there was nothing else to be thankful for, that is enough.

But that ain't all, by a dickens of a sight.

We should be thankful for the split in the Republican party last fall, which enabled us to slip in.

And we should be especially thankful that the infernal Socialists didn't elect Gene Debs.

Also that we will get most of the postoffices—provided we don't fall down on the Civil Service examination.

We should be thankful that we found enough money in the Treasury to give us a good running-go, so that we can jump still farther into the sea of Democratic extravagance.

We should be thankful for the Underwood-Simmons low-tariff law.

We should be thankful that Secretary Bryan is still able to talk, and that his chaw-talk-way money enables him to squeeze along through life with the aid of his $12,000 a year salary. And now that the banquet season is here, Bryan may get a few meals thrown in. Every little bit helps.

We should be thankful for a Congress that don't have to stop to get its breath.

Also it is a matter of thankfulness that we are to have two new battleships a year, and maybe three. Why not make it forty-'leven?

We should be thankful that the Mexicans are too busy at home to come over here on a visit.

We should be thankful that New York now has a Roman Catholic governor.

And by all means we must be thankful that the pope's sore toe is getting better and will soon be ready for us to kiss some more.

We should be thankful that religion continues to be the best cloak for cussedness.

We should be thankful that Theodore Roosevelt is in South America, and that we hope to goodness he'll stay there.

We should be thankful that "hope springs eternal," else we would all get out of heart waiting for our policies to bring down the cost of living.

We should be thankful that a heap of folks haven't got memories longer than a June-bug's hind leg.

We should be thankful that everybody are well supplied with food and clothes for the winter except the poor folks, and they don't count.

Now, therefore, I, Woodpile Wilson, President of the Benighted States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 27th of November, as a day of dressing up and posing before the Almighty like a Sunday School class having its picture taken. And I invite the people throughout the land to cease from their various skin-games until the Thanksgiving exercises are over. Then they can go on lying and robbing as usual.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my fine Italian fist and caused the seal of the Benighted States to be affixed.

WOODPILE WILSON.

Pastor Sheldon To The Bat.

The Christian Herald, of New York, has just begun the serial publication of a new Sheldon story, the title of which is: "Jesus Is Here!"

This is the same Charles M. Sheldon who wrote "In His Steps" and other religious novels a few years ago. And the leading characters in this story are the same as in the earlier stories, with the exception that the author has introduced Jesus as a visitor on the earth, and of course Jesus is the central figure of the story.

The few chapters printed so far don't give any clew as to how the story will turn out, but there is in it the ring of a false note. Jesus is made the guest of a fine city church, and he visits among the aristocratic, richly-dressed members and seems well pleased with their style of life and worship. In all the pomp and splendor of a typical city church—the rustle of silk and the jingle of gold—the Master finds not one thing to criticise.

Now anybody with even half sense knows that such a thought is ridiculous in the extreme. If Sheldon's Jesus can approve of such "worship" he is not the same Jesus whom the leading church members of Jerusalem hounded to death two thousand years ago. You remember it was the high priests and solemn dignitaries of the church who took the lead in the murder of Jesus, whom they regarded as a crazy and dangerous fanatic. And they were exactly the same kind of "good folks" as the leaders of our swell churches today.

Granting that Jesus might visit the earth again, He would not find any welcome in the fashionable city churches, and their commercialized churchanity would not find any favor in His eyes. He would have need again for His whip of scorpions with which He drove the money-changers from the Temple.

If the real Jesus of old should walk into Pastor Sheldon's fine church next Sunday, what do you suppose would happen? I can just see the pious noses turn up in scorn, and it is very likely that the Reverend Charles M. Sheldon would be among the first to cry, "Crucify Him!"

A Few Letters.

ARNOLD PARISH, 119 Belmont St., Raleigh, N. C.—Enclosed you will find 25 cents for which please send The Fool-Killer to my address for one year. A friend of mine handed me one of your Fool-Killers a week ago, and I am laughing over it yet. If I had time I would get up a club, but I am a cotton-mill hand, and the other fellow gets most all that I make. So you see it's a tail hold and up-hill pull with me. That is why I am one of those d—arned Socialists you hear so much about.

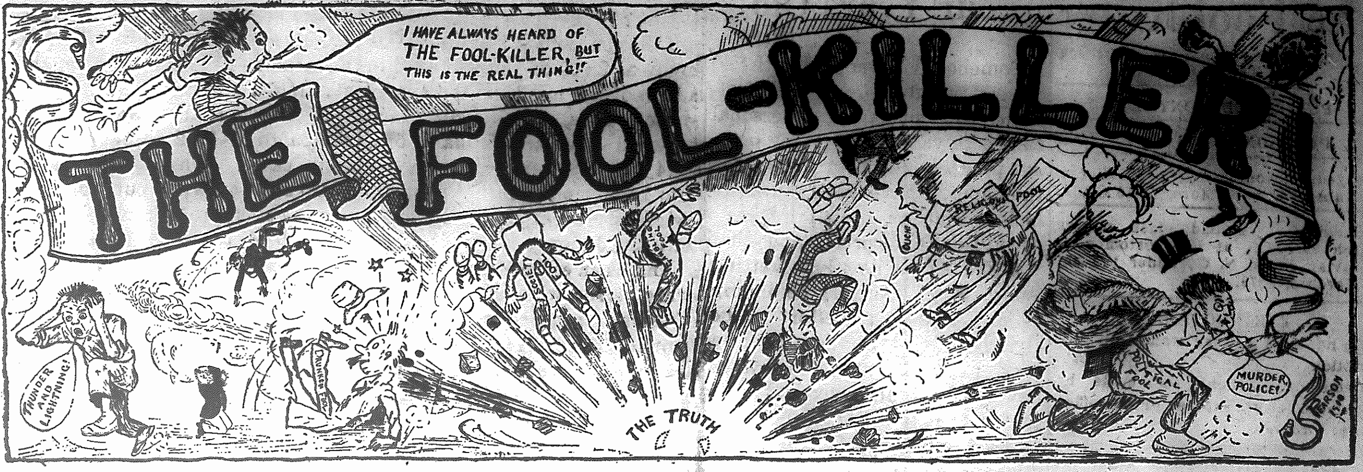
HAZEL D. SMITH, R4, Box 59, Charlevoix, Mich.—Enclosed find five subs for The Fool-Killer. I am a little girl eleven years old, and my grandfather has taken the paper for a long time, and he looks forward to its coming every month. Please print this letter in your paper. (Thank you, Hazel, for your nice letter and the club of subscribers. You are a smart little girl. You have written me before, and I remember you all right. Let me hear from you again. Tell your grandfather "howdy" for me.—J. L. Pearson.)

H. C. HOFFMAN, Youngstown, Ohio.—While at lunch to-day I was talking about The Fool-Killer and made the assertion to some of my friends that if they would subscribe for this paper I would assure them that they would receive twenty times their money's worth in the first issue they receive, and if they did not, I would make my Christmas dinner out of the several copies sent to them. My friends, knowing my hungry nature, gave me eight subscriptions for this journal, and I trust you will make the first issue so interesting to them that I may be permitted to eat turkey instead of the eight copies of The Fool-Killer for my Christmas lunch. The mailing address of all these parties is, I. O. O. F. Temple, Youngstown, Ohio. Enclosed find remittance of $1.20 covering these subscription.

S. RAYMOND HIGH, Box 17, Perkasie, Pa.—Brother Pearson, here's seven new ones and one renewal for your "pungent periodical of thrilling thought," so whoop 'er up and let 'em have it for November. The whole bunch of 'em are "typos" except two, and they work with us, so they're just about as bad. I received my October "Killer" on Friday and showed it to the boys yesterday and they fell for it right and left. Here they are, all wool and a yard wide. These seven are all new subscribers, and are to start with the November number. I am a subscriber and I am enclosing fifteen cents for my renewal. You will find postoffice money order for $1.25. The extra nickel is for a cigar on the crowd, for we're a crowd of jolly good fellows up here in the Keystone state. And say, Bro. Pearson, if you ever get time I'd like to receive a real letter from you, for I like your looks and ways, and besides, we're both "typos," and that's about as good as being Masons.

* * *

They have just begun the task of counting the six million silver dollars which are piled up in the San Francisco mint. Now that's funny to me. If they know there is six million dollars, what in the gee-whiz do they want to count 'em for?



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1913. NO. 10.

The Boss of Mexico.

Some people call him Hurty,
While others call him Wirty,
An' al. his deeds are dirty,
An' all his motives low;
For all the world's complainin',
He don't do no explainin';
He just keeps on remainin'
The Boss of Mexico.

Rebellion keeps a-spreadin',
An' lots of blood's a-sheddin',
But Uncle Sam's a-dreadin',
An' sorter wants to wait.
Of course he's bound to hate 'em,
But facts are like I state 'em,
An' Wilson's "ultimatum"
Has failed to "ulti-mate."

The Rebs are crowdin' closer,
An' askin', "Won't you go, sir?"
But still he answers, "No, sir,
I don't intend to go!"
But he's an old fool bluffer,
And for his deeds will suffer
When someone even rougher
Is Boss of Mexico.

James Larkin Pearson.

Raise Your Head, Mister!

Two Irishmen were honorary pall-bearers at a funeral. They started out with heads down, as they should. After going a considerable distance one says:

"Such a devil of a stink! I can hardly keep me head down."

The other Irishmen says:

"Don't spoil the occasion by raising your head."

Another block, and No. 2 says:

"The stink is awful. Let's both raise our heads."

And they did, and behold the funeral had turned a corner and they were following a garbage wagon.

So it is with the old party voters. They started out with the principles of Lincoln and Jefferson, but they have turned a corner and are following the political garbage wagon. But the stink is causing a great many to raise their heads and discover where the stink comes from.

Whistling is a very cheap grade of music, and is composed of pucker and wind.

Run Here With a Hoss-Blanket!

O-my-o!

Surely it would tax the imagination of Rider Haggard or Jules Verne to keep up with the cantankerous capers of the swell sawsiety set.

Everybody is familiar with the bracelet, which is an article of jewelry worn on the wrist. Usually these bracelets are 18-karat brass, guaranteed not to turn gold. They range in size from the head hoop of a kraut tub to the hind wheel of a log wagon. And they slide up and down the bare arms of the ladies like a leather collor on an old mare's neck.

These bracelet things are supposed to be for ornaments. But my notion is that if a girl has pretty arms they are pretty enough without any ornaments. While, on the other hand, if a girl has ugly arms all the ornaments in the world won't make 'em pretty.

But, as I was just going to say, the bracelet—or wristlet, as it is sometimes called—has about had its day. It is entirely too tame and modest for this day and time. Society is looking for thrillers and won't be satisfied with anything else.

I have it straight from somebody who got it straight from somebody else that the wristlet has been giving way to the anklet for several seasons. That is, the big yellow bands have been transferred from the arm to the ankle.

Well, the anklet furnished entertainment for the rubbernecks for awhile, but now the excitement must be intensified by moving the jewelry up a buttonhole or two. At least, that is the idea conveyed in the following item from the Memphis News-Scimiter:

> "The latest is the kneelet, to be worn with the slit skirt. The anklet has grown monotonous. The next thing will be something else."

Um-h'm. Did that idea find lodgment under your hat-band?

Yes, I am pretty certain the next thing will be something else, but the Lord only knows what. You will have to excuse me right here. I am too modest to even think about such things.

A Sermon on Giving.

You will find my text for this sermon in the tenth verse of the forty-leventh chapter of Sanford's Second Epistle to the School Children, which reads as follows:

> "If Sambo Spraddledink gives Patsy Plugugly three pounds of striped candy, and Patsy Plugugly gives Sambo Spraddledink three pounds of striped candy, how much are either of the fools benefitted?"

Now, brethren and sisterin, I hope you realize the solemnity of this occasion. We have under consideration a very important question, and I hope you will all give me your very best attention while I try in my humble manner to thrash the very stuffin' out of it.

This business of giving something to somebody for a Christmas present was all right when it was first hatched out, but it has been so abused and mistreated that it don't look a bit like itself.

Sure Mike, there's just oodlins of people in the world who need things—at Christmas and all the rest of the time—but, if you will notice, they are the very folks who never get a doggon thing. You see they are not supposed to be able to give anything in return, and so they are politely left out of it altogether.

And that's what makes this "giving" business such a drotted humbug. These finey-shiney sort of flower-pot folks who cut such capers over "Christmas presents" are always mighty careful to give their purties to somebody that don't need 'em—somebody that can give other purties in exchange. And there is always the selfish hope present with each one that he will get a little more in value than he gives.

The Hermit of Pigeon Roost.

The State of Indiana, during the last half century, has given the country a great many shining literary lights. But none of them have got anything on Bruce Calvert, the Hermit of Pigeon Roost.

Old Bruce ain't got no wimmen folks ner nothin' like that to bother him, an' he don't lose no sleep over the fashions. He lives by himself in a cabin in the woods, goes barefooted and in his shirttail whenever he gets ready, and eats blackberries, raw "rosenyears" and turnip greens.

Bruce Calvert is also the editor of a little magazine called The Open Road, which is doggon good readin', I can tell you, even if he does write it with his old ragged shirt standing open in front, his breeches rolled up to his knees, and the mud squirting up between his bare toes.

Then sometimes Bruce gets on the train and goes to Chicago, New York, and other big places, and delivers lectures. Oh, yes, he can talk, all right, and he don't care two straws what he says ner who hears it, either.

Does Bruce "dress up" when he goes out on these lecturing trips? Well, I should reckon not. He goes to New York in the same garb that he wears at Piegon Roost, and he attracts more attention than a box car full of clowns.

Bruce Calvert is as well known all over the country as Elbert Hubbard, and a heap more respected. In his own original way, Bruce is doing a good work. He is trying to teach the world that all this mad rushing around after money and fashion ain't worth what it costs. He wants us to get back to the simple life, and he is willing to set the example.

Let one of your New Year resolutions be to send in at least one club to The Fool-Killer each month during 1914. Better still—make it one every week.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.,

of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Mgr., " " "
Publisher, " " "

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of December, 1913.

W. G. MEADOWS, N. P.

My commission expires 4—16, 1915.

Four Years Old.

Somehow I never feel satisfied to send out an issue of The Fool-Killer without having a personal talk with you-all about my present progress and future plans for the paper. I have good reason to believe that you are all interested in this enterprise, and that you like to hear how I am getting along. From the very beginning I have made an effort to be strictly honest and truthful in these little personal talks. I have never knowingly over-stated a fact or tried to make the business appear bigger than it is. By sticking to this policy I believe I have won the confidence of over 25,000 people, most of whom are glad to do me a little faver whenever they can. It is this feeling of close personal friendship with my readers that I so much appreciate.

With this issue The Fool-Killer rounds out its fourth year of existence, having been started in January, 1910. During these four years I have done a heap of hard work and have been up against some pretty tough propositions. But the loyalty of my friends has enabled me to overcome most of the difficulties and win a fair measure of success. Those Doubting Thomases who in the early days called me a fool for starting such a paper are now wondering why they didn't think about starting it themselves.

And so it goes. I am exceedingly thankful, dear comrades, for what you have helped me to do, and right here is a good place to outline a few more of my hopes and plans. For instance:

Believing that The Fool-Killer has just now reached the point where it can begin to grow in good earnest, I am laying my plans for the coming year on a much larger and broader scale than ever before. Some of my old-year plans didn't fully materialize, and these I shall continue to push, together with others that are born of the larger needs of a growing business.

One of my plans is to enlarge the paper to double its present size, and give it to you at the same old price. So many people complain about it looking so little and dinky. With a large six-column page it would make a better impression on those who see it for the first time, and it would be twice as easy to get subscribers as it is now. Then, too, I could give as much as one page to some good clean advertising to help pay expense, and still have plenty of room for my own gab.

How does the enlargement idea strike you, folkses? Are you willing to stand by me in the undertaking?

Tell you what I'll do: If as many as 2,000 of you will send in a club of not less than ten yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each between now and January 5th, 1914, I give you my word of honor that I will enlarge the paper to twice its present size, beginning with the January number.

And as an extra inducement, to every person who sends in a club of ten or more between now and January 5th, 1914, I will send absolutely free and prepaid a premium worth $1.50 in cash.

This premium is no cheap, trashy stuff, but something of real cash value—something that every person needs—and I guarantee that you can sell it for $1.50 inside of a week if you try.

Now, comrades, it's up to you. If you want a bigger and better Fool-Killer, and a valuable premium besides, just hustle out and scare up that club of ten right at once. You haven't any time to lose. Remember that in order to get the premium your letter containing the club of ten must be mailed not later than Jan. 5, 1914.

Now altogether, everybody! Let's start the New Year by putting The Fool-Killer on such a boom as no paper ever experienced before. It will be your victory as much as mine, and we can all rejoice together.

Yours for a square deal,
J. L. PEARSON.

DID YOU EVER THINK ANY?

All right, honey, as long as you are so bad off to know what I am, guess I might as well tell you.

I was born and raised a Republican.

When I got old enough to vote, I voted Republican.

But it wasn't long after I began to vote until I began to think a little on the sly.

Of course that was strictly against the rules of my party, and I felt mighty uneasy about it at first. But my fear gradually wore away, and I actually began to enjoy using my head for something besides a peg to hang my hat on.

It didn't take long for me to discover that neither the Republican nor Democratic party was the poor man's friend. To be sure, they both claimed to be, but I had positive proof that they were both liars.

For several years after that my mind was the battleground of a constant war between party loyalty and common sense.

For the first few years party loyalty seemed to be on top most of the time, and I went on voting as the boss said vote.

But every time I did it I felt as mean as if I had been caught stealing a sheep.

It went on that way till the campaign of 1912, when the big split came. When Toothadore Specksvelt crawled out from under the steam roller and launched his Bull Moose party I cast longing eyes toward it, thinking perhaps that was my chance to make an honorable escape from the sinking ship of Republicanism.

During these years Socialism had been a live topic, and there was no use denying that it looked pretty good to me.

But when Toothadore Specksvelt deliberately walked over and stole all the best things of Socialism for his new party, I wondered if that wouldn't do me just as well as any.

So there I stood midway between Socialism and Bullmooseism, looking first at one and then at the other, and not able to choose between them.

The honest truth is, I have tried to maintain a sort of half-hearted loyalty to both, while waiting for further developments.

Well, honey, the "developments" have come. Guess you've noticed how the Elephant and the Bull Moose are making goo-goo eyes at each other. Next thing you know they will lock arms and march up to old Jim Gibbons or some other Roman Catholic tin god and get married. Twelve months ago you couldn't have made me believe that would ever happen, but now the matter don't need discussing at all. The bosses have done got it all fixed up, and the lickspittles are just waiting to hear the command.

So you see if there was ever any chance of me being a Bullmooser, that chance is gone. By the process of elimination my choice is narrowed down to one party, and that is the Socialist party. My progress toward it has been sorter slow, but I have got there at last.

Do I think Socialism is perfect? Heavens, no! Not by a horn full.

But it is the best thing in sight for a poor man who is looking out for his own interests and the interests of his fellow-sufferers.

Now, Mister Plute, if you've got any cussing to do, just cuss away! You shan't be noticed.

◆

The Red Rooster calls him Woodchuck Wilson, which The Fool-Killer is willing to admit is an improvement on Woodpile. With the Rooster's permission I will take it up and pass it along. Thanks, awfully!

Christmas Gift!

Two men went out on Christmas Eve
and bought a load of junk;
Two women also went and bought
enough to fill a trunk;
They all got home at supper time a-
looking sorter sly,
And smuggled into each one's room
the things he didn't buy.

Day after Christmas there's a rush
that sweeps you from your feet—
An angry, disappointed crowd a-
coming down the street;
They're looking for the man that
deals in second-hand refuse—
They want to buy a ham of meat with
"gifts" they couldn't use.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

PROHIBITION'S FOOT!

I have heard this infernal song about "prohibition" here in North Carolina till I am getting sick and tired of it. The state of affairs that prevails here is enough to disgust the very Old Scratch.

Now please understand that I am a prohibitionist from three feet above my head to six feet into the ground, and I'd like to see every drop of likker and every crumb of tobacco sunk to the bottom of the ocean.

But we're not going to get that nor anything like it for a good while yet, and I don't see any use in hatching up a great pack of lies and telling the world that we have "prohibition" when there ain't a word of it so.

The main business of the Internal Revenue Law is to "regulate" the likker traffic.

Now look here! Any fool knows that the right kind of a prohibition law, properly inforced, would put the Internal Revenue Law out of business in short order—by destroying the source of the "revenue."

But what are the facts here in North Carolina? Why, we have a so-called prohibition law, and we also have some Internal Revenue jobs that are so attractive that several of our biggest prohibition leaders have jumped at 'em like a new nail to a magnet.

I have in mind especially the cases of A. D. Watts and J. W. Bailey. Watts claims to be the daddy of our present prohibition law, which allows likker such a free hand that the "revenue" from it pays Watts a fat salary for acting as Collector in the Western District.

In the Eastern District the same job is held by a little ex-preacher named J. W. Bailey, who has long been Secretary of the State Anti-Saloon League.

Both of these great "prohibitionists" are growing fat on the proceeds of the traffic which they are pretending to fight. All who believe there is one speck of sincerity in their mighty pretentions, please stand on your heads till I count a hundred. If somebody could invent a plan to actually banish likker from the State, these two pap-suckers—Watts and Bailey—would fight like demons to protect their precious "revenue." It ain't the good of the State they are looking out for—it's their own darling pocket-books.

It looks like the people would find out some time that the only way to get rid of the likker curse is to take the "profit" out of it, and then it will die a natural death. But, come to think of it, that wouldn't do, either. For then what would our great prohibitionists do for a revenue job?

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

IDIOTORIALS.

Hurry up with your club of ten and win that premium. Offer expires Jan. 5.

* * *

If all the "useless giving" was turned into a channel where it is needed—well, that would be different.

* * *

Old man Elbert Hubbard has got to calling himself "The Fra." That's hittin' at it pretty close, Elbert. Just add "ud" and you'll have it.

* * *

We talk about the outlandish Mexican names, but we've sent an American down there with a name just as bad. Think of a Mexican trying to pronounce O'Shaughnessy!

* * *

At the recent meeting of the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference, held in Charlotte, one preacher made the remark that tobbacco was doomed to go the way of liquor. Going to swaller it, eh? Well, I'll be John Browned! What will they do next?

* * *

The dear Dimmies tried to make us believe that low tariff would cause flap-jacks to grow on the bushes and make the spring-branch run molasses. Now we've got low tariff in great gobs, but up, up, up goes the price of biscuit-truck and sow-belly. What about it, Woodpile?

Have an Apple.

According to Edward N. Loomis, president of the International Apple Shippers' Association, there are one hundred apples in sight for every man, woman and child. In sight! Well, what good does that do? The stars are in sight. Tell us about something that is in reach.

* * *

In the "uppity" circles of sawsiety where divorces are all the go, they have invented a card index system to keep a fellow from marrying the same girl twice by mistake.

* * *

While the rich kids are being loaded down with purty things from the Christmas tree, the poor kid will just have to stand there and slobber his lower lip full and then drink it.

* * *

The same Democratic papers that assured us last fall that Woodchuck Wilson would lower the price of grub, now have the fun of reporting in their news columns that eatables are still going up. What about it, Woodchuck?

* * *

A North Carolina sport is in trouble because he is engaged to two girls named Kate, and he wants to know how to extricate himself. Good land, I don't see what he wants with an extra Kate. Looks to me like two Kates would be a plenty.

The "Advice" an Editor Gets.

Say, you folks who are not editors, you don't have any idea how often you miss a good chance to learn something. An editor, of course, is supposed to know it all to start with, but if there is anything he don't happen to know, some wise buddy can purty quick tell him.

It's right plum amusing to me sometimes to sit down and think over the different kinds of advice I get from here, yander and everywhere. If I tried to follow it all I'd get the toe-nails of my reason tangled in the whiskers of my judgment, turn a double somersault into the crazy house and not get out no paper at all.

A FEW SAMPLE LETTERS.

G. F. Williams, R. 5, Eastman, Ga.—I want to say right here that your little paper is the best on earth of its size. I get my paper all right, but it is almost worn out by the postoffice people and my mail carrier before I get it. I don't blame them—they just can't help it. They are so enthused over it I want to send their names to you so they can get a Fool-Killer of their own, without holding my paper off from me until they can read it over three or four times. I have not been a subscriber to your little paper very long, but it depends on the time I live just how long I continue to read it.

Dr. M. M. Yates, R 1, Santa Barbara, Calif.—I received some sample copies of The Fool-Killer, and had a good laugh over it. Mark Twain must feel that his work is left in able hands. I will help your work all I can, but my little lean back account of $300 per year has already dwindled to $46 to cover the next three months or more. I have been too frisky helping sued editors, every dollar of which comes out of my own pocket, as I send in one dollar to each of the eight "free press" papers. I write five hours a day, too, and do my own labor. I am sending you five subs with 75 cents to pay for same.

GEO. V. PAGE, 1310 College St., Bowling Green, Ky.—We, this bunch of students of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, having just read the November Fool-Killer, are all of the opinion that we want more of it. So you will find eight subs enclosed and the money to pay for them. These people range all the way from common curs up to the college professor. The first poem caught all the suckers, and they each agreed that the rest was extra for the money. Now, Mr. Pearson, we don't mean to be irreligious at all. Far from it, for we go to Sunday School now and then. But our spirits get so wrought up while being so dignified in class room that we just have to have a safety valve, and we usually blow off through the "cuss hole" just a little.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

15 CENTS gets The Red Rooster one year. Pub. monthly. Edited by a boy 16 years old. Address, The Red Rooster, Dobson, N. C.

The New York Snipe-Hunt.

Blame-take my time if I ever saw as much infernal ignorance and stupidity among people who pretend to be smart.

Why, just listen how the "reformers" are cackling and crowing over the "smashing defeat of Tammany," in the recent New York election. And the funniest thing about it is that they seem to actually believe that Tammany was defeated.

Great horned toads! There never was a bigger lie hatched. It is true that Tammany's FIRST choice for mayor was defeated, but the successful candidate—Mitchell—is also a man after Tammany's own heart.

The first thing that Tammany requires of a man is that he be a Roman Catholic, a Jesuit, and a Knight of Columbus. John P. Mitchell—the man who "defeated,, Tammany—is all of these. How, then, can anybody say that he is Tammany's foe, seeing that he is bound to the old Tiger by three unbreakable chains? For you must remember that when Mitchell took the Jesuit oath and the Knights of Columbus oath, he sighed away his religious and political liberty and became the slave of Rome. And, more than that, he signed it with the point of a dagger dipped in his own blood.

Nobody who knows enough to let loose of a hot poker will deny that Tammany gets all her orders from Rome. And the present mayor of New York will continue to get his orders from Tammany, just as his predecessor did.

Oh, but somebody bobs up and says that Mayor Mitchell and Boss Murphy are life-long enemies. Never you mind about that. Just wait and see. I have often known companions in crime to work that "enemy" racket to fool the people. After which they would wink at each other and divide the spoils.

And that's exactly the kind of "enemies" that Mitchell and Murphy are.

Tammany defeated?

Golly, what a joke!

Is Mayor Mitchell a Romanist?

Since the above article headed, "The New York Snipe-Hunt," was put in type, certain parties are denying that the mayor of New York is a Romanist. Wish to goodness I knew that he wasn't. But I have seen it stated repeatedly, and this is the first time I ever saw it denied. Will some of my New York readers please tell me the straight of it? I don't want to charge any man with being a Pappycrat if he ain't guilty. What about it, Mitchell?

CARNEGIE'S HEAVEN.

Your Uncle Andy Carnegie balanced himself on one end before a crowd of mutton-heads the other day and went through the motions of making a speech.

Among other wise sayings which old Andy pumped through the gash in his face was something like this:

"Gentlemen, this world is like heaven to me. If it were possible to prolong life here indefinitely, you might name your own terms, and I would not haggle over the price."

Yes, confound his old pampered hide, I reckon it might seem a little more like heaven to some of the rest of us if we had as much money as he's got to buy a big time with. Just look at his nerve! He would take his stolen money—that ought to buy other folks a little smell of heaven here in this life—and just hog up the entire supply of bliss for himself. Was ever such pinch-gutted selfishness heard of before? It's a fortunate thing for the rest of us that the outlawry of the millionaires is limited to a brief span of years.

Most anybody could sit back in a gilded palace and talk about this world being a "heaven." But you put old Andy down in one of his own steel mills, or some of the other mills of Mammon, and let him toil and sweat for ten hours a day on starvation wages, and finally get an arm or leg torn off in the roaring machinery. Then lay him off to starve or go to the poor house, and see if he tunes up his mealy mouth and says "heaven" ary time.

It's been a long while since Andy worked for three dollars a week and slept on the floor, and he's forgot how it felt.

O yes, this world is a pretty bang-up sort of a joint for the feller who can manage to bulldoze the rest of humanity and take what they work for. Ease and opulence very naturally make a feller optimistic and satisfied with life. It's no wonder that such a man would want to settle down and stay here forever. He can afford to, because he's got everything coming his own way.

But while one man is building for himself such a millionaire's heaven as Carnegie is now enjoying, he creates a miserable hell on earth for thousands of his fellow creatures. And if he had any human feeling about him he couldn't enjoy his "heaven" for thinking of the misery it had cost others.

But Andy and his sort are not bothered with any such feelings. They are so hardened in sin that conscience no longer speaks, and if it spoke it would not be heard.

Go ahead, Andy, and enjoy your "heaven" here in this life, for I'm mighty 'fraid it's the only one you'll ever have.

THE WEDDIN'.

O-o-o oo-oo-u-u-u-um!

That was just a sigh of relief.

Because the agony is over.

Miss Jessie has got her feller and gone with him.

For awhile it was nip and tuck between Jessie and the ball game to see which could occupy the most newspaper space.

But it's all over.

The lights are out and the guests are gone;

The doors shut and the curtains drawn;

The only thing left of the weddin' cake

Is several cases of stomach-ache.

And we won't have nary nuther White House weddin' till next time.

Ain't it sad?

Have you seen the groom's picture?

Of course you have, though.

I don't think he's ary bit purty, do you?

But maybe he can make a living, and that's the main thing.

Wonder where they aim to go to housekeeping at, anyhow?

Take a pretty big house to hold all them presents, I should reckon.

Never saw so many weddin' presents in all my born days.

On second thought, I never saw them either.

But from all accounts there was more of 'em than Carter had oats.

I never have learned for certain just how many oats Carter had, but it must have been a monstrous pile of 'em.

Well, Jessie and her old man didn't get nary present from me, goody.

I had a mighty nice present picked out for 'em.

It was a patent combination baby carriage and lawn mower, with milk bottle and teething ring attached.

But they neglected the golden opportunity of inviting me to the wedding, and so I resolved to get even by withholding their present.

Maybe that will learn them to have some manners next time they go to get married.

* * *

"Wilson Has Plan to Restore Peace in Mexico," says a headline. Yes, and didn't Wilson have a plan to reduce the cost of belly-timber, too, and what became of it? Wilson's "plans" are sorter like the Irishman's mule—the only thing wrong with them is that they won't work.

"DOG-MOUTH."

Another new imported disease has come to America and brought its frunk. The name of disease is "Dog-Mouth," and it is caused by the habit of kissing dogs.

The disease originated in Paris, and has been quite a success over there, but it seems that the high tariff on new diseases has caused some delay about getting it introduced in America. And the lady who has had the misfortune of being born with a pretty mouth and sweet lips, and who would like to swap them off for a "dog-mouth" can now be accommodated at very reasonable rates.

You can get any kind of a "dog-mouth" you want by simply kissing that kind of a dog. The lady whose chief ambition is to run rabbits should hunt up an old hungry, flop-eared hound, press him to her snowy bosom and polish his nasty nose with her rosebud lips. To get quick results this should be kept up continually. Some authorities think, however, that the dog should be given fifteen minutes twice a day to get his breath. Care should be taken not to smother the dog to death with kisses, for I've been told that the kiss of a dead dog is a very sad affair.

After kissing the hound for two weeks, the lady should go out with him and try to smell rabbit tracks. Barking is also very important. By constant practice for a month or two the lady will be able to bark just fine.

But the annual report of the Secretary of the Dog-Kissers' Union seems to indicate that poodle-mouth will be all the rage next season, especially among the best families. Genuine poodle-mouth is a high-grade article, the very cream of this popular disease. Any old kind of dog-mouth will do for common folks, but if you desire to gallop among the swell set, poodle-mouth is what you want. It will carry you into the best society, and people will recognize your high rank as far as they can see your mouth. The "rank" will be especially noticable in wet weather.

I hope my lady readers will have more sense than to go crazy over this new disease, but if they just must go off after the fad, they should get them a dog and go to practicing on him at once. If he is not used to being kissed you had better tie him to a tree so he can't bite your nose off. If the desired pucker seems slow about coming into your lips, don't get discouraged. Just buss Tige all the harder, and some morning you will wake up with a perfectly developed case of "dog-mouth." Then you will be happy.